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A general calendar, with the usual astronomical information as to the sun, moon, stars, eclipses, tides, &c., will form

the basis of this, as it does of every other Almanac. In other respects, it will contain information peculiar to itself. But the details of the plan itself will perhaps be better and more easily understood by a brief analysis of the different parts of which it is composed.

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JANUARY . . SKATING.—THE REGENT'S PARK.
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 MARCH . . . THE CHASE.—MELTON-MOWBRAY.
 APRIL OTTER HUNTING.—HAWKESTONE.
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The real fact is, that with nine tenths of the advocates of this new fanaticism, *the People's Charter is but the Anti-Poor Law agitation in disguise!* — The re-ascendency of pauperism, — the right of the sturdy beggar to pick the pockets of industry; these are the real objects which, with a great majority of the audience, and with most of their captains, mask themselves under the more honourable, if not more plausible demands of Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, and pensioned Delegates. We may trace the triple Geryon to the cradle of Anti-Poor Law Association. It appears strongest in the towns, where Poor Law Commissioners are the most pitilessly pelted. It breaks out — a disease in itself, but the symptom of a constitution to which alteratives have been too sternly applied. This it is which makes common ground between O'Connor, the ultra leveller, and Oastler, the bemoaner of weakened aristocracy. This it is which divides what are called the Philosophical from what we may call the Physical Radicals, although the one are as near to pure *political* democracy as the other. This it is which surrounds the People's Charter with crusaders against property itself, and draws down cheers on Mr. Lowry's declaration, that Universal Suffrage will *remove* the National Debt. The *real* Radicals, as Mr. Ellice well observed in the House of Commons, in his memorable

speech on the Canadian Rebellion, have ever been signalized by their scrupulous attachment to property, — their good faith to the fundholder, in every attempt of the Landowners* to play tricks with the currency. These pirate Radicals hoist out national colours, for the sake less of victory than plunder.

The Anti-Poor Law Agitation is, we repeat, the main cause from which the new political demands have arisen.* And in the breath of these inciters to physical force — these declaimers against all rich men as robbers — these assailants on the National Debt (in other words, on the fortunes of the middle class, and the savings of honest labour), breaks out the spirit of ferocious pauperism itself. Without exaggerating the danger of the effect, we do not think it wise any longer to disregard the cause. Whatever be the merits of the New Poor Laws, good laws themselves become a species of tyranny when forced with too strict a rigour upon the prejudices, passions, habits, and affections of that very class upon whom the immediate effects of our legislation press with the most severity. It is mere pedantry to confront the feelings of great masses with wise maxims or first principles, out of the unfamiliar repertory of political economics. There are Thwackumsuitors of wisdom, who, as Fielding says, “consider every lash they give as a compliment to their mistress.” It is in vain to deny that there is at present among large sections of the working classes a deep and perilous spirit of discontent, showing itself not only against mere abuses in government, but against all that philosophy identified with the pure democratic principle which teaches scrupulous adherence to order, and rigid respect for property — a dislike to the counsellors who preach peace — a sharp and bitter intolerance to wealth. That much of this has its origin in causes long preceding the New Poor Law, and wholly unconnected with it, we admit. But it is not less true that the New Poor Law has widened the circle of discontent — has inflamed complaint — has given grievance a practical shape — has connected theoretical aspirations with feelings that seem to spring from humanity, and to be consecrated by the charities of religion. It is all very well to lay the blame upon the firebrands. But there would be no danger in the rushlight of Mr. Oastler, if there were no flax among the multitude. When such men as he can produce an effect, there must be evils well worth examination. Proportioned to the insignificance of a successful agitator is the inflammable nature of the grievance. It was to be hoped that the excitement occasioned by the New Poor Law would gradually subside. So it has subsided among the Middle Class, but only to increase among the Operatives; and what is remarkable, it is not where disturbance might most have been looked for — viz. among the agricultural population — that dissatisfaction has assumed an alarming shape, but rather among the poorer inhabitants of large towns. Swing has removed from Kent into Manchester; and the match is laid in the market-place, not the hay rick. In fact, the odium attached to the new system is more alarming because it exists most in places where it can be best kept alive by constant discussions — by stormy meetings — by being associated with politics, and identified with the cause of labouring millions struggling into power.

This being the case, we think it becomes the duty of the Government

* See the speeches and manifestoes generally in the towns in which the People's Charter has called forth demonstration, especially the Manchester Address — which insists, as the main cause of grievance, on the “Laws which strip men of their ancient and inalienable right to a maintenance out of the land of their birth — to cram them into worse than a felon's gaol,” &c. — Let those who, like Mr. Hume and Mr. Rochuck, are stanch supporters of the present Poor Law, look well before they stretch out their paws for Mr. Oastler's chestnuts.

and the Legislature to support what is salutary in the principle of the New Poor Law by ceding some of its more obnoxious details. We are as much averse as the commissioners themselves from *repealing* the New Law; nor do we deny the excellent effects on the moral and even the physical condition of the peasantry which it has produced in the agricultural districts. To return to the old system is as idle a demand as a return to spade labour, or as the destruction of threshing machines. But a less rigid adherence to the principle of incarcerating hunger, infirmity, and distress—a wider discretion in out-of-door relief—and a relaxation of that grim tyranny which even where no pretexts, such as want of accommodation, or the chance of immorality and insubordination, can be found, separates often in the last extreme of life those who have hitherto fought against want side by side—which debars the poor man of his only confidant, his only comforter; these mitigations of the system may not only be safely made, but they are concessions due to the feelings—nay, even if you will, to the prejudices or the unreasoning ignorance, but deep-seated sympathies, of so large a portion of the population. In agricultural districts, where the magistrate or the overseer is placed almost alone amidst a population, on whose hatred or on whose affection his peace and often his property depend, the interposition of the commissioners, their fixed and peremptory laws, are necessary to protect the independence of the administrator of the system, and to make the system itself work. But in large towns there ought to be a wide discretion left to the local authorities, who are not liable, like the segregated squires of the hamlet, to be intimidated, and who must be the best judges of the wants and interests of the community in which they live. The system, in short, must be mitigated. And if we are to be told that it cannot be mitigated without being abolished altogether, we should be tempted to answer, that great as are the advantages of the Poor Law, we think they are dearly purchased by creating a chasm between the Working and the Middle Class—by engendering that deadliest of revolutionary passions, a hatred to property itself; and by making men familiar with the notion of armed resistance, till the wickedness of a lawless, hopeless, and sanguinary principle assumes the aspect of hatred to oppression and sympathy with distress.

A word on the political demands of the People's Charter. Universal Suffrage may or not be a sound principle in itself; but, that it rests upon the truth of the dogma, that whoever is taxed should be represented, is a fallacy so gross that the very answer to it is worn threadbare. If because you are taxed, you are necessarily entitled to a vote; if (as Mr. Vincent, with all the benign and tolerant meekness of injured honesty, declares) he who votes against this principle be "a knave,"—why is it that if we had Universal Suffrage to-morrow, many who pay a thousand times more in taxes than Mr. Vincent ever will do would have no vote at all? Why is it that the footman of Miss Burdett Coutts, who does not pay the tax even for the powder in his hair, should be able to give his vote for Mr. Vincent; and Miss Burdett Coutts, whose income directly and indirectly enriches the Exchequer to the amount of some 8,000*l.* or 10,000*l.*, should be deprived of that honour? If you say, because Miss Burdett Coutts is a woman! Good; but what becomes of your argument, that it is the mere fact of being taxed that gives the right of being represented? And why should not women vote? Is it because they are less intelligent, less educated than the men? What! would Mr. Vincent tell us that Miss Martineau cannot judge as well of the qualities necessary for a legislator as any of the Corn-Law-loving squires whom he denounces as rogues or blockheads? But women

are under the influence of men. Well, but so are all dependents under the influence of men. If illegitimate influence, the ballot will cure it; and for the rest, the daughters in a family are just as likely to go against papa's prosy old candidate as the sons may be. There is no abstract mathematical undeniable principle involved in the question of Universal Suffrage, or of any other suffrage—the only object of legislation is, to use Bentham's old maxim, "The greatest happiness of the greatest number." The happiness of the greatest number must always consist in perfect security of life and property. This happiness the present most popular advocates of Universal Suffrage by no means appear to promise us.

The votes of the greatest number are not always in favour of the happiness of the greatest number. It was under Universal Suffrage that the worst horrors of the French revolution were perpetrated. Had there been a suffrage at that time proportioned to the education,—viz. had only those had votes who were taught by education how to use them,—the Girondists would have continued at the head of affairs; and France would probably at this day be a republic, without the stain of blood upon her liberties. Perhaps she might now be enjoying universal suffrage, having gradually and safely won her way to it. But it is the recollection of all she suffered under that electoral system which at present, far more than the genius of Louis Philippe, confines the representation of thirty millions to the voices of 150,000 electors. That liberty (if by liberty is meant the freedom from all wanton restraint, and the blessing of equal laws) is always proportioned to the extent of suffrage, a man must be indeed ignorant of the history of nations, and of human nature, to affirm. It has been, in all ages, by minorities that liberty has been nursed, and the great lessons of humanity forced upon the prejudice of the multitude. If there had been universal suffrage when the Duke of Wellington was Premier, Catholic emancipation would not have been carried. In the United States it is the few, who, in the teeth of universal suffrage, are now doing battle for the slave. The Charter-orators tell us, that if we had had universal suffrage we should never have entered into the wars which have increased our national debt! Ludicrous and notorious falsehood! Every war, at its commencement, has been popular in the country, has been hallooed on by the enthusiasm of national antipathies and English pride. Under universal suffrage we should have plunged into war with no less ardour; but it must be owned that we should not have waged it so long. At the first reverses, at the first burthens, ardour would have cooled—the multitude would have turned—the troops would have been recalled—and where then would have been the greatness of England, or the peace of the world? It might have been unwise, precipitant, unjust to contract a war with France under the republic, but then the people were almost unanimous with Mr. Pitt. But if, having begun the war with Napoleon, we had slunk out of it—if we had deserted our allies—if our Representatives had declared that the people were too poor to fight any longer—we should have been deserted in our turn, and the brother of Napoleon, instead of lodging at Brompton, might be now reviewing French armies in Hyde Park. If we had Universal Suffrage to-morrow, and Mr. Atwood were prime minister, we should be at war with Russia in behalf of Poland.

Before the working classes can get Universal Suffrage, they must prove that they are fit for it. To prove that they are fit for it, the first thing they must do is, to hoot down the madmen who talk of plundering the fundholder, and appealing to brute force. Do they think

their cause makes converts; when they identify Universal Suffrage with civil war and national bankruptcy? It is in vain to tell us that there are some men honest and enlightened who side with the incendiaries. We see that the incendiaries have the upper hand. Mr. Vincent carries his audience in despite of Colonel Napier. The "deep voice" of Mr. Feargus O'Connor would crush into atoms the poor-law-defending philosophy of Mr. Roebuck. In fact, we honestly believe that the present exhibitions have put back Universal Suffrage (if it ever is to be carried) for a generation at least. What honest man, what prudent man, however attached to the popular cause, will not shrink from connection with those who applaud the doctrines, that if speculative questions be not carried at once, the claimants are prepared to march against the throne — that justice to the working man means the annihilation of public faith — and, that the only difference between a pickpocket and a rich man is to the advantage of the pickpocket? We should be willing to suppose these the sentiments only of the orators, not the audiences; but, unhappily, these are the sentiments the audiences most cheer; and, more or less, they characterise, uncontradicted and unqualified, every meeting that has been held. And is this the way to confute the nickname of Destructive? is this the boasted march of enlightenment? and are these the hopes which dawn upon the wisdom and the virtue that have nursed such glorious dreams of the future destinies of the English people?

It is melancholy to contrast the present "demonstrations" with the conduct of the working classes in 1830: *then*, what different leaders — what different opinions — what practical sense — what tempered firmness! Who could suppose that, in 1838, the schoolmasters had given place to the Cades; who could suppose that the multitude, who profess to be so sharp-sighted, could be blind to what every one else sees — the sordid and mendicant ambition of the Massaniellos they have chosen? It is pitifully ludicrous to see the vast question of Universal Suffrage tied up inseparably with the question of payment to members. How many of these orators are fighting for 500*l.* a-year? What is Universal Suffrage to them? — it is the *contingent* of Universal Suffrage — it is the hard money — it is the income — it is the members' pension that "points the moral, and adorns the tale." The crotchet of paying members has been often broached; it may be worth consideration in itself, but here it is coupled with Universal Suffrage — indissoluble — co-equal — to be fought for "against the throne" with the same valour; for to the eyes of the demagogues the question stands thus: "Without Universal Suffrage we cannot get into parliament: but what is the good of getting into parliament unless we are paid for it?" But paying members was an old constitutional custom: it was so; and were members at that day a whit honester fellows than they are now? Were those not some of the most corrupt and servile parliaments in English history, in which members pocketed their salaries? We do not object to any noble and manly means of drawing still closer the connection between members and constituents; but we altogether deny the doctrine that patriotism cannot exist without a pension: and when we are told that there are many men too poor to serve their country for nothing, but who are no less admirably fitted for legislation, we answer, that these are precisely the men who would fare the worst if Universal Suffrage and payment to members were the law of the land. The greatest aristocrat in the world is the populace, especially in commercial countries. The richest men in Parliament are generally the choice of the largest constituencies. The working classes never, except in the heat of a revolution, raise one of their own order. When Mr. Rogers, the weaver, said the

other day, at the Bolton meeting, that if the people's charter were passed, he should be a candidate for their suffrages, he was received with "roars of laughter." But if in addition to the prejudice in favour of wealth, which is remarkable in the history of all democracies, the member were to be paid his 500*l.* a year, there would be such an apprehension that the poor candidate only sought the suffrages of the electors for the purpose of turning his pennies by them — that no recommendation would be greater than the assurance that "500*l.* a year was no object to the great Mr. So and So." We are convinced indeed that the general effect of paying members, after the first novelty, would not introduce into parliament a poorer class of men than at present, (and so far Mr. Fielden miserably deceives his friends, when he holds out to them hopes of — a House of Commons composed of workmen !) but it would do this — it would inspire adventurers with the *hope* of being returned ; it would train up a race of hustings mercenaries, each seeking which could most flatter every popular passion and caprice ; it would leave parliament itself composed much as it is now, but it would tempt every penniless lawyer, every broken-down trader, with a bold face and a loud voice, "to have a shy," at least, at the golden apple. In fact, nothing could show reasoning men how little the Chartists have considered the real question of universal suffrage more strongly than their coupling it with the pettifogging question of paying members, and the impracticable absurdity of *annual* (! ! !) parliaments.

We are not among those who would limit political power to the boundary of the middle class. We are not among those who think that the government of the multitude is dangerous in itself. The condition of the working classes — their prospects — their hopes — their welfare — must ever be vitally connected with the objects of an enlarged philosophy, or a generous statesmanship ; and we do most deeply lament to see them at this time of day throwing themselves into the hands of men, who are so evidently making the awful passions of the mass subservient to a mendicant ambition or a feverish vanity. What a different spectacle these meetings might have exhibited, if a different spirit had pervaded them ! How formidable would they have been — how vast a moral influence would have belonged to them, if their demands had been more rational, and if the audiences had imparted a loftier temper to the orators — if they had conciliated the fears they have now provoked — if they had indignantly scouted appeals to force and promises of plunder — if they had refused to be divided from other sections of their countrymen, and taken their stand as a people — not *as a class* ! But now while disowning and reviling all other superiority, they demand to be an aristocracy themselves. They, and they alone, must rule.

It cannot be denied that the immediate effect of these meetings is favourable to the Conservatives, not only to the party of Conservatives, but to the spirit of Conservatism ; for the *true* Radicals themselves would, we apprehend, sooner be Conservatives than Destructives. Would there be one man really distinguished for his services to the people, who would not think, of the two, that it would be better for the people to be governed by Peel and Stanley than by Hetherington and Cleave ? But, fortunately, we have not come to that alternative. We neither despair of the commonwealth, nor of the progress of popular Reform. The recent meetings may for a time be favourable to the Tories while in opposition ; but what gloomy prospects do they afford to the Tories, were they in power ! — It is absurd to say, that whatever may be dangerous in these "demonstrations," can be quelled by the Tory principle "resistance." If what is extravagant in the demands of the working classes be firmly and safely

denied, it must be by retaining that impenetrable bulwark, *the confidence of the middle class*, and by gradually convincing the operatives themselves that the government does not treat them as a foe, and that they can be heard and respected even though Universal Suffrage be not yet obtained. The present administration, if it be but wise in time, has advantages no Tory administration ever can have. It is as strong as a Tory government for the maintenance of order—for the means of resistance when resistance is necessary; but it embodies that principle of concession which a Tory government must want, and without a prudent and wary resort to which, we believe, that the social system itself will be shaken to its base.

The Cabinet has but to adhere to the elementary principle of its formation, and which last session it unhappily lost sight of—it has but to be a government of progress, in order to conciliate all temperate, and to disarm all violent, reformers.

It will not be blamed for proceeding slowly, so *that it move at all in a right direction*. What we desire to impress upon both Whigs and Tories is this—that it is not because they stand still, that principles stand still also. It is the nature of civilisation itself, that there must be progress somewhere. Last session ministers went back; the middle class, represented by the moderate Radicals, stuck fast, and the consequence is that the movement has advanced from the democracy.

If the government act again the game of last session, the Tories must come into power—if the Tories come into power, the democracy will either retain its present spirit and leaders—rush into violence, sure to be quelled, and in that case it is the aristocratic principle that for a time will gain ground; or, acquiring from a formidable parliamentary opposition leaders of more weight, and compromising its wild theories into practical objects, it will succeed at last, but after struggles far more obstinate than Mr. Feargus O'Connor seems to imagine, in establishing the vast and hazardous experiment of governing a country whose greatness rests upon the most artificial foundations—by the unchecked will of a single class—that class the least educated.

To the gods of Epicurus, and to gentlemen anticipating 500*l.* a year, these prospects may give no uneasiness; but to men who have attached themselves to their country, and indulged in fond hopes of the ultimate destinies of the people, there is enough to make us hope that our guides, whoever they may be, will take every precaution in the journey we are compelled to make.

While in England this new agitation has broken out, Ireland has not been inactive. In Mr. O'Connell's manifestoes, we see the evidence that if he leads Ireland, he cannot always choose the direction. He seems as if he were driven to the course he has adopted, by the fear of being outbid by rival agitators. He evidently lost such ground by his conduct on the Irish Tithe Bill, that he is obliged to put on his seven league boots to get once more up to the march of popular opinion. The Precursor Association is but a sign of the hasty strides an able demagogue must take after every false step. We have no doubt, that extravagant and rash as Mr. O'Connell's demands appear to Englishmen, they were the most moderate that he could have made in the position he was placed in; and yet we are staggered at the price at which he is buying back Irish popularity. He at once disowns connection with the very party which exhibited to him, as the mouthpiece of Irish grievance, the most generous and disinterested support which any set of

public men ever gave to a great cause. He will have nothing to do with the Radicals ! They demand more than the Irish agitators ! — they have shown too a contempt for Ireland ! And here he commits a much greater error than that attributed to Lord Melbourne, when the Premier apparently applied to the great party of the Radicals, reproach that he only designed for the Ultras,—Col. Thompson and Mr. Murphy. Mr. O'Connell chooses to confound the great parliamentary party of Radicals, the powerful ballot minority, the *true* Radicals, with the Ultras or rather Pseudos, out of Parliament — the Hetheringtons and Vincents. When did the English Radicals exhibit any contempt for Ireland ? Was it when they consented, for the sake of Ireland, to forego their own just causes of complaint against the government after Lord John Russell's untoward speech ? Does Mr. O'Connell forget that this consideration was the main one urged upon the forbearance of the English Parliamentary Radicals, and that this consideration prevailed over all others, by an overwhelming majority ? Mr. O'Connell complains of the English Radicals for indifference to Ireland, when for the sake of Ireland they have too often temporized with the most urgent grievances of England. Was it the English Radicals who deserted the Appropriation Clause ? Mr. O'Connell reads them a lesson they ought sternly to remember. But, says the Agitator, *we*, the Irish members, carried the Reform Bill ! Without the English Liberals what would Mr. O'Connell have carried ? But for them would Mr. O'Connell himself be in Parliament ? The Agitator deceives himself — the English Radicals are every thing to Ireland ; without them — despite his unrivalled energies, his singular qualities as a leader — his associations, his harangues, his paper constitutions, would end in nothing but toasts and riots. They have been his strength — he has too often been their weakness.

OUR BANKING INSTITUTIONS.

" Dame Justice puts her sword into the scales,
 With which she 's said to weigh out true and false,
 With no design but, like the antique Gaul,
 To get more money from the capital."

BUTLER'S *Miscellaneous Thoughts*.

THE writer who should render a treatise on Banking as interesting as a fairy tale must possess more varied and happy talents than Goldsmith himself; but, although it is not easy to impart to a subject of this nature those embellishments which Goldsmith, according to Dr. Johnson, could have imparted to any subject, yet it may be treated in such a way as to relieve it of that dreariness which hangs like a nightmare over the lifeless style of financial pamphleteers and mercantile essayists. The fact is, that the dulness which people generally believe to be inseparable from all inquiries into our monetary system is to be traced, not to the matter investigated, but to the manner in which the investigation is conducted. Nothing has been done to *popularise* this important branch of Social Economy. The works that have hitherto appeared in reference to topics of this description are either too theoretical or too technical to be intelligible to the public at large: they deal too much in speculations which demand a previous acquaintance with elementary principles; or they have a tone of the Exchange, which can be understood only by the initiated. What is wanted is a clear exposition of those details in which the whole community is concerned, expressed in language, and cast in a form, which the whole community can readily comprehend.

We have at this moment before us a large collection of books and pamphlets, published within the last ten years, upon the various theories of Banking that have been propounded during that period — the causes of the pressures and crises in the money market, &c., — with a multitude of remedies, suggestions, and conjectures; and we do not find one amongst them which is precisely adapted for the use of readers previously unacquainted with the machinery of our monetary system. They are all designed for people who are already either really well informed upon these questions, or who have deluded themselves into the belief that they are so. Nor is this the only obstacle to the diffusion of publications of this description. As there is no department of economical science so complicated by sophistries, prejudices, and clashing interests, as that which embraces the theory and practice of Banking, so there is none upon which there exist such extraordinary contradictions, not merely in matters of opinion, but in matters of fact. The reader, therefore, who comes to these authorities to look for satisfactory information, finds himself bewildered in a maze of irreconcilable assertions and dogmatic projects, which naturally lead him to abandon the entire subject, as one which is not only exceedingly dry, but hopelessly obscure.

Until within a very few years, the great bulk of the community were not only ignorant of the principles of Banking, but were not even aware of how much the public at large was interested in their faithful administration. It was commonly supposed that the uses of Banking were confined to the rich, who had surplus capital to fund, whose superfluous wealth required responsible guardianship, or whose affairs embraced so extended a surface

as to render corresponding agencies indispensable. But this view of the objects included in the sphere of a Bank took in only one class of its functions. It has been well observed by an able writer, that "a banker is a dealer in capital, an intermediate party between the borrower and the lender. He borrows of one party, and lends to another; and the difference between the terms at which he borrows and those at which he lends is the source of his profits."* Now, this description—which is as clear as it is accurate—discovers to us two parties in the transaction, of which the banker is the agent. They are, as Sheridan defines them in a glittering antithesis, "one who has money to lend, and one who wants money to borrow." The latter is evidently as much interested in the proceedings of the banker as the former; nor would it be too much to assert, that the man who is struggling upwards without capital is more deeply concerned in the proper management of banking institutions, than the man whose capital renders him independent of their caprices and vicissitudes. Borrowers are more numerous than lenders; and it is of as much consequence to the one that there should exist accessible channels through which money can be procured, as it is to the other that these channels should be protected by adequate safeguards. If the term Borrower be understood to include every individual who derives any portion of his resources through the medium of credit, and that of Lender every individual who employs capital in profitable uses, then it will be seen at once that every person in the community is more or less interested in the system upon which our banking establishments are managed. A familiar view of that system appears to us therefore to be, on all accounts, a desirable contribution to the stock of popular knowledge.

Banking, like every other art or business, grew up gradually as communities enlarged, and as increasing intercommunication between different countries rendered the adoption of general principles necessary to the safe maintenance of their mutual relations. In the primitive stages of society, the simplicity of the transactions which took place between individuals precluded the necessity of resorting to any fixed system for their regulation. Each separate transaction adjusted itself according to circumstances. But with the rapid advance of the population in numbers and in wealth, the strides of invention in the useful arts and manufactures, and the consequent complication of all the common affairs of life, it was no longer possible to carry on the intercourse of society otherwise than by the introduction of settled modes which should be universally recognised and acted upon. Hence arose the classes and distribution of labour—the representative principle in the conduct of public affairs—governments—laws—banks. The existence of banks, or of the profession of money-changing and money-lending, which quickly superseded the practice of barter, as nations emerged from agricultural occupations, and became engaged in commercial pursuits, may be traced almost to the earliest ages of which we possess any authentic records. Frequent allusions will be found in the Old and New Testaments to the exchange of the precious metals, and the practice of usance. But all that is known of those customs is, that bullion in bars and ingots (before national coins were thought of) formed the medium of payment, and that it was usual to lend and borrow money on interest; but whether the rate of interest was governed by a conventional understanding, or by the exigency of the occasion, we have no means of determining. In later times, as well as in the times of more remote antiquity, the temples and places of public worship

* Gilbert's "Practical Observations on Banking."

were selected by the merchants as the most appropriate centre for the management of their inartificial banking operations; probably because they were convenient of access to the people, and formed a point of union which facilitated the progress of business. As the money-changers had tables in the Temple of Jerusalem, so Delphi was the great bank of deposit for the treasures of Greece; and even in the present day bargains are constantly made in the Jewish Synagogues. In Athens and Rome banking took a more regular form, although it had not yet assumed the formal characteristics of a science. The bankers—who received the revenues of the wealthy, and disbursed them at their written orders, thus acting as agents, for which they received a regular per-centage—generally combined other callings with that of money-brokerage; and it was not until the confusion arising from this mixture of various trades demanded a more strict subdivision of individual skill, that banking came to be followed as a separate profession.

But, while the interests of the rich were thus consulted in the establishment of convenient means of transmitting their revenues and conducting their pecuniary affairs, the interests of the poor who stood in need of assistance were not wholly overlooked. Mr. Gilbart, in his excellent work on Banking, informs us that there were banks amongst the Romans, where the poor citizens could procure loans without paying interest. Augustus Caesar formed a fund of the confiscated effects of criminals, for the purpose of accommodating the people with loans without interest upon pledges of double the value of the amount lent. This is the first instance with which we are acquainted of that system of advancing money upon pledges which has been subsequently adopted so successfully throughout Europe; and it suggested, no doubt, to the Italians and the French the formation of those charitable institutions which, notwithstanding the abuses that have crept into their administration, have conferred considerable benefits upon the necessitous classes. The earliest establishments of this description were founded by the monks in Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, under the name of *Monti di Pietà*. The intention at first was, that they should be supported by voluntary contributions; but, finding that means could not be procured in that way for sustaining them, Leo X. issued a bull in 1521 by which interest was allowed to be charged upon loans made to the poor. The fundamental object was, by accommodating the poor with loans upon reasonable terms, to protect them against the iniquitous extortions of usurers who would take advantage of their necessities. The benefits that flowed from these establishments soon led to their adoption in other countries. In 1777 a *Mont de Piété* was founded in Paris by royal ordinance. It was plundered and destroyed in the Revolution, but was again opened in 1797; and in 1804 it obtained a complete monopoly of the privilege of advancing small loans on pledges. This practice was not legalised in England until the middle of the last century; and the first legislative enactment we have on the subject was passed in the reign of George II. In the following reign the act was passed which now regulates the business of pawnbroking, fixing the rate of interest, the duration of the pledge, and the penalties for certain violations of the law. We touch incidentally upon these facts, because they form an illustrative episode in the history of banking. Pawnbrokers are the bankers of the poor, who, lacking the resource of credit, are compelled to anticipate the fruits of their labour by raising money upon their goods. A pawnbroker, says Mr. M'Culloch, is a species of banker, who advances money at a certain rate of interest upon security of goods deposited in his hands; having power to sell the goods

if the principal sum, and the interest thereon, be not paid within a certain time.

Connected with this subject, perhaps we ought not to omit some allusion to another description of bank, exclusively designed for the benefit of the poor, and existing only in England. We mean the Savings Banks, which were originally founded by the zealous efforts of the late Right Hon. George Rose, who was the first person to draw the attention of the public to the excellent objects they are intended to promote. The principle upon which they are established is exactly the contrary principle of that species of bank which we have just described. Instead of lending money to the poor, the Savings Banks borrow money from the poor. They are thus in the direct sense banks of deposit; but, in order to confine their operation to the humblest classes, a *maximum* is fixed beyond which no lodgment is received, while the *minimum* is so low that it can scarcely be regarded as a limitation. The advantages which these admirable institutions have conferred upon the poor are incalculable. They have not only thrown open to them a means of safely accumulating whatever surplus funds they may be enabled to spare from their necessary expenditure, but they have inculcated and encouraged a spirit of forethought and economy, which is of the last importance to their moral as well as their social welfare. Until these establishments were introduced into England in 1814 and 1815, there was no bank of any kind which would receive small deposits, or allow interest upon any. Even the Scotch Banks, where interest was allowed on deposits, would not receive any sum less than 10*l.*; an amount that required a long course of thrift for an artisan, an apprentice, or a labourer to make up. Consequently the trifling savings of the poor, for want of a secure place of deposit where they would be received in detail, and suffered to accumulate with advantage to the depositor, were frittered away in idle expenses, or wasted in petty and dangerous speculations. The plan upon which the Savings Banks are conducted may be thus briefly described:—A depositor is not permitted, within a single year, to invest more than 30*l.*; exclusive of compound interest, nor less than one shilling at any single lodgment. The total deposits from one individual are restricted to 150*l.*; and whenever the deposits and compound interest amount together to 200*l.*, no further interest is payable. The amount of interest is limited to 2½*d.* per cent. per diem, or 3*l.* 8*s.* 5½*d.* per cent. per annum, which is regularly placed to their account as a cash deposit once in every year, fresh interest accruing again upon the whole sum. Depositors can at any time withdraw a portion or the whole of their lodgments, by giving a certain notice to the managers of the bank. The money thus invested in the bank is, by Act of Parliament, lent out at interest to the Government; that is, paid into the Bank of England or Ireland, and vested in Bank annuities or Exchequer bills. The most authentic statement we have of the Savings Banks in England, Ireland, and Wales, is dated November, 1832, and exhibits the following results:—At that date there were in England 384 Savings Banks, in Ireland 77, and in Wales 22; the total number of depositors in England was 380,327, in Ireland 38,479, and in Wales 10,594; and the total amount deposited in England was 12,916,028*l.*, in Ireland 1,045,825*l.*, and in Wales 349,794*l.* These items exhibit a grand total of 483 banks, 429,400 depositors, and 14,311,647*l.* deposits, making an average of about 30*l.* to each individual. We have gone into these details because the machinery of those very useful institutions is not as generally understood as it deserves to be, and because we are satisfied that the Savings Banks only require to be made more extensively known in order to their being more extensively adopted.

The business of banking, originally in the hands of individuals, was at length taken up by companies of merchants in flourishing cities, and ultimately by the state. Italy, the nurse of literature and art, was also the restorer and improver of the best commercial usages of antiquity. These glorious republics,

“ Whose merchant sons were kings,”

are entitled to the credit of having formed banks, which, by magnitude of design, extensive influence, perspicuity in the details of management, and applicability to the general wants of the community, were the first to develop the vast utility of which such institutions, properly controlled, are capable. Banks, at first, were constructed solely for private convenience; by the gradual expansion of their plan to meet the demands of increasing trade, they soon grew up into importance as public commercial companies; and finally, tempted by the profits, as well as by the facilities in the despatch of business, which they held out, governments interfered, and, with certain exceptions and under certain limitations, either absorbed the business of banking to themselves, or conferred it by charters upon particular companies. Thus, what originated in the obvious wants of the people, and for the immediate advantage of the people, was at last resolved into a state monopoly, fenced round by regulations that effectually prohibited the practice of banking, except under such stipulations and restrictions as the state deemed it expedient to lay down. Had this course been taken solely in the desire to protect the community against the risks of extravagant speculation, and had it been invariably prosecuted with that object alone in view, the interposition of wise laws to regulate the proceedings of banks — which would have been all that, in that case, would have been required — could not fail to have been productive of the most salutary results. But legislation upon this subject, from the very beginning, has betrayed the fact, that State Banks — however useful they may have been found in emergencies, and whatever good they may have yielded from time to time — originated in the difficulties of the government, and have always been maintained, not for the support of the interests of the community, but for the support of the interests of the state. The distinction will be readily appreciated by a moment's consideration of the influence which a profligate minister may exercise over the circumstances of a country, through a bank which possesses the extraordinary power of controlling the rise and fall of prices, of paralysing the efforts of domestic industry, and, by the alternate contraction and expansion of the currency, depressing or stimulating the springs of production. Such is the power which a monopoly in banking, existing under the protection of the state, exercises over the interests of the whole population. The earliest example of a bank of that description — the first, we believe, that was ever created by a government — was that of Venice, in the beginning of the twelfth century. The circumstances which led to it were the embarrassments of the republic. To escape from a heavy debt, into which the state was plunged by a protracted and expensive war, the public creditors were formed into a corporate body, endowed with exclusive privileges, and the debt was converted into stock; payments, were of course, compelled to be made in bank-money, and the transfer of stock from one account to another sufficed for the settlement of all mercantile transactions. The Bank of Genoa was formed in a similar way. The republic got into debt, and discharged its liabilities by conferring a monopoly upon its creditors at the expense of the public at large.

The activity of the Italians in their money dealings, especially of the Lombards, who were understood to be the merchants of the leading republics of Florence, Genoa, Venice, and Lucca, carried them into England in the thirteenth century. Previously to their arrival in this country, the Jews, who had settled here about the time of the Conquest, were noted for their usurious practices in money-lending, by which they acquired enormous riches. But the expulsion of the Jews, in 1290, after a long series of persecutions, threw open the whole field of banking, in all its branches, to the Lombards, who established themselves in the city, and chiefly occupied that quarter which still bears their name, and which is still the chief seat of the banking interests, — Lombard Street. It appears that the Lombards enjoyed some valuable privileges, which were probably granted to them in consideration of loans made to English monarchs. Their reputation for wealth was spread over the whole of Europe; and as they contrived, by their influence, to command a large part of the trade of every country into which they penetrated, they soon, observes the historian of Charles V., became masters of its cash. It is from them, and from their way of carrying on their business, that the very term "bank" was originally derived. It is taken from the Italian word *banco*, or *bench*, their transactions being conducted upon open benches in the public market-places in Italy. Upon the failure of one of these bullion merchants, his bank was torn up and broken by the people; hence comes the word *bankrupt*. A comparison between the method by which the business of banking is now regulated in the city of London and the manner in which it was managed by the Lombards would be productive of some highly ludicrous images. Instead of the close apartments, the well-fitted counters, iron safes, and smirk clerks, there were the dark-featured Lombards ranged behind their low benches in the open streets, protected, perhaps, by occasional awnings, from the inclemency of the weather, and presenting a grotesque but not unpicturesque scene to the passer-by. But this mode of transacting business was not peculiar to the Lombards. It appears to have been a general custom amongst the merchants to meet, for the arrangement of bargains and settlement of accounts, in the open air. The ancient "bourse" of London, according to Stowe and others, was an exposed space, without any shelter whatever; and in an old play, called "If you know not me you know Nobody," with the building of the Royal Exchange, Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of that building, is exhibited in a conversation with some worthy fellow-citizens, in the usual scene of their daily traffic, when a shower of rain suddenly comes on and disperses them, to the great mortification of the magnificent Sir Thomas, who forms a resolution on the instant to erect a proper place for their future meetings, — exclaiming, in an heroic couplet, with appropriate enthusiasm, —

" I'll raise a worke, shall makq our merchants say,
'Twas a goode showre that fell upon that day.' "

The building of the Exchange is then deliberately described by the dramatist; and, when it is finished, a friend declares that it will render Sir Thomas immortal. He speaks of it as

—————" a place
Where merchants meet, their trafficke to maintaine,
Where neither colde shall hurt them, heat, nor raine."

This description, however, was not accurate, in so far as the rain was concerned; for the quadrangle, where the meetings were held, never was sheltered by a roof. But the poet thought, perhaps, that the spacious piazzas

on the four sides afforded abundant satisfaction for the strict veracity of his statement.

The particular branch of business which formed the principal occupation of the Lombards was that of lending money; the most profitable of all, especially in the infancy of the trade and manufacture of a rising country. By a law of Edward the Confessor the taking of interest for the loan of money was declared illegal; which, of course, had the inevitable effect of raising the interest charged by the lenders to an exorbitant height, as a species of compensation for the danger and odium they incurred, and which otherwise led to a variety of subterfuges, coercions, and perjuries. The impolicy of laws that aim at restraining the natural course of things, and forcing society into modes of dealing repugnant to its own obvious tendencies, and calculated to check its progress by attempting to put an end to legitimate competition, was fully exemplified in the consequences of the measures that were taken to prevent the payment of interest on money. Had the rate of interest been left to find its natural level, instead of being prohibited altogether as usury, capital would have found its way wherever it was wanted at no higher cost than its use was actually worth; and the only cases in which the charge might have ascended to an unreasonable height would have been where the security was inadequate or doubtful, and where the usance would have been increased by way of an indemnity for the risk. But the legislation which affixed criminality to the demand of any interest whatever threw the lending of money into the hands of those who had the least regard for character, and who were ready, for the sake of a large prospective profit, to submit to the danger as well as the disgrace of violating the law. Hence the exactions of the Jews and the Lombards, who were the money-lenders of nearly every kingdom in Europe during the middle ages, were enormous. They demanded as much as twenty per cent., sometimes thirty; and it is stated that in Placentia the rate of interest, towards the close of the fifteenth century, was no less than forty per cent. The glaring inconsistency and injustice of the antiquated sensibility which affected to discover a heinous sin against the Scriptures in the payment of a consideration by the borrower for the use of the money of the lender, at length led to an enactment in England, in 1546, which legalised the taking of interest, and fixed the rate at ten per cent. It would appear, however, that the prevailing prejudices on this subject were not yet completely overcome, as this act was repealed six years afterwards, and was not again brought into operation until 1571. Subsequently to that period the rate of interest has been successively reduced to eight, six, and five per cent.; at which last amount it has remained unchanged since 1714. These alterations in the law proceeded *pari passu* with the gradual changes which took place from time to time in the business of banking, as it began to unfold its various uses, and to combine into one distinct pursuit those functions which had previously been discharged by different hands.

Hitherto the Jews, and the Lombards after them, were merely money-lenders; but a new source of profit, arising from the trade in money, was developed by that peculiar branch of business which consists in borrowing money to lend it out again, which, it is unnecessary to observe, could not have been projected until after the passing of the law which legalised the giving and taking of interest. The goldsmiths were the persons with whom this ingenious design originated, and they were cast upon it as much by the accident of their position as by the evident utility of the plan itself. The tyrannical conduct of Charles I. in seizing forcibly upon the treasures of

the merchants, which used to be deposited for security in the Mint, induced the wealthy classes to look elsewhere than to the Government stores for places to deposit their gold; and as the goldsmiths, by virtue of their costly craft, were esteemed to be responsible men, they were selected as fit guardians for the surplus capital of the magnates of commerce. In this respect their shops were equivalent to banks of deposit; and, as the receipts which they issued for the money which was placed in their custody were universally credited, passing current through the country, and being popularly designated as "goldsmiths' notes," they became virtually banks of issue also. The first notice we have of the existence of these banks is in the year 1645. Their business, it appears, soon extended beyond its original domain; and, from being merely money-changers, receivers of deposits, and issuers of notes, they came at last to lend money to the king, taking the collection of the taxes by way of security,—to take grants of Parliament into pawn,—to receive rents as agents,—and to buy and sell bills and orders to such an extent that, according to an old writer, "all the revenue passed, in effect, through their hands. They monopolised the whole of the banking business of this country until the year 1694, when the Bank of England was founded by a charter, dated on the 27th of July in that year.

This bank is said to have been projected by Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne; but the plan upon which it was framed was submitted to Government by Mr. William Paterson, a native of Scotland, and a great speculator. It arose out of the distresses of the Government—distresses caused, in some measure, by abuses and defects in the system of taxation, and partly by the difficulty of obtaining loans of money at a reasonable rate. The immediate object for which the Bank of England was chartered was to lend money to Government. The proposition was supported by the Ministers of the day, on the ground that it would destroy the trade of usurers, and, by extending the circulation, revive and strengthen the commerce of the country; and it was resisted by the Opposition, on the ground that it would become a monopoly injurious to the interests of commerce, and a dangerous instrument in the hands of Ministers. The proposition, however, was carried in both Houses. The sum thus raised was 1,200,000*l.*, for which the subscribers were to receive eight per cent. interest, besides 4000*l.* per annum for management, making altogether 100,000*l.* The capital of the Bank was subsequently raised to 2,201,171*l.*, which was doubled in a few years, and has gone on augmenting and fluctuating at different periods ever since. In 1816 it was raised to 14,553,000*l.*, but by the late act for the renewal of the charter it was reduced to 10,914,750*l.*

When the Bank of England was established there were no banks except those of the goldsmiths, which were wholly confined to London; but the rapid success of the new company soon tempted other capitalists to embark in similar speculations, the results of which proved in several instances so injurious to the community, that an act was passed in 1708, prohibiting all other companies whatsoever, exceeding six persons in number, except the company of the Bank of England, from issuing notes. The effect of this clause was, that, as banks having more than six partners could not be formed as banks of issue, many banks not having more than six partners were established, in proportion as they seemed to be demanded by the increasing trade, in different places throughout the country as well as in London. These banks are popularly known by the name of Private Banks; and, although none of the London private bankers now issue notes, yet they are privileged by law to do so,—and no doubt they would, but

that they could not hope to obtain a circulation for them concurrently with the notes of the Great National Bank. But a considerable interval elapsed before country banks were established to any great extent; and it is believed, that previously to the American war there were very few carried out into operation, although there were many projected. In 1797, there were about two hundred and eighty in existence; but, in consequence of the passing of the Bank Restriction Act in that year, the object of which was to protect the Bank against a run by prohibiting it from paying its notes in cash for a stipulated period, the number of country banks increased so rapidly, that in 1813 they amounted to no less than nine hundred. In these outlines we are careful to avoid going into such details as are likely to encumber the subject. We propose to touch only upon those points that may be actually necessary for the general reader, who desires to trace the progress of our banking institutions.

From this brief sketch it will be seen, that the establishment of the Bank of England was soon followed by the establishment of other banks; that, in order to check the growing spirit of speculation, a law was passed to limit within certain bounds the further establishment of banks of issue and circulation; and that, within the limits prescribed by law, a great number of banks gradually rose up both in the metropolis and in the country. It must be obvious that, if the Bank of England had been sufficiently powerful in its resources to satisfy the whole demands of the public, and had been so conducted as to meet those demands with the requisite liberality, there would have been no necessity for the establishment of any other bank. But the Bank of England, although it possessed exclusive privileges, and might have diffused vast benefits throughout the community, not only failed to fulfil the duties which its position enforced upon it, but, by the exercise of a capricious spirit in the management of its affairs, inflicted at will the most serious evils upon the commercial public. Out of the effects of the narrow and selfish policy of the Bank of England arose the necessity of other banks. How far the private and country banks supplied the desideratum may be readily understood by a glance at their composition, and a few of the leading facts in their history.

The private bank depends for its success solely upon the degree of confidence in which the individuals who form its partnership may be held in their own circle. It does not rely upon its known capital for its credit with the public, but rather upon its reputed capital, and the character of its proprietors. It is placed under no legal responsibility in the conduct of its affairs; it is responsible only to itself. It offers no securities of a valid kind to the public, nor does it present any means of detecting error or delinquency in its internal management. The banker might speculate with his deposits, and tie up his own fortune in family settlements, so that he might be safe from the consequences of any desperate adventure in which he should engage; or he might be a spendthrift in his habits, or utterly ignorant of the principles of banking; yet the public could neither exercise any check over his proceedings, nor even ascertain at any time the state of his affairs. Such, however, was the avidity with which the establishment of these banks was originally encouraged by the public, who hoped to derive from them those advantages which they had failed to derive from the Bank of England, that they multiplied in proportion to the rashness of the confidence which in this sudden transition was thoughtlessly reposed in them. But the result of the experiment clearly demonstrated this fact,—that, although some alternative was required to protect the interests of the community against the caprices of the Bank of England, it was not presented by the private banks

to the extent, nor with that assurance of safety, which the exigencies of the commercial world demanded. So ruinous, indeed, were the failures of these banks, that, to quote Hudibras, they seemed

— “ as if intended
For nothing else but to be mended.”

Four hundred and seven commissions of bankruptcy were issued against country banks within the fifty years previous to 1830. In one year alone, 1793, it is said that no less than one hundred bankers suspended their payments, and in 1815 and 1816 the number who were compelled to stop payment are reckoned at two hundred and forty. “The destruction of country banks has,” observes Mr. McCulloch, “upon three different occasions — in 1792, in 1814, 1815, and 1816; and in 1825 and 1826 — produced an extent of bankruptcy and misery that has never, perhaps, been equalled, except by the breaking up of the Mississippi scheme in France.” So tremendous were the failures on the last occasion, that the attention of the legislature was imperatively directed to the subject, and prompt measures were passed with the view to prevent the recurrence of such calamities, if possible, for the future. This was the moment to place the circulating medium of the country upon a solid basis; but the government appears either to have misunderstood the real sources of the evil, or to have been restrained by special considerations from striking at its root. Sir Robert Peel’s remedy was remarkable for containing within itself some of the most extraordinary practical contradictions that probably were ever embodied in any act of the legislature. The law which emanated from the administration of that day proposed three objects: the partial repeal of the prohibitory clause of 1708, by which repeal, banks having a greater number of partners than six were permitted to be established anywhere in England outside a circle of sixty-five miles round London; the establishing of branches of the Bank of England in the country districts, so as to extend more effectually the benefits of its influence; and the abolition of all notes under the value of 5*l*.

Now, when it is remembered that the evil to be legislated upon was the weakness of the country banks, and their mal-administration of their affairs, it might naturally be supposed that the remedy would provide some means of strengthening them, and of preventing them from inflicting similar misfortunes again upon the country; but every one of these new provisions had a direct tendency to increase their difficulties. By the abolition of the small notes, the law deprived them of one of the most fertile sources of their profits; by throwing open the privilege of banking to joint-stock companies, the law exposed them to a new and powerful competition, which certainly was not the way to arrest future bankruptcies; and, by authorising the establishment of branches of the Bank of England, the law completely annihilated the local influence of those country establishments, in whose neighbourhood the branches might happen to be placed. Why Sir Robert Peel entertained such a dislike to small notes, will probably never be explained; but, in supposing that any of the commercial difficulties of the country were attributable to 1*l*. notes any more than to 5*l*. notes, it is tolerably clear that he committed an inexplicable absurdity. It does not require much knowledge of the mysteries of banking for any person, with a plain understanding, to perceive that it is not the paper that is issued which constitutes the danger, but the want of a proper control over its issue. Bankers might be permitted to issue as many 1*l*. notes as they could scatter on the winds, provided only that they gave adequate security for paying it in

specie when it came back upon their hands. It is the unlimited issue of paper without any check whatever, and not the paper itself, that constitutes the real evil to be guarded against. But one would think that Sir Robert Peel, in overlooking this simple truth, had taken up some prejudice against small notes, to the complete oblivion of every other consideration.

With respect to the third object (we will take the second last), it may be observed, that the country bankers earnestly remonstrated against its adoption, on the ground, as the result has proved, that the branches of the Bank of England would severely injure them in their business; but the only redress they obtained was, that they were allowed, in common with the Bank of England, to compound for their stamp-duties. Since that period the Bank of England has established twelve branches in the country in the following places: — Bristol, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Swansea, Manchester, Hull, Warwick, Birmingham, Leeds, Gloucester, Newcastle, and Plymouth. These branches, it appears, not only interfere with the legitimate transactions of the country banks, but refuse to take their notes, unless they open accounts with them in the usual way.

The act which permitted the formation of banks having more than six partners, or, as they are more clearly designated, Joint-Stock Banks, at a greater distance than sixty-five miles from London, contained a provision that they should not make their notes payable in London, nor draw bills upon London, for any sum under 50*l*. But another act was passed in 1833, which rescinded this provision, and which conferred a still more important privilege, that of allowing Joint-Stock Banks to be established within the sixty-five miles, with this single restriction, that they were not allowed to issue notes. The consequence of these measures is, that Banks with an unlimited number of partners may now be established at any place in England beyond the sixty-five miles, and issue notes; and that they may be established within that circle as Banks of discount and deposit. These are important concessions, which are calculated to give greater freedom and efficacy to our monetary system; but much remains yet to be done before the public can derive from our banking establishments all the benefits they are capable of producing.

The constitution of a Joint-Stock Bank may be briefly described. It consists of a large proprietary, who subscribe a considerable capital in shares. The amount of that capital is made known to the public, and the individuals who subscribe it are guarantees for its validity. According to the business or circumstances of the bank, a certain proportion of the whole capital is paid up, and the remainder is left to be called upon in case of necessity. The Joint-Stock Bank receives deposits, and pays a low rate of interest upon them, and employs its deposits advantageously by discounts at a higher rate of interest. It also transacts all the ordinary business of other banks, with some features that may be said to be peculiar to it—such as the system of cash-credits, which consists in advancing loans to individuals in trade upon solvent security. The advantages which the Joint-Stock Banks possess intrinsically over other Banks, are: 1. the large amount of their capital; 2. the great number of the partners, each of whom is personally responsible to the whole extent of his private fortune for the liabilities of the Bank; 3. the exemption from undue speculation, which is secured by placing the management in the hands of a directory, who are periodically responsible to the whole body of shareholders, before whom they must exhibit the state of their affairs; 4. the constant check that is exercised over the conduct of the bank, by the vigilance of the number of persons whose interests are concerned in the prudence with which it is controlled; and, 5. the certainty of

business, which is secured by the connections which the shareholders themselves can bring to the bank.

The success that has followed the introduction of Joint-Stock Banks affords a reasonable ground for anticipating their further extension and improvement. Private bankers have become so fully impressed with the superiority of the security which they hold out, to the public, and of the confidence which that security engenders, that a great number of private banks have already become merged in Joint-Stock Companies: we believe that nearly one hundred and twenty of these establishments have undergone this change, with advantage to themselves and to their surrounding neighbourhoods. That the system is not yet perfect, and that it is not even as well organised as the system of the Joint-Stock Banks of Scotland, must be admitted on all hands; but it is still a positive advance towards a more adaptive and efficient system of national banking than has hitherto been made in this country. Scotland has, fortunately, escaped the dangerous legislation which has so long retarded the progress of England in this respect; and hence her banks not only enjoy a larger share of public confidence, but deserve it better. A system of liberal exchanges amongst her banks, by showing their faith in each other, and their freedom from petty jealousies, has the happiest effect in inducing the public to place implicit reliance upon their stability. The English Joint-Stock Banks are deficient in this essential particular. They run a race for popularity which is not favourable to their common objects; by being rivals amongst themselves, they fail to accomplish that amount of universal good which the strength acquired by union would enable them to accomplish.

From these observations, which the reader will perceive are confined exclusively to the progress of banking in England, it will be seen that the banking institutions of this country consist of the Bank of England and its branches, Private Banks in London and in the country, and Joint-Stock Banks in London and in the country. We have already shown under what conditions these banks are severally established. By a calculation which has been recently made, it appears that there are 94 Joint-Stock Banks and 700 Private Banks (including the branches), and that the total capital, in round numbers, of the Joint-Stock Banks is 29,000,000*l.*, and of the Private Banks 37,000,000*l.*; to which, adding 23,000,000*l.* for Bank of England securities held, and 11,000,000*l.* for London bankers and brokers, makes the entire banking means of England 100,000,000*l.* A similar calculation for Scotland exhibits a total banking capital of 25,000,000*l.*, and for Ireland a banking capital of 10,000,000*l.* We are not prepared to say that these results are precisely correct, but they make a sufficient approximation to accuracy, for the general purposes of a comparative estimate of the amount of banking accommodation available for the three kingdoms.

THE BYZANTINE GREEKS.

Corpus Scriptorum Historiæ Byzantinæ. Editio emendatior et copiosior, consilio B. G. Niebuhrii C. F. instituta; opera ejusdem Niebuhrii, Imm. Bekkeri, L. Schopeni, G. et L. Dindorfiorum aliorumque philologorum parata. 8vo. Bonnæ, 1830-38.

A WELL-FOUNDED complaint is frequently urged by reflecting persons against those who are less considerate than themselves, that they habitually enjoy various advantages without, in any manner, examining their nature or inquiring into their origin. The thoughtless many, they affirm, array themselves, day by day, in their ordinary apparel, procure new articles of clothing, wear them for a certain period, and throw them aside that they may assume fresh garments, being always utterly regardless of the history of the materials of raiment, and of the curious arts whereby they are converted into commodious and ornamental coverings. Different operations of agriculture, opposite regions of the globe, the whole science of navigation, the utmost skill of the merchant, very much, in short, that is most wonderful, must conspire to furnish an ordinary breakfast; yet these astonishing things fail to astonish, and man receives his daily bread with as little admiration as the horse grazes on the grass that grows under his feet. The family dinner is a complete course of lectures on chemistry, and the furniture of an indifferently appointed chamber would supply materials for interesting investigations in number almost infinite; but an opportunity always at hand is always neglected.

To reflect on matters not of personal concernment, all personal interruptions and annoyances being absent, is to be happy; the pleasure which flows from the exercise of the intellectual faculties is pure, tranquil, and permanent; and those monitors who would urge their fellows, and especially the young, to think, deserve commendation and encouragement.

The complaint, to which we have thus alluded, is true, but it is also trite; nevertheless, it is not impossible to set the matter in a new light, and to suggest an inquiry of a nature precisely similar, that is not less novel than interesting. If it be expedient to propose questions respecting the origin of advantages that are of great value, and very extensively diffused, it may well be asked, Whence did we get our Latin? There is no gift so precious in the estimation of all persons, who judge rightly concerning the great ends of life, as a fit and solid education; and for those who have happily drawn a lot that exempts them from the rude necessity of manual labour, the most becoming institution, as the experience of many ages has decided, is to acquire the rudiments of the Latin language and a reasonable familiarity with the Latin classics. That the possession of this celebrated language is an eminent advantage will not be disputed by any; but some will doubtless esteem it vain to put forward a question that admits so ready and easy an answer, as, Whence did we get our Latin? From my father, from my master, or from both; the former from my grandfather, who, indeed, imparted the first elements to myself also; the latter from his master, a severe disciplinarian and a perfect Latinist. A sedulous disciple has brought with him, from Westminster school, whatever had been handed down from one erudite pedagogue to another in a long series. Eton Col-

lege was able to satisfy the cravings of an ambitious student with Roman lore, that had long been traditionary there; and another not uninformed scholar, from Winchester, answers, that in his ancient city, from the days of Henry the Fourth and William of Wykeham, there has been an unbroken succession of teachers, each of them greatly superior to his predecessor, and the first an absolute Tully; and he rather wonders at the unnecessary interrogatory. In every town, in short, and in many of our villages, there is a grammar-school, which can claim the honour of having handed down the Latin language, from father to son, for many generations; and our two Universities have rendered this most important service to the state during a long period.

Whilst Britain was a Roman province, the dialect and literature of the conquerors were cultivated; nor were teachers of eloquence wanting. When, in spite of the tears of the Britons, they were abandoned to the Picts and Scots, it is probable that the study of rhetoric declined. Hengist and Horsa preferred the Norse tongue to Plautus or Cicero; and their followers were formed in the same Gothic school. As their dominion extended, Latin faded away and finally disappeared in England. Whether it still subsisted among the mountains of Wales may be an interesting question; it is certain, at least, that our Saxon ancestors did not care to go thither to learn it. The noble idiom of imperial Rome was wholly gone from the seven kingdoms.

In the sixth century, however, our foster-father, St. Gregory the Great, despatched his missionary, Austin the monk, to our island, to teach Christianity and Latin, which was still almost, if not quite, vernacular in Rome. Since the conversion of Ethelbert, to the present day, there has been an unbroken apostolical succession of teachers of the religion of the apostle of the remote West, Austin; and likewise of his language. For nearly thirteen centuries have we had at home a supply of men capable of qualifying our progenitors to taste, in some degree at least, in the worst times, with the extreme lips, if not in a full draught, of the wholesome and refreshing streams of Roman erudition. Consequently to the question, "Whence did we get our Latin?" it may be answered confidently, it has passed from mouth to mouth; from hand to hand, from father to son, from master to pupil, for thirty-eight generations. For twelve ages and upwards have the compositions of Virgil been read in the original tongue, and reverentially admired by the subjects of the kings of England, and within their dominions. Not much more than a century had elapsed from the happy mission of Gregory, when Bede arose, a man not less venerable for his erudition than his piety, whose writings still testify that he would be accounted learned even in our own days. In the following century our countryman, Alcuinus Flaccus, was a scholar of reputation: his works demonstrate that he had acquired much knowledge which would be prized at a modern university, as well as in the court of Charlemagne. Another century presents to our view a royal student of the most exemplary zeal in the sacred cause of learning, and of some acquirement: the translations of our beloved and venerated Alfred, and the simple biography of his faithful companion, Asser, maintain the tradition.

It would be easy to digest by centuries, and perhaps even by generations, and the compilation would not be devoid of curiosity or interest, a complete series of testimonies extracted from the works of the writers of each period, to show, as it were, out of the mouths of living witnesses, that, although liberal studies occasionally languished, they were never dead, but, from the landing of Austin to the time of the Conquest, enjoyed, if always not vigorous health, at least uninterrupted life. During the whole of this

long period a school might have been found within the limits of our island, where a boy might have attained, and where some did in fact attain, a competent skill in Latin; not always, perhaps not often, that elegance which is required in a prize poem, but a considerable progress with reference to mere utility; a sufficient acquaintance with the sense of words and the force of phrases, to understand and even relish the songs of the divine Mantuan. Orosius, and Boethius, and St. Augustine; homilies, rituals, and legends, were more frequently studied by the Latinists of the middle ages than the classical authors; nevertheless, the latter were not altogether neglected. Many an example of instruction derived from Virgil might be adduced from monastic writers; and, strange as it may seem, the ecclesiastics read and copied Ovid. It is certain that there was always a permanent fund of homebred Latin in England; the native stock being, however, often increased and strengthened by the accession of books and teachers from foreign countries, and a fresh zeal was occasionally kindled by the return of our countrymen from transmarine and transalpine studies. "Whence did we get our Latin?" As St. Gregory received his, through the Scipios and the Cæsars, from Romulus and Numa; so, in like manner, from him, through Beda and the rest, have we in our days taken ours.

Thus much concerning our initiation into the lesser mysteries; but, Whence did we get our Greek? It is never denied, or even doubted, that the Greek classics contain the most perfect specimens of every kind of composition, and are to be propounded as models. In every civilised country of Europe, every person who is esteemed tolerably well educated possesses, or is supposed to possess, some acquaintance with the Greek language. Certain peculiar faculties and sciences may, perhaps, be excepted: the mathematician may reach a lofty reputation by mathematics alone; the discoveries of the astronomer array him in a celestial and kindred splendour; by chemistry the chemist is saved; with the vernacular and a little Latin the anatomist can attain reputation; a person well skilled in the municipal law, but in other respects illiterate, has sometimes acquired, not merely wealth, but considerable credit on account of intellectual eminence. But, however illustrious these proficient in their respective sciences may have rendered themselves, if their entire ignorance of the Greek language and literature be open and notorious, they recognise as their superiors those who are their equals in the respective sciences, and good Grecians besides. The recognition is not merely that it is more honourable to have mastered two departments of knowledge than one; the homage offered to the mathematician, who is also an anatomist, is not by any means equal, nor even similar: it differs not only in degree, but in kind. The wise will decide, whether the distinction be rational, or prejudice; that it exists daily experience proves.

We may affirm generally, then, that men are accounted learned, mainly in proportion to their attainments in Greek. The total amount of the copies of Greek books now in existence is absolutely incalculable, and the vast sum is augmented prodigiously every year. If some inferior deity, muse, or fairy, or the dusty but benevolent genius of an unfrequented public library, were to offer a boon to a deserving scholar — the gratification of a wish that would conduct him rapidly to the highest glory that can be obtained by any literary exploit, — his choice would be to find and to publish a comedy of Menander, a mime of Sophron, a lost oration or history, or verses by Alcæus, Sappho, or Archilochus — one of the celebrated compositions, in short, of some ancient Greek writer that is supposed to have perished.

The Greek language and literature hold this high station at present throughout the civilised world: they have maintained it for several generations: they will continue in equal honour for the like period — for a much longer time. Whence, then, came our initiation into the greater mysteries? whence did we get our Greek? We shall look in vain to our own insular traditions — to Beda and Gregory — for an answer. For about three centuries, perhaps, the dominion of the Greek language and literature, throughout the civilised countries of Europe, has been paramount and universal; and during that period we have learnt Greek at home: it has been transmitted like the Latin, and with it; often by the same persons and in the same places; and the domestic tradition of the two learned languages has been, for about nine generations, precisely similar. This fact is certain and notorious; but it is not less certain, that six hundred years ago there was not a single person who understood Greek, and scarcely a single Greek book in any of the countries which alone are now termed civilised — where the accumulation of Greek books is at present so vast, and where no gentleman can venture to confess that he is wholly unacquainted with Greek. So was it in England six hundred years ago; so was it, moreover, here and elsewhere for six or seven hundred years. The language and literature of Greece had entirely disappeared throughout the West: nothing was left but a few translations, and a mighty reputation. Where were they then? in what manner were they preserved? by whom saved? what manner of men were these trusty guardians? how fared they who did us such good service? These questions awaken liberal curiosity, and must excite the instructed reader. The Greek language and literature were hoarded for our use, during the long period commonly called the middle ages, by the inhabitants of that country which is now the peculiar domain of the Turk, and is stigmatised as eminently barbarous, but was then the seat of the Eastern empire: our treasures, and with them much of our fate and fortunes, were in the custody of the Byzantine Greeks.

It is easy to state in general terms the source whence we draw our knowledge of Greek; but it is not so easy to give a satisfactory account of the preservers and restorers of ancient literature; to illustrate the peculiar character of our benefactors, and to unfold plainly the tradition of the speech and writings of Plato and Euripides, from the days of Justinian to the times of those men of blessed memory, Aldus and Junta. For some six or seven centuries, or more, to speak without regard to a needless precision, matters were exactly as they now are in one important feature. All educated persons cultivated the Latin and the Greek with equal care, and studied with the like diligence the principal authors in both languages. The scholar and the gentleman of the age of Trajan was alike familiar with Homer and Virgil: he might on no account neglect either Demosthenes or Cicero; and he was bound to read Thucydides and Polybius as well as Livy: the obligation was as comprehensive and as universal then as it is now. "Homer, as well as Virgil, were transcribed and studied on the banks of the Rhine and Danube in the age of the Antonines. Those who united letters with business were equally conversant with both; and it was almost impossible, in any province, to find a Roman subject, of a liberal education, who was at once a stranger to the Greek and to the Latin language." They are the words of Gibbon; and he might perhaps have added, that, at that era, few Romans of a liberal education were strangers to either tongue.

In consequence of the bisection of the empire, of the separation of the eastern division from the western, of the Greek from the Latin, through the repeated irruptions of barbarous nations, and from other causes, the

Greek language gradually fell into disuse, and at last was wholly swept away from the Western empire; it vanished in all those countries which are now reputed civilised, and was as little known there for many ages as the language of the Logrians now is here; of the people who, as some teach, preceded and were exterminated by the Celtic conquerors of our island. The period of occultation was long: seven centuries at least may be assigned as the duration of the silence of the Greek language in the West. The learned Hody has asserted that the interval was greater. The term from which it is commonly accounted to have commenced is the termination of the exarchate of Ravenna, when Greek magistrates and soldiers ceased to preserve, in some degree, the use of that tongue in Italy.

During the long period of seven hundred years from this epoch, there was not in any of the countries which are now alone reputed civilised a single person who understood Greek, and scarcely a single Greek book. The assertion must receive some mitigation, it is true; but the reductions to be made are minute. In the biographies of some of the great lights of the dark ages, it is affirmed, as something wonderful, together with other avowed miracles, that these remarkable persons understood the Greek language. No motive is assigned for the difficult acquisition; nor did the precious accomplishment produce any visible fruit. The attainment was a miracle; but the wonder is increased ten-fold by the surprising fact, that it was of no use whatever to the possessor. The western Grecian of the middle ages was a close vessel, full of a generous liquor, but hermetically sealed. At the hour of midnight in this dark period, when the universal silence was most profound, a number of Greek words, as *hypothesis*, *hypostasis*, *hyperbole*, *hyperbaton*, and many more, chiefly terms of art, were known to the Latinists, precisely as *finis*, *et cætera*, *nota bene*, and the like, are intelligible even to the poor children who receive the first rudiments of the English tongue from public charity. These technical terms were not infrequently written in characters more or less unlike the Greek letters, for which they were designed; and it is possible that an imperfect acquaintance with the alphabet never disappeared.

It is remarkable, that glossaries still exist, arranged, though inaccurately, in alphabetical order of Greek and Latin, or Latin and Greek words, that were manifestly transcribed in the course of the long period of silence. These MSS. were highly valued. To have copied the venerable but useless volume, or a portion thereof, or to possess a transcript of such a vocabulary, was probably the highest achievement of a learned Benedictine, who was reputed in those days a consummate Grecian. The Greek language, indeed, was always venerable; meekly, and reverently were its smallest relics worshipped. In transcribing those Latin authors who cite Greek, the unknown quotation was painfully and feebly delineated by the scribe; sometimes with accuracy—as the forms of the Egyptian hieroglyphics are faithfully copied—and sometimes in such a manner as to transmute the revered letters into mystical symbols. Of the homage that was rendered to the Greek language during the time when its light was wholly extinct in the West, many extraordinary examples might be adduced. In the tenth century the custom still subsisted in several monasteries of saying a Greek mass on the five principal festivals of the church; as if that tongue were in itself more solemn and holy than the usual dialect of the western ritual. A missal of that age, which was used in the choir of the church of St. Denys, near Paris, is in existence: the Greek is greatly disfigured; nevertheless, since to ignorant ears whatever sounds were not Latin, or of any other known language, would appear to be the purest Attic, it is less depraved than might be expected: the sanctity of

the strange liturgy probably insured the attention of the copyist. The monks of St. Basil, and other Greek ecclesiastics, had convents and churches in Calabria, and performed the services in their own language, and according to their national discipline, whilst every other tongue was mute; but, however vocal, their pious strains were unheard beyond the narrow precincts of their lofty walls.

It is unnecessary to inquire into the extent and duration of the proceedings of a few Greeks on the utmost verge and extremity of Italy; for, had they dwelt on the other side of the Adriatic, they could not have exerted less influence on the studies of that country, within the limits of which they were certainly resident. There was doubtless some communication between the Latin and Greek sailors, but with as little fruit of literary improvement as Oriental students derive from the presence of the Chinese and Lascars in the vicinity of the East India Docks. The Spanish phrases, that were picked up by our private soldiers during the Peninsular war, tend as much to recommend and illustrate the admirable productions of Cervantes and Calderon, as the visits of the armies of Crusaders to the golden Byzantium conduced to recall the exiled Greek to the western world. The princess Anna Comnena — in a passage of her *Alexias*, which is remarkable from the use of the word *Roman*, not in the sense that is usual with her, to denote a subject of the Eastern Roman empire, a Byzantine Greek, but a Latin, possibly a native of the city of Rome itself, as opposed to a Greek — informs us, that such a person might be seen learning Greek in the public schools in Constantinople, that were founded or encouraged by her father, the emperor. “You may see there,” the illustrious lady writes, “a Latin receiving instruction, and a Scythian acquiring the Greek language and manners, and a *Roman* with the writings of the Greeks in his hands, and the illiterate Greek learning to speak and write Greek correctly.” *Καὶ ἔστιν ἰδεῖν καὶ Λατίνον ἐνταῦθα παιδοτριβοῦμενον, καὶ Σκύθην ἐλληνίζοντα, καὶ Ῥωμαῖον τὰ τῶν Ἑλλήνων συγγράμματα μεταχειριζόμενον, καὶ τὸν ἀγράμματον Ἑλλήνα ὁρθῶς ἐλληνίζοντα.* The date of the studies of these Latins and Romans was about the time of our William Rufus. As they produced no sensible effects in the West, it is not improbable that the students were strangers, who went to the metropolis of the East to seek their fortunes, and with the intention of settling there.

It is unnecessary, however, to accumulate exceptions, if such they can be called, which serve only to make more manifest the entire amotion of the Greek language from the West for seven long centuries; as a distant taper on a black night renders the deep darkness visible. Nevertheless, the seed, that was afterwards to overgrow the whole of Europe, that we may not speak of America and of the whole world itself, in future generations, was miraculously saved in Turkey. How, and by whom? the scholar asks; who were they through whose care the language and the literature were preserved? Of what hue was the thread of their destinies? Their story is sad and dark, presenting a melancholy record of the gradual wasting away of strength; defeat after defeat, loss upon loss; a continual diminution of resources — of wealth, population, and territory. All the ordinary attractions of victory; whatever can captivate the vulgar; conquests and triumphs, and the whole renown of offensive warfare; are wanting. Their history is rich only in greater results, in the pursuit and attainment of higher ends and aims; it recounts the fortunes, the unprosperous fortunes, of a knot of gentlemen, — the protracted efforts, at once successful and unsuccessful, of a small patrician band labouring to withstand the incessant torrents, the deluge and upheavings of increasing barbarism: it is the struggle of the aristocracy (in the best and

most honourable, and also the most literal sense) of learning in behalf of order, education, and refinement; and of freedom, civil and religious.

It would seem that this is just the tale to please the thoughtful, the studious, the polite; to win the attention and the good will of all those to whom a liberal institution had been really a benefit. Such it would doubtless be, if it were related fairly and without prejudice, and exactly and correctly understood. Those who watch for the rest, who wake while others sleep, who think for their generation, are few; nor is a historian, who approaches the original sources of history, and who weighs what he reads, and deduces from it his own free and unbiassed conclusions, and states them in his own words, without fear or favour, of frequent occurrence. Compiler borrows from compiler; error follows error; and the pedigree of a mistake is often as long as that which the most sedulous genealogist would desire to assign to the opulent descendant of an illustrious house. The inveterate and often repeated blunders that originated long ago in various prejudices, by which our view of the Byzantine History is obscured, and our measure of the real character of the preservers and restorers of literature falsified, are so ancient and curious, that the enumeration of some of them will startle the least nervous student.

We undervalue the Byzantine Greeks, and speak of them with a contemptuous dislike, even to this day, in Protestant Britain, because they refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. However improbable and absurd the assertion may appear, it may be demonstrated that we, who have done and suffered so much to shake off the yoke of Papal domination, apply terms of scorn and derision to our bravest allies — to those Greeks who so long and so vigorously resisted the same usurpation; and simply because they resisted it. We are, in truth, like children, who ignorantly repeat reproaches uttered against their own mother in a tongue that is unknown to them. If in this country, and in these days, a man of letters were to compose a Byzantine History anew, drawing from the undefiled sources of the original Greek text, he, as a studious Protestant thinking for himself, would commend the resolution and spirit of the Greeks in opposing the encroachments of the bishop of Rome. He might probably feel a certain sympathy and regard for them on account of this opposition; at least, he would not dislike and censure them for it. A bookmaker, on the contrary, employed to compile the narrative, as he might, at second-hand, would borrow freely from works of acknowledged merit; he would produce a goodly volume extracted from foreign writers of commendable industry and learning, *but all Roman Catholics*. 'The foolish Greeks,' 'The helpless Greeks,' 'The wretched Greeks,' 'Slaves,' 'Bigots,' 'Knaves,' 'abject, degraded, prostrate, conceited, spiritless;' these vituperative terms, and such as these, would bristle in every page; the honest compiler, himself a worthy member of the establishment, or perhaps a stern dissenter of a sect most distant from Rome, would have been only the unconscious echo of the Vatican.

The denial of the Papal supremacy, if it was not heresy, was at least a schism, pernicious and pestilent, in the eyes of Italians, whether they were prelates amply recompensed for literary exertions — since the Holy See, it must be allowed, with a noble munificence, always patronised letters — or young aspirants after future favours, who wielded the pen in the good cause through a confident anticipation of rich benefices. The insolent claim of the Greek church — not merely of equality, but of superiority — which had been asserted when fortune smiled, on the ground, that, although the bishop of Old Rome was indisputably the head of the Church, so long as his city was the seat of empire; yet, for the same reason, when Constantine trans-

ferred the civil government to his New Rome, the ecclesiastical supremacy was removed likewise, and vested in the Patriarch, as the archbishop of Constantinople and the primate of the world: this audacious claim, we say, might well seem to be so unjust and wicked to all who were interested in withstanding it, that no invectives could be too virulent for the devoted heads of the countrymen of the arrogant metropolitan of the East.

The French had many points of contact with the Byzantine History, and we owe much to their active researches; to the unwearied industry of the learned Ducange, "who pryed into every corner," and to other sagacious antiquaries: but they were Catholics also, and many of them magistrates,—for, to the everlasting credit of the magistracy, men of learning and of letters often adorned the bench in France. Judges are uniformly of an eminent orthodoxy, and inclined to uphold the established faith. The presidents, however erudite, could not show themselves indulgent to obstinate schismatics: their calm reprehensions have more of dignity and less of anger than the warmer pages of the theologians; yet we often hear the stern reproof, and we see that the arm is always uplifted, and sometimes strikes. Whatever impressions have been borrowed from French authors, and they are many, are exceedingly unfavourable to the Greeks.

We are proud to claim the illustrious Gibbon as our countryman; but we are compelled to admit that his mind was cast in a French mould, and that, in many respects, he was a Frenchman; in nothing more, perhaps, than in his estimate of the character of the Byzantine Greeks. The learned and fearless historian was not deficient in personal courage; yet we may well doubt whether he would willingly have put his own life in hazard to defend the rights either of the Pope or of the Patriarch, or even of both of them, if their claims were consistent; he puts a cheat upon his readers, therefore, by often assuming the tone of a most resolute partizan of the Latin church. Incautiously and unconsciously does he repeat so frequently the phrases wherewith the French Catholics censure the Christians of the East, that we seem to hear, not the decision of an ostentatiously indifferent philosopher, but the sentence of a French president upon a Greek non-conformist. He has drawn little, in truth, from the large stores of Byzantine History, except theological squabbles; and these, no doubt, he uses with a peculiar adroitness. The genius, general accuracy, and learning of the admirable historian transcend all praise; but that department of his work which treats of the Eastern empire does not content the instructed reader. He feels that the author is prejudiced and unjust towards a most meritorious people, and seeks sometimes to soothe his own pride by degrading characters and events with which his side of Europe had no connection; moreover, he wounds our best feelings by treating a spirit-stirring theme so coldly.

Another source of prejudice is, the jealousy that long subsisted between the two sections of the Roman empire. • As we are sometimes hostile to the Greeks from motives which ought to endear them to us, so have we censured them angrily when we might have been altogether indifferent. What are the dissensions between the Eastern and the Western empire to us? How long have the causes of those contentions ceased to exist? Our island was no party to them at any time. The originality of mind that dares to think for itself, the learning requisite for the discovery and right understanding of the genuine sources of history, are rare gifts: an historian, fully qualified for his office, is found once in a generation; not so seldom, perhaps, as to be accounted a prodigy, yet not too often to be deemed a scarce and most precious gift. For this reason, expressions that have long lost their original force are found in the last compiler; and they may be

traced through a succession of servile copyists, until we reach him who first adopted them, and his motives and meaning are fully explained by the circumstances of the times in which he wrote. Terms of contempt are bandied about at this day, which may be followed from one history to another, until we arrive at the Legation of Liutprand, and other works of equal antiquity. Besides, the rights of the Byzantine emperors were extremely unpalatable to the emperors of Germany, and hostile to their pretensions; and we have not yet ceased to reiterate censures that had their origin in that source of dissatisfaction.

Another fountain of hereditary and transmitted prejudice, which ought to have been dried up long ago, is the disappointment of the Northern nations at not being permitted to conquer the New Rome, as well as the Old; we have abundant cause to rejoice that the incursions of our rude forefathers were repulsed, but we continue unwittingly to give vent to their vexation. The practice of mankind to hate and revile those whom they have injured is, perhaps, the master-key that will unlock the mystery of our unworthy treatment of our benefactors. The Venetians, the Normans, and other nations of the West, seized upon the territories of the Byzantine empire; and the capture of Constantinople by the French and Venetians, in the year 1204, and the retention of the government by the Latins for almost sixty years, were outrages so pernicious and atrocious, that to excuse the conquerors it was necessary to inculcate that the conquered were utterly unfit and unworthy to retain their native country. It was the more requisite to place their absolute incapacity beyond the reach of troublesome doubts, inasmuch as such aggressions were manifestly an impious league with barbarian Infidels, in a pious age, against old and civilised Christians. The activity has been great, and fully adequate to the necessity. So extreme is the injustice of the Latins, that it is whimsical, we had almost said ludicrous: nor are their vituperations delivered in bad faith; they had persuaded themselves, it should seem, that since the Greek was the next neighbour to the Turk, he ought to be chastised by his Christian brethren for keeping such bad company, however unwillingly.

It has been charged against the Greeks, that the approaches to the imperial throne were frequently defiled by blood: the charge is unhappily well founded; but it will not support the inference which has been hastily and unfairly deduced, that the Byzantines had therefore relapsed into barbarism. If it were stated, that of twelve successive monarchs two only had terminated their reigns by a natural death — all the remainder having fallen by the violence of rebellion, or of treachery, — men, prone to hasty deductions, would perhaps inquire, over what horde of savages did these unhappy princes preside? They were the governors of the masters of the world, during the highest supremacy of the Roman dominion, in days of peace, plenty, refinement, and luxury. Augustus and Vespasian were undoubtedly permitted to depart after the fashion of their inferiors: of eight Cæsars the murders were notorious. The dying Tiberius, it was reported, was smothered by pillows: and Philostratus specifies the poison that was given by Domitian to his brother and predecessor, Titus. If it be contended that not more than eight were put to death, the succession of the founders of the empire, it must still be conceded, was abundantly sanguinary. Patriotic citizens could not altogether acquiesce in the imperial dominion, but the recollection or tradition of the horrors of the civil wars prevented resolute systematical opposition. If as many gained the crown by force, or fraud, in Byzantine Rome as elsewhere, many more resigned, or refused it, than in any other country. It was not unusual for the sovereign, as well as

inferior functionaries, to spend the evening of life in a monastery, enjoying the repose of study and devotion.

The barbarous mutilations, and especially the deprivation of sight, which disgrace the middle ages, may be found in the Byzantine History, as well as in the chronicles of less refined and instructed people. The subjects of Alexius Comnenus were indisputably inferior in civility to the more polite nations of the present age; but it is not less certain that they were prodigiously superior in all the precious effects of learning, as well as in learning itself, to their contemporaries in the West of Europe. If we read that, in the eleventh or the twelfth century, a deposed monarch of Constantinople, or an unsuccessful usurper, was punished by the loss of his eyes, we ought not to compare the odious severity with the less inhuman chastisements of our own times; it can only be fairly collated with the contemporaneous inflictions of other governments or tyrannies. We must not forget the imputation upon our Henry the First, of having thus disabled his captive brother; nor Shakspeare's celebrated scene between Prince Arthur and Hubert: we must remember, if we would be just to our benefactors, that, although there are assassinations by the dagger and by poison, judicial tortures, barbarous executions, and cruel and unworthy mutilations during the long term of their empire, at least ten instances for one of similar atrocities may be extracted from the history of less civilised nations during the same period. A faithful narrative of judicial mutilations, of "the judgment of member," once prevalent throughout Europe, would form a remarkable chapter in the history of jurisprudence, and of mankind.

It has been urged in disparagement of the Greeks by their rivals, both Latins and Orientals, that their policy was crooked; that artifice, subtlety, and stratagem were their accustomed and favourite weapons: the event proved, unfortunately for themselves and the world, that there was need of all the national cunning, and of more besides. The princess Anna Comnena presents a lively picture of the innumerable, perpetual, and increasing perils that beset the metropolis of learning; of the unwearied vigilance that was required; and of the necessity of taking advantage of the most trifling aids. Many curious examples might be adduced; one, which may be related in a few words, must suffice. The ambassadors of a barbarous nation, whom she calls Scythians, negotiated with her father; and, to the honour of the native dignity of diplomacy, attempted to impose upon him: he stated his suspicions; they declared they were unfounded: "I will allow that they are so," the emperor replied, "unless some unusual sign presently appears in the sky; for I refer the matter to Heaven." In less than two hours the sun was totally eclipsed, to the confusion of the fraudulent legates. The fair historian thus describes the celestial phenomenon:—"Two hours had not yet expired, and the light of the sun failed, so that the whole disk became dark, the moon having passed quickly between it and the earth." *Δύο οὐπω παρήλθον ὥραι, καὶ τὸ ἡλιακὸν φῶς ἐπιλείπειν, ὡς ἀφεγγῇ τὸν ὅλον δίσκον γενέσθαι, ὑποδραμύσης αὐτὸν τῆς σελήνης.* (lib. 7.)

"A cold hand, and a loquacious tongue," was the proverbial imputation cast upon the Greeks. Those who talk well may be permitted to talk much; and the former part of the censure is unjust. They did not seek the battle with the blind animal impetuosity of the conquering Moslem; nor did they wish to fight for the sake of fighting, and through a fierce love of destruction, like the rude but gallant chivalry of the Latins; nevertheless their military history is not discreditable to the Byzantines. Their weakness and imbecility have been the frequent topics of ignorant and disingenuous reproach; but they wisely and manfully defended themselves, their country

and their religion, the arts, literature, and refinement, for a long succession of ages, against hosts of enemies, ferocious, barbarous, and fanatical. When they were finally betrayed to the fury of the Turks by the treachery of the Venetians, the perfidy of the Popes, and the scarcely less guilty supineness of the Christian princes of Europe, their last emperor and his nobility fell with their vanquished country, not less gallantly than Harold and our Saxon nobles on the field of Hastings.

The literary merits and defects of the Byzantines, however, claim our attention rather than the Greek fire, and the Greek warfare, of offence or defence. "There is not, I believe, from Dionysius to Libanius, a single Greek critic who mentions Virgil or Horace: they seem ignorant that the Romans had any good writers." We owe this striking observation to the acuteness of Gibbon; who attributes their neglect of the Latin classics to the conceit, the self-satisfied pride, and narrow jealousy of the Greeks. It is more probable that the cause of this remarkable neglect lies deeper than the historian supposes. The Greek writers who treat of Roman affairs cite the native authors, as testimonies of historical facts, and often with commendation; the single example of Plutarch, whom extensive learning, a noble enthusiasm, and a high tone of moral feeling have made popular even with the least instructed, will be a sufficient proof. The Greek critics have forbore to praise the more renowned compositions of the poets and orators of ancient Rome, but they have also forbore to censure them: the envy of literary competitors is seldom satisfied with silent contempt; to sneer, to deride, to point out errors in detail, to depreciate merits, and to aggravate defects, whether nations or individuals be rivals, — such is the course of proceeding, so that there be enough of excellence to awaken jealousy. The celebrated John Lascaris assailed Virgil and Cicero with satirical epigrams, when the question of the precedence of Greek or of Roman literature was moved between the Byzantine refugees and the Italians; but we find no traces of such contests in the Augustan age, under the Antonines or Constantine: the same inviolable silence is observed as if the attempts of the Latins to imitate their masters had never been made.

There was room for jealousy whilst Greece was a Roman province; but as soon as Constantinople became the capital of the empire, the Greeks were transmuted into Romans, and Virgil and Horace were not less national than Homer and Pindar. In the lowest period of degeneracy and decay, the name of Romans adhered to the last fragments of the empire; and the words Roumelia, Roumeliot, and Romaic still attest the claim. Although Greek was the language of literature, the government of the East was long transacted in Latin; which, however, had almost disappeared from Constantinople in the time of Heraclius. Nevertheless, it was retained in the subscription, or sign manual, of the emperors, and in the legend upon their coins, long after it had ceased to be written or spoken; and this practice so gradually fell into disuse, that Latin letters were often mixed with Greek; and the money of the ninth and tenth centuries affords many curious examples of this confusion of characters, and sometimes even of languages. Virgil, Varro, and other Romans are often cited in the *Geoponica*, a compilation of the tenth century, and in the *Hippiatrica*, and other productions of the same age: but these are scientific works, and they quote authorities for facts and technical information. It seems, upon a careful examination, that the hypothesis of national jealousy will not solve the mystery of the silence of the Greek critics respecting the Latin classics, and we are compelled to conjecture, that in the choice of words and phrases, and in the collocation of them, there was a certain nicety, an extreme of delicacy and art, which

the Roman could never reach, and which greatly transcends our comprehension.

It has been remarked by experienced persons, that the youth who displays at an early period, and in a decided manner, an ardent and constant love of learning, has in his nature the seeds of all goodness; and that if his course throughout life be not happy and virtuous, no ordinary degree of guilt may be justly imputed to parents and preceptors capable of perverting dispositions all but incorruptible. This remark may be extended to cities and nations, and to particular eras. If we apply it to the Byzantines, and measure their merit by that standard, we must assign to them the post of honour amongst the people of Europe; for never was love so true, so constant, so devoted, as theirs for letters. The stranger who visits Yorkshire observes that the attention of the people is turned almost exclusively towards horse-races; in Ireland he finds brawls and violence, and an unwearied desire to begin and to maintain a quarrel; in France, military evolutions and theatrical amusements appear to be the sole ends of life. National peculiarities are strong and striking, but none so much so as the addiction of the Greeks to literature. Whoever opens their historians for the first time, enters into a new world: the question being no longer, who is powerful, who is rich, who is well-born, who is handsome, who is bold; but simply, who is learned? What were his studies, and how has he profited by them; what is his proficiency in Plato and Aristotle; what his advancement in logic or rhetoric, in ethics or philosophy; is he eloquent with tongue, or pen? If emperor or statesman, priest or patriarch, be erudite, they rejoice in his qualifications: if ignorant, his incompetence is deplored. To demonstrate in the fullest manner that such was the state of public opinion, it would be necessary to transcribe their annals, for they are wholly composed of examples. One, which seems somewhat whimsical, may be cited. The Byzantines instituted and observed solemnly an annual service, in celebration of the author of the "Lives of the Saints," to return thanks to God for having given them such a writer as Symeon the Logothete, called from his work, which he re-wrote, *μετέφρασε*, from ancient acts and hagiographies, *Metaphrustes*. This celebrated volume was compiled, or *re-written*, in the tenth century. A critic of the nineteenth may, perhaps, be permitted to doubt whether the Logothete, or Chancellor, directed his talents to the most beneficial purposes, or whether the book have sufficient merit to justify the unusual expression of gratitude; but it cannot be denied that the pious nation to which it was so acceptable was friendly to letters.

The piety of the Byzantine Greeks is, indeed, truly astonishing; and whether the reader, through a certain frigidity of temperament, or the pride of learning, looks coldly and with the indifference of modern philosophy upon every system of religion, or be zealously devoted to a form of Christianity differing in many respects from the doctrines and discipline of the Eastern church, he cannot peruse its history without deep and frequent wonder.

"The Greek monks and bishops"—it is the concession of Gibbon—"have ever been distinguished by the gravity and austerity of their manners; nor were they diverted, like the Latin priests, by the pursuits and pleasures of a secular, and even a military, life."

The *Nomocanon*, or Body of Greek Canon Law, is fertile in ascetic precepts—in the severities of long and various penances: the thorny crown of chastity was especially prized, and a life of celibacy was accounted the most perfect mode of existence. They were distinguished from their Western brethren by some peculiarities of a superior strictness—as by an abstinence.

from things strangled, and from blood ; and the regular clergy were forbidden to partake of flesh. A deposed emperor, who had been constrained to be shorn a monk, being asked how he liked his new condition, answered, that he was annoyed by the want of meat, but cared little for any thing else. " It is only the abstinence from flesh that troubles me ; I have little thought about all the rest : " — *ἡ τοῦ κρέως με μόνον ἀποχὴ ἀνιᾷ, τῶν δ' ἄλλων ὀλίγη μοι ἡ φροντίς*. He was but a poor Pythagorean ; the diet which he had adopted may be in a northern climate a scanty regimen, but the abundance and variety of fruit and vegetables that are found at Constantinople, together with fish, shell-fish, and the produce of the dairy, would surely supply sufficient and agreeable fare. The members of the Eastern church were macerated by long and frequent fasts ; and the practice of mortification continues to this day with unabated rigour, so as greatly to facilitate, we have been told by experienced officers, the task of procuring supplies for an army of Greeks. On the other hand, the labourer is gladdened and refreshed by the perpetual recurrence of festivals, and the monotony of his life is relieved by the splendour of public worship.

The separation of the Eastern from the Western literature, of the Greeks from the Latins, was never more complete than a few years before the restoration of Grecian learning to Italy and the rest of Europe. Not only did profane knowledge flow in different channels in the two divisions of the civilised and Christian world, but the entire system of theology also. The Roman Catholics — and such at that epoch were all the people of the West — knew no other scriptures than the Old and New Testaments, in the Latin vulgate. With this version the Byzantine theologians were wholly unacquainted ; but they were familiar with the Septuagint and the Greek Testament, which were not more accessible to the Romanists than the Alcoran, or the Zendavesta. Sylvester Syropulus has given a lively sketch of the difficulties, of which he was a witness, that impeded the conferences of the council of Florence, when a permanent union of the two churches was attempted. Each party was a stranger to the authorities upon which the other relied. A Latin Doctor, for example, cited Cyprian, Lactantius, Ambrose, and Tertullian, in support of his purgatory. When the quotations were interpreted to his Greek adversary, the prelate marvelled at the impudent fabrication ; and, not stopping to refute what he had never read, overwhelmed the vain invention of superstition with passages from Chrysostom, Basil, Gregory of Nazianzen, and him of Nyssa. The Catholic was thunderstruck in his turn, when the answer was translated ; he seemed to hear of Gog and of Magog, of Tubal Cain and of Jubal Cain. He recognised the names of mighty men, but he had serious doubts whether their writings were still extant. The visitors found their Italian hosts not merely dissenters in religion, and the possessors of an ample literature, both sacred and profane, wholly distinct from their own, skilled in Latin and its derivative dialects, and ignorant of Greek ; but they saw them rich, and luxurious ; turbulent in politics ; prone to change, and to newfangled innovations ; bold and warlike, with much of the confidence of ignorance ; magnificent, yet somewhat barbarous ; unusually attired ; and, what to Greek eyes was not the least surprising, with heads polled and shorn in the likeness of turnips. The descriptions of their guests, furnished by Italian contemporaries, are not less pointed : the spirit of rivalry gave an edge to satire. The costume of the Greeks was after the oldest fashion. Their garb was worn and faded, and threadbare ; so that the beholders' conception of poverty, and of its utmost extremity, was exalted and enlarged. But, together with the scholar's need, these venerable men exhibited all the scholar's virtues ; and as their desti-

tution was unparalleled, so were their excellences unequalled. They were courteous, modest, and diffident; patient and laborious; wanting every thing and yet nothing; cheerful, vivacious, witty; of an engaging and infantine simplicity, but subtle and vigilant, and adorned in rich profusion with all the moral and intellectual graces.

The surprise of the quick, jealous, observant, prejudiced Italians, at the aspect of the Greek delegates, was great; but it was far greater at their learning; at an erudition at once profound, extensive, and accurate; at powers of mind, and a perfect and effective discipline of the understanding, of which they had no conception: the human soul, in full cultivation, was not less beautiful and wonderful to the unexperienced, than the aspect of our richest corn-fields, of the English gardens, or of the plains of Lombardy, would be to an eye that had only viewed unreclaimed moors and pestilent swamps. If the dominion of the Church of Rome were to continue, it was plain that some of those men must be purchased at any price. A few were gained; the diabolical project of permitting the Turks to massacre the rest, to destroy the hornet's nest of too learned schism, has been imputed to the crooked policy of the court of Rome. The charge is so horrible, that, for the credit of human nature, it must not be believed. The unnatural children, however, studiously kept out of the way, whilst their venerable parents were butchered.

On Tuesday, the 29th of May, in the year 1453, happened the greatest calamity that ever befell the human race: Constantinople was taken. "A monument of the ancient wisdom remained, even to our time, at Constantinople." "*Mansit apud Constantinopolim usque ad nostrum tempus vetustæ sapientiæ monumentum*," says a contemporary, Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II. Bewailing aloud the irreparable loss, he calls the fallen city "The domicile and home of the Muses," and "The castle and stronghold of the highest philosophy." More books and more knowledge were included within the walls of Constantinople at that time, than could be found dispersed over the whole extent of the spacious West. Some precious manuscripts were rescued; but the fugitives could prove that more than one hundred and twenty thousand volumes disappeared. The ignorant captors gladly exchanged a stack of paper, or vellum, for a small sum, "the same ignominious price of a ducat for ten volumes — too high, perhaps, for a shelf of theology — included the whole works of Aristotle and Homer." To condemn with an indiscriminating sarcasm, as utterly worthless, compositions of so much literary excellence as the Homilies of Chrysostom, and the writings of the more accomplished of the theologians of Greece, exhibits the utmost intolerance of scepticism; or a gross ignorance of their contents, that is unworthy of the character and attainments of Gibbon.

The Greek refugees and the Byzantines, who had been reconciled to the Romish church — amongst the latter was Bessarion, ὁ πᾶν, himself a host — rapidly revived the Greek language and literature in Italy. The sacred olive of Minerva, that had been so nearly eradicated, suddenly shot up into a stately tree, filling the air with its branches, and with much goodly fruit. No doctrine ever spread with such inconceivable swiftness: its progress resembled the march of the Greek fire amidst dried reeds and combustibles. Strange students flocked to Italy from the most remote realms, and the Greek empire was presently restored in the schools throughout Europe; there was no distant corner of the civilised world, in which the grandson might prudently confess that he was ignorant of a language and of authors unknown and wholly inaccessible to his grandfather. Greek was taught at Oxford, at the end of the fifteenth century, by professors, who had them-

selves acquired it in Italy; and these, Erasmus, who declared that his proficiency in this language is the most unerring standard of a man's internal growth, diligently studied; and afterwards he taught at Cambridge (so far, at least, as his scholars were able to receive it) the Greek which he had himself learnt at the sister university. Infinite were the advantages that flowed from the diffusion of liberal learning. The study of jurisprudence was expanded and ennobled; the instructed theologian drew his proofs from the Greek original; and, as a corollary and necessary inference, the Hebrew text was consulted, and the other Oriental tongues were cultivated. To follow the stream at once to its source, was the new method of study; and it produced a magical effect upon every department of knowledge, and especially stimulated the mathematical and physical sciences, although the debt which the latter owe to the Greeks has been sometimes ignorantly, or ungratefully, denied.

The modern Greeks have found favour, because they are supposed to be the descendants of Miltiades and Themistocles; the sentiment is at least generous; and, in their late struggle with their barbarian oppressors, many brave men joined them through a sympathy with the ancient heroism, and, being animated by classical recollections, did good service with a most disinterested gallantry.

The present inhabitants of Greece are indisputably the progeny of the restorers and preservers of Greek literature. It would be agreeable to inquire whether we may still hope to derive further assistance from them in the pleasant labour of letters; the question is entirely untouched, fresh and new. Travellers, with one voice, describe them as being distinguished by the same qualities for which their Byzantine forefathers were conspicuous four centuries ago. They are acute, lively, intelligent, active, eminently pious, and often superstitious; patriotic and brave; peculiarly addicted to letters, and ambitious of literary renown. But, say they despondingly, the Greeks want originality; they are plagiarists only, and servile copyists; the Romæic literature consists wholly of imitations and of translations from the modern languages of Europe. The same complaint has been adduced against the Byzantines: "Alone in the universe, the self-satisfied pride of the Greek was not disturbed by the comparison of foreign merit; and it was no wonder if they fainted in the race, since they had neither competitors to urge their speed, nor judges to crown their victory." Nevertheless, they kept up the old stock of learning under the pressure of continually increasing difficulties; and they were never overtaken in their course, or even approached, by their Western antagonists. Personal danger is no slight impediment to originality: to this they were perpetually exposed; the outposts were driven in, and loss succeeded to loss. To the same restraints has the invention of the modern Greeks—a faculty of the mind that expands with ease and security—been hitherto most cruelly subjected. The impending confiscation of property; the massacre of children, kindred, and neighbours; to be impaled, or flayed alive, scourged, or roasted to death; to wake by night, either to be quietly strangled, or to be blockaded with his household in a burning house; or possibly to be stretched naked upon glowing coals in order to compel the discovery of an unknown plot, or an imaginary treasure;—in Turkish Greece such occurrences were not without example, and the continual contemplation of them filled the mind, and did not allow leisure to the fancy to execute even the trifling task of exulting in the fictitious pleasures of a pastoral, or of mourning amidst the fictitious sorrows of a love story. The cultivation of literature in any degree, under circumstances so unpropitious, is no slight proof of aptitude for letters.

At the period of the Turkish conquest, we learn from the best authority, that in conversation "the unmixed and pure language of the Greeks was still preserved entire," "*merus ille ac purus Græcorum sermo servabatur intactus*," among the nobility of Constantinople and men of letters; and that the ancient Greek language was written at that time elaborately and correctly may be proved by examples. Specimens of the compositions of Greeks in that venerable tongue, the least faultless of which has still some merit, might be collected and arranged in a regular series, extending from the capture of Constantinople to the present times. We may doubt whether each successive generation of Greeks has not produced in turn a small number of learned men, who, by actual discourse, preserved the oral tradition of the divine speech of their forefathers.

Our ignorance of the Byzantine History is the principal cause of the unworthy estimate of the meritorious preservers and restorers of the Greek language and literature, which is too common even among the learned, and of the continual propagation of many absurd and disgraceful errors. The cause of our ignorance is the dearth of books; the practical scarcity of the Byzantine historians, which has hitherto repressed the culture of an attractive and instructive portion of History.

The first editions of the Byzantine writers usually appeared in Germany: these are for the most part rare, and were often printed from imperfect MSS. The magnificent edition, which royal munificence published nearly two centuries ago at Paris, is well known, at least by reputation. To a more familiar acquaintance its magnificence is hostile: the enormous cost places it out of the reach of the private student; its huge dimensions are inconvenient, even in a public library, for the modest visitor is unwilling to impose the load of a wheelbarrow upon a librarian, who may be moreover probably old, or feeble. The Atlas folio—the cumbrous type—paper as thick as pasteboard—constitute books for giants, not for men; and one volume costs and weighs as much as an entire set on a more moderate scale. The ponderous tome deters the student: the work, appearing much longer than it really is, seems formidable and nearly endless. What school-boy would dare to read Robinson Crusoe, if the fascinating tale were magnified in awful columns, and rendered terrible "by an useless and deceitful splendour of types," "*inutili et fallaci typorum splendore?*" The edition of Paris was reprinted soon afterwards, at Venice, in a less bulky form, but incorrectly, and a few copies only of the Venetian edition found their way to this country.

A more convenient library of Byzantine History was long and ardently desired: this a Prussian University has at last undertaken to supply. We will shortly speak of its pretensions. The edition of the Byzantine Historians, now in the course of publication at Bonn, was commenced at the instigation and under the auspices of Niebuhr, a man, to adopt his own language with respect to Gibbon, "never to be named without some previous acknowledgment of respect," "*nunquam sine honoris præfatione nominandus*," and who was scarcely less eminent for the promotion than the acquisition of learning. It is neatly and modestly printed in octavo, with a pleasant type; the aspect of which reminds the reader of some productions of the Clarendon Press. We have already received fourteen volumes: one of these contains *Agathias*, the continuator of Procopius; another *Leo Diaconus*, whose ten historical books are an important and newly published work, and comprehend a period of time nearly coextensive with the reign of our King Edgar. To this history divers military, legal, and other matters of small dimensions are appended. The Byzantine History of *Nicephorus Gregoras*, in twenty-four books, fills

two volumes. Reiske and Leich have expanded the two books of the emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, *De Ceremoniis Aulae Byzantinæ*, into two thick volumes. The four books of the valuable history of his own times, by the ex-emperor, *John Cantacuzene*, occupy, with very valuable information, three precious volumes. Two volumes are assigned to the chronology, or chronography, of *George Syncellus*. The *Legations*, or we should rather say, perhaps, the Legates, or ambassadors, of the Romans to the Gentiles, with some other short pieces, form a most attractive volume; and we have seen one other, designated as the first volume, and thus entitled: "*Chronicon Paschale ad exemplar Vaticanum resensuit Ludovicus Dindorfius*." In a short preface, the editor makes known the superiority of his edition over the two preceding, and the worth of the Vatican MSS., and of its distinguished guardian, Angelo Maio; and briefly but pointedly expresses his gratitude towards our benefactors the Greeks, thus: "*Ne Græculorum infimæ ætatis negligentia ludificetur*." Another volume is filled, for the most part, by *Theophylactus Simocatta*, who, in the eight books of his *Histories*, has fully described the events of twenty years, ending A. D. 602; a work valuable as the production of a contemporary writer, containing a treasure of antiquities hitherto but little explored.

The several volumes appeared in nearly the same order as we have enumerated them; there is, however, some arbitrary division of the entire edition into *Parts* (a part, contrary to the usual meaning of the word, signifying two or three volumes, and not a portion of one), which, after the German fashion, is sometimes rigidly insisted upon, and sometimes altogether forgotten. The meaning of the new classification is never explained: it is probably very mysterious and very unimportant.

The Greek text of the parts, or volumes, that have come forth hitherto, has been corrected with a commendable care, and frequently it has been judiciously amended; the various readings being usually collected at the foot of the page. Each historian has been furnished with an index; yet we must regret that this convenient instrument of reference has been reprinted without enlargement from the earlier editions; and its utility is too often sadly diminished by referring indiscriminately to the notes as well as the text. It would have been wise to have banished the Latin translation to the end of the volume, together with the various readings: it would have been wiser to have printed it apart, that the purchaser of the Greek original might have refused, if he would, the barbarous incumbrance; but the wisest course by far would have been to have dismissed it altogether, as being utterly unworthy of the noble undertaking. Such was the suggestion of the excellent Niebuhr, as he informs us in his preface; and he afterwards expresses the same sentiment in another place in these words: — "*Nisi exosum versionis Latinæ onus incumberet, quod depellere non liceret*." The notes have very properly been kept out of sight: they are collected at the end of each author. It would have been well to have given also the option of receiving, or refusing, these appendages; they bear the sanction of famous names; nevertheless, the greater part, if not the whole, might have been spared. Two hundred pages of annotation upon the two stout volumes of *Gregoras* can hardly be deemed excessive; but even of these a selection would have sufficed: the scholar, who reads the Byzantine Historians in the original, does not require to be informed respecting the etymology of the lord of flies, Beelzebub; "*quod significat Dominum Muscarum*;" and the like. A similar amount of commentary may be tolerated and accounted merciful after the three instructive volumes of *Cantacuzene*; but an entire volume of nearly 600 pages, stuffed with chronological notes and disquisitions upon the Chro-

nography of Syncellus is surely too oppressive. The description of the Ceremonies of the Byzantine Court, by its bulk and frivolity, is no ordinary trial of erudite patience: that such a mass of prolix and obsolete etiquette should be surpassed by a still thicker tome, by 900 pages of commentary, although it be mainly the production of Reiske, and plentifully aspersed with quotations from Arabic authors in the Arabic characters and language, is, undoubtedly, as gross an abuse of the power with which a respectable list of subscribers invests a publisher, as the fancy of the most imaginative of bookmakers could possibly conceive.

We owe the present edition of *Agathias*, as well as of the interesting and instructive volume containing the Legations of *Dexippus*, &c., to the diligence of a scholar, whose life, had it extended to the utmost limit of antediluvian longevity, would still have seemed too short for the interests of letters. He has inscribed the Legations to the translators of his Roman History, Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall, "through whose assistance," says the admirable Niebuhr, "my Roman History may now be read by their countrymen precisely as I imagined and composed it in my native language,"—" *quorum ope Historia mea Romana a Britannis prorsus ita ut eam animo concepi patrioque sermone conscripsi legitur.*" This volume has received some slight additions from a source whence we may confidently expect to derive most important accessions of indefinite extent to the remains of Grecian and Roman literature — from the Palimpsest MSS. It contains likewise a list of the subscribers to the work of creditable dimensions: it is to be lamented that Great Britain has yielded but few, and the University of Oxford not a single name. The production from the Clarendon Press of a more ample and complete series of Byzantine History than has yet appeared, consisting wholly of a pure sound text, unpolluted by interpretation and unincumbered by notes, each author preceded by a brief but instructive preface, and followed by a copious and exact index, of a form not larger than *octavo*, of a pleasant but unpretending appearance, and of a moderate price, would be a great benefit to scholars, a lasting monument of renown to an illustrious university and to our country, and a powerful assertion of the cause of the Greeks before the wise and the good. Meanwhile, the labours of the Philologists of Bonn, of whose edition the merits are great and the defects comparatively trifling, deserve the favour of the learned, and of the friends of Greece.

PORTRAITS OF REMARKABLE FRENCHMEN.

M. DUPIN.

M. DUPIN is a man not of one, but of many characters. He is a cosmopolite, and yet a true Frenchman; a courtier, but still a patriot; courageous, and yet timid; prodigal, but economic; decided even to rashness; hesitating even to weakness. The man of the past, of the present, but *not* of the future. M. Dupin is an author, an advocate, and a magistrate, distinguished in each department. He is the president of the Chamber of Deputies,—its most accomplished orator, and most brilliant dispenser of *bons mots*.

It has, however, been doubted whether M. Dupin is possessed of that patient spirit of investigation which examines, link by link, the construction of a chain, until all its connexions are rendered clear and apparent. His opinions appear to be formed from the most cursory examination. He seizes rapidly upon the salient points of the subject submitted to his consideration, and draws his inferences at once from the examination. His conclusions are sometimes wrong, but more generally right.

As an advocate his pleadings are earnest, acrid, humorous, and sarcastic; but without method, form, or grace. He carries his respect for the outward habiliments of justice almost to superstition, and looks with profound respect upon the toga and peruke of the *ancien parlement*. He is ever ready to combat for the prerogatives of his *order*, and defends them with a dry humour, and hearty goodwill, which united are nearly irresistible. He will hunt Justinian and the Roman authors for a sober aphorism to prove his position, and then seasons it with a sauce of his own, as piquant as it is palatable and unexpected. His style of address is *brusque*, impetuous, and unequal. He bounds like the mountain torrent from point to point, but never loses sight of his subject; and enchains the attention of his audience by the brilliance of his periods, and the humour of his anecdotes. But, although a chivalrous defender of the dignity of the judgment seat when it is attacked by others, he is apt to trifle with its gravity himself; and it is no uncommon thing, during his pleadings, to see the solemn judges convulsed by the sprightliness of his sallies.

As a politician, and member of the Chamber of Deputies, Monsieur Dupin has deserved much of his country, for his uniform assertion of its patriotism and independence; as president of the Chamber he has shown numerous merits, and some defects. He is intimately acquainted with all the precedents of parliament; and is ever ready to maintain, with discretion and boldness, the prerogatives of the house, in opposition to the encroachments of the crown. He is scrupulously attentive to the proceedings during the sitting of the Chamber, and compels the refractory deputies to conform to the rules of the house; although there are some who think (probably having smarted under his censure) that he wields his authority with too much of the pride of a pedagogue.

M. Dupin possesses, in an eminent degree, that most valuable and necessary quality in the chairman of a debating assembly—viz. the ability to unravel the tangled web of discussion, and reduce a question which has been rendered complicate to its primary simple elements. How often, in the course of an animated discussion in the French Chambers, is the subject matter of the debate lost sight of, amid the amendments and sub-amendments, the explanations and distinctions of the vivacious orators! In such a case M. Dupin steps forth, without waiting to be appealed to, to disembarass the argument. He strips it in a trice of all its extraneous ornament, restores its true sense and natural divisions, and places at once in a clear and logical order propositions which seem to set all arrangement at defiance.

And woe to the discontented deputy who at this moment crosses his path to question his decision, or cavil at his decrees! He will tolerate no such interference, and rarely do any of the leaders in the house, or the occupants of the ministerial

bench, venture upon it. Occasionally, however, some new member rises to protest against his decision. Before he can have done, M. Dupin has resigned the chair to one of the vice-presidents — the Chamber exhibits symptoms of agitation — M. Dupin is seen standing at the foot of the steps to replace the discontented orator, who is about to descend ; — he is in the Tribune before the other can have reached his seat. More than once we have seen the refractory deputy arrested in his career by the torrent of desolating and deafening sarcasm by which he is assailed ; and rarely does he venture upon a reply, for the philippic is accompanied with precedents and proofs which few others could quote. The hurricane is allowed to expend itself in silence. The Chamber returns quietly to the law it was discussing, and M. Dupin again resumes the chair. Happily for all, these outbursts are unfrequent. But they are certainly never forgotten by any party in the Chamber ; and excepting in this particular all parties unite in praising the dignity and propriety of the president's conduct.

In his political relations Monsieur Dupin is understood to represent the opinions of a large portion of the citizen class. Not, however, the elegant and polished citizen of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, — the banker, the merchant, and the capitalist, who compose the citizen aristocracy ; nor yet the operative citizen of the *Fauxbourgs St. Antoine* and *St. Jacques*, who form the citizen democracy ; but the *juste milieu* citizen — the respectable tradesman, who has donned the uniform of the National Guard, who detests the ancient *noblesse*, looks with jealousy upon the secular power of the clergy, and is bound up with the existing order of things — the citizen who takes for his motto, *Vivre chacun chez soi, et chacun pour soi*. M. Dupin is the type of this party. He advances boldly on the road to reform, but stops short in his career lest it should run into revolution. He has shown himself to be a determined enemy to oppression, but has bowed his neck successively to the Imperial yoke and the Legitimist rule. He is now a steady *Phillipiste* ; and might become an unflinching Republican, if Republicanism was the established government of the day.

Monsieur Dupin does not appear to be ambitious, nor can he be truly said to be without ambition. He is simple in his own habits, and ostentatious in those of his household. He is sometimes very resolute, sometimes the reverse. He has been known to pursue fortune with the most determined ardour while she flies, and to refuse to profit by his success when she yields. He has the humour of a spoilt child : struggles for the bauble, plays with it awhile, and then casts it aside. Twenty times he has been upon the point of seizing the portfolio of office ; twenty times it has fallen within his grasp, and he has refused to touch it. M. Dupin is unquestionably at the head of an important party in the state ; if that can be called a party which possesses no absolute bond of union, and no confidence in the erratic movements of its chief. Like the warriors of old, M. Dupin retires to his tent to arrange the plan of battle and marshal his invisible squadrons : the plan is admirable in all its details ; his chiefs are chosen, and he counsels them to die in the breach sooner than surrender ; he makes a furious onslaught upon the enemy himself, and then as suddenly turns round, at the first deviation from the original plan of attack, to spend his accumulated fury upon his own astonished friends.

Although M. Dupin's powers are held in due respect by each successive government, still each in succession shrinks from seeking his support. It is said among the different coteries to be difficult to secure him for a friend, dangerous to have him for an enemy. It is considered that he would prove "intractable" in the cabinet : that he would occasion as much embarrassment to the government with which he is connected, as he did to the government he opposed. He is not sufficiently conciliating, supple, and insinuating, to master or evade the thousand and one difficulties which cross the path of the man in office, and is too apt to cut the knot, which he has not the patience to untie. As a minister, he would probably offend some of the most strenuous supporters of his party, if their demands savoured in any degree of extravagance, or if they chanced to be made in a moment of ill-humour. In council, he would be apt to make his colleagues the butt of pleasantries which he seems not to know how to repress, or, in the event of opposition to his views, the objects of a sarcasm, equally intolerable. At court, he is rather

tolerated and feared than beloved; for his manners there, as elsewhere, are *brusque*, and his language uncompromising: he is known to have offended the susceptibilities of the august head of the monarchy of July more than once by his fearless advocacy of particular opinions. But if rumour speaks true, he is permitted to gallop at full speed over the course; as it is known that he will return, if not opposed, with subdued enthusiasm, to the point from whence he started.

Such are M. Dupin's faults of temper; but they are all forgotten or effaced amid the splendour of his eloquence, which rises, like the sun, to dazzle and confound the eyes which have been occupied in examining the spots upon its surface. But even his eloquence partakes of the peculiar characteristics of the man. It is not so elaborate in method, so correct in style, or so pure in diction as the eloquence of M. de Berryer; but it is more substantial, more life-like, more animated, and more picturesque. His comparisons are all drawn from ordinary things,—from the habits, customs, and manners of every-day life; and these again are illustrated by quaint and homespun truths, which have passed into proverbs. His appeal is thus rendered intelligible to all; and when the biting powers of his sarcasm are called into play, and united with the sparkling sallies of his wit, the sympathy of the audience is carried to the uttermost, and the laugh which he raises is frank, genuine, and national. No orator understands better than M. Dupin the temper of a popular assembly, and his pleadings are accordingly as clear as they are profound. But they never sink into dullness, and are interspersed with sallies of such startling brilliance as to electrify his audience. He scarcely allows them time to respire; but when in the vein and engaged in a great cause, he follows up his success with a power and precision which are absolutely astonishing. His thoughts flow with exhaustless rapidity: they are clothed in the most impassioned language; and the speaker becomes a model for all speech, in the nervous, concise, and powerful character of his oratory.

Monsieur Dupin is the author of numerous works. They are nearly all upon legal subjects, and are written in law Latin. The language has been severely criticised, and is certainly open to the imputation of incorrectness; for he applied himself to acquire it late in life, and mastered its rudiments imperfectly, but with surprising rapidity. His works are nevertheless standard books of reference; they are chiefly compilations—brief, judicious, and concise, but without much pretension to originality.

Monsieur Dupin is still in the prime of life. His features are flexible, and strongly marked; his cheek-bones prominent; his glance rapid and penetrating. During the excitement of debate, the muscles of his mouth and nostrils dilate and expand with a strange and imposing effect, and the play of his countenance adds much to the effect of his eloquence.

NOTES OF A LOVER OF BOOKS.

COWLEY AND THOMSON.

- * *Nature intended poetry, as well as matter of fact.*—Mysterious anecdote of Cowley.—Remarkable similarity between him and Thomson.—Their supposed difference (as Tory and Whig).—Notices of Thomson's behaviour to Lady Hertford—of his answer to the genius-starvation principle—of his letters to his friends, &c.

“Nec vos, duleissima mundi
Nomina, vos, Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique, sylvæque, animâ remanente relinquam.”

“Nor by me e'er shall you,
You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest,
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.”

THESE verses, both the Latin and the translation, are from the pen of an excellent man, and a better poet than he has latterly been thought,—Cowley. But how came he, among his “sweetest and best names,” to omit *love*? to leave out all mention of the affections?

Thereby hangs an anecdote, which shall be noticed presently. Meantime, with a protest against the omission, the verses make a good motto for this verse-loving paper, begun on a fine summer's morning, amidst books and flowers. Our position is not so lucky as Cowley's in respect to "woods," having nothing to boast of, in that matter, beyond the sub-urbanity of a few lime-trees, and the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens; but this does not hinder us from loving woods with all our might, nay, aggravates the intensity of the passion. A like reason favours our yearning after "liberty" and "rest," and especially after "fields;" the brickmakers threatening to swallow up those which the nursery-men have left us.

Well! We always hope to live in the thick of all that we desire, some day; and, meantime, we do live there, as well as imagination can contrive it; which she does in a better manner than is realised by many a possessor of oaks thick as his pericranium. A book, a picture, a memory, puts us, in the twinkling of an eye, in the midst of the most enchanting solitudes, reverend with ages, lovely with lawns and deer, glancing with the white forms of nymphs. And it does not at all baulk us, when we look up, and find ourselves sitting in a little room with a fire-place, and, perhaps, with some town-cry coming along the street. Your muffin-crier is a being as full of the romantic mystery of existence, as a Druid or an ancient Tuscan: and what would books or pictures be, or cities themselves, without that *mind of man*, in the circuit of whose world the solitudes of poetry lie, as surely as the last Court Calendar, or the traffic of Piccadilly. Do the "green" minds of the "knowing" fancy that Nature intended nothing to be made out of trees, but coach-wheels, and a park or so? Oh they of little wit! Nature intended trees to do all which they *do* do; that is, to help to furnish *poetry* for us, as well as houses, and to exist in the imagination as well as in Buckinghamshire — to

"Live in description, and look green in song."

Oh, Nature, be sure, intended that there should be odes and epic poems, quite as much as that men in Bond Street should eat tartlets, or that there should be Howards, and Rothschilds; and the Earl of Surrey would have told you so, who was himself a Howard, and who perished on the scaffold, while his poems have gone on, living and lasting. Nature's only contemplation was not, "Let there be things tangible;" but "Let there be things also imaginable, fanciful, spiritual; thoughts of fairies and elysiums; Arcadias twofold, one in real Greece, and the other in fabulous; Cowleys and Miltons, as well as Cromwells; immortal Shakspeares, as well as customs that would perish but for their notice.

Alas! "your poet," nevertheless, is not exempt from "your weakness," as Falstaff would have phrased it. He occasionally undergoes a double portion, in the process of a sensibility which exists for our benefit; and good, innocent, sequestered Cowley, whose desires in things palpable appear to have been hounded by a walk in a wood, and a book under his arm, must have experienced some strange phases of suffering. Sprat says of him, that he was the "most amiable of mankind;" and yet it is reported, that in his latter days he could not endure the sight of a woman! and that he would leave the room if one came into it!

Here is a case for the respectful consideration of the philosopher — the *medical*, we suspect.

The supposed reason is, that he had been disappointed in love, perhaps ill-treated. But in so gentle a mind as his, disappointment could hardly have taken the shape of resentment and incivility towards the whole sex.

The probability is, that it was some morbid weakness. He should have out-walked and diverted it, instead of getting fat, and looking at trees out of a window; he should have gone more to town and the play, or written more plays of his own, instead of relieving his morbidity with a bottle too much with his friend the Dean.

We suspect, however, from the portraits of Cowley, that his blood was not very healthy by nature. There is a young as well as an old portrait of him, by good artists, evident likenesses; and both of them have a puffy, unwholesome look; so that his flesh seems to have been an uncongenial habitation for so sweet a soul. The sweeter it, for preserving its dulcitudes as it did.

This morbid temperament is, perhaps, the only difference in their natures between two men, in whom we shall proceed to notice what appears to us a remarkable similarity in every other respect, almost amounting to a sort of identity. It is like a metempsychosis without a form of change; or only with such as would naturally result from a difference of times. Cowley and Thomson were alike in their persons, their dispositions, and their fortunes. They were both fat men, not handsome; very amiable and sociable; no enemies to a bottle; taking interest both in politics and in retirement; passionately fond of external nature, of fields, woods, gardens, &c.; bachelors, — in love, and disappointed; faulty in style, yet true poets in *themselves*, if not always the best in their writings, that is to say, seeing every thing in its poetical light; childlike in their ways; and, finally, they were both made easy in their circumstances by the party whom they served; both went to live at a little distance from London, and on the banks of the Thames; and both died of a cold and fever, originating in careless exposure to the weather, not without more than a suspicion of previous “jollification” with “the Dean” on Cowley’s part, and great probability of a like vivacity on that of Thomson, who had been visiting his friends in London. Thomson could push the bottle, like a regular *bon vivant*; and Cowley’s death is attributed to his having forgotten his proper bed, and slept in a field all night, in company with his reverend and jovial friend Sprat. Johnson says that, at Chertsey, the villagers talked of “the drunken Dean.”

But in one respect, it may be alleged, Cowley and Thomson were different, and very different; for one was a Tory, and the other a Whig.

True, — nominally, and by the accident of education; that is to say, Cowley was brought up on the Tory side, and Thomson on the Whig; and loving their fathers and mothers and friends, and each seeing his cause in its best possible light, they naturally adhered to it, and tried to make others think as well of it as they did themselves. But the truth is, that neither of them was Whig or Tory, in the ordinary sense of the word. Cowley was no fonder of power in the understood Tory sense, than Thomson was of liberty in the restricted, unprospective sense of the partisans of King William. Cowley was for the *beau idéal* of Toryism; that is, for order and restraint, as being the only safeguards of liberty; and Thomson was for a liberty and freedom of service, the eventual realisation of which would have satisfied the most romantic of Radicals. (See his poems throughout, especially the one entitled “Liberty.”) Cowley never *vulgarised* about Cromwell, as it was the fashion for his party to do, even in the pulpit. He thought him a bad man, it is true, but also a great man; and said nobler things about him than any royalist of his day, except Andrew Marvell (if the latter is to be called a royalist); and he was so free from a factious partiality, that in his comedy, the “Cutter of Coleman Street,” which he intended as a satire on the

Puritans, he could not help seeing such fair play to all parties, that the irritated Tories pronounced it a satire on themselves! There are doubtless many such Tories still as Cowley, owing to the same predisposing circumstances of education and turn of mind, — men who only see the cause in its graceful and poetical light, — whose admiration of power takes it for granted that the power will be well exercised, and whose loyalty is an indulgence of the disposition to personal attachment. But if education had given the sympathies of these men their natural tendency to expand, they would have been on the anti-Tory side; just as many a pretended lover of liberty (whom you may know by his arrogance or ill-nature, or other want of sympathy) has no business on the Whig or Radical side, but ought to proclaim himself what he is a — Tory. Had Thomson, in short, lived in Cowley's time, and had a royalist to his father, the same affections that made him a Whig in the time of George the Second, would have made him just the sort of Tory that Cowley was during the Restoration; and had Cowley had a Whig for his father, and lived in the little Court of Frederick Prince of Wales, he would have been just the same sort of Whig politician as Thomson; for it was rather personal than political friendship that, after repeated disappointments, procured Cowley his ease at last: and Frederick Prince of Wales was mean enough to take back the pension he had given Thomson, because he had become offended with the poet's friend Lyttelton. Such is the completion of the remarkable likeness in character and fortunes between these two excellent men.

Nor is the *spirit* of the similarity injured by the fault of the one as a writer consisting in what are called *conceits*, and that of the other in turgidity; for neither of these faults touched the heart of the writers, and both originated in the very humility and simplicity of the men; and that disposition to admire others which is most dangerous to the most ingenious, though not to the greatest men. They both fancied their own natural language not great enough for their subjects; and Cowley, in the wit which he found in fashion, and Thomson, in the artificial Latin classics which were the favourites of the more sequestered world of his youth, thought he had found a style which, while it endeared him to those whom he most regarded among the living, would, by the very help of their sanction, secure him with the ages to come.

We will conclude this article with a few notes suggested by the latest edition of Thomson, by far the fullest of any, and containing letters and early poems never before published.

"Thomson," observes his new biographer in this edition, "was one summer the guest of Lady Hertford at her country seat; but Johnson says, he took more pleasure in carousing with her lord than in assisting her studies, and therefore was never again invited—a charge which Lord Buchan eagerly repels, but upon as little authority as it was originally made."

Now this charge is in all probability true; and what does it amount to? Not to any thing that the noble critic need have been eager to repel. It was impossible for Thomson to treat Lady Hertford unkindly; but nothing is more probable, than that he was puzzled with her "studies;" whereas he knew well what to do with her husband's wine; and hence may have arisen a dilemma. The mistake was in dear, good Lady Hertford's dignifying her innocent literary whims with the name of "studies," and thinking there was any thing on the critic's part to "study" in them.

Here follows Thomson's answer, by anticipation, and a most complete one, to those mechanical and not very humane or modest understandings, who, because they will only work for "a consideration" themselves, and feel

that without restrictions upon them they would possibly burst out of bounds and do nothing, tell us that the only way to get works of genius done by men of genius is to keep them half-starved, and so force them. The mistake arises from their knowing nothing of the nature of genius; which is a thing that can no more help venting what fills and agitates it, than the flower can help secreting honey, or than light, as Thomson says, can help shining. For "genius" read "mechanical talent" like their own, and there might be something to say for their argument, if cruelty were not always a bad argument, and the harm done to the human spirit by it not to be risked for any imaginary result of good. But hear Thomson in one of his most charming prose passages:—

"What you observe concerning the pursuit of poetry, so far engaged in it as I am, is certainly just. Besides, *let him quit it who can*, and 'crit mihi magnus Apollo,' or something as great. *A true genius, like light, must be beaming forth*, as a false one is an incurable disease. One would not, however, climb Parnassus, any more than your mortal hills, to fix for ever on the barren top. No; it is some little dear retirement in the vale below that gives the right relish to the prospect, which, without that, is nothing but enchantment; and though pleasing for some time, at last leaves us in a desert. The great fat doctor of Bath told me that poets should be kept poor, the more to animate their genius. *This is like the cruel custom of putting a bird's eyes out, that it may sing the sweeter; but, surely, they sing sweetest amid the luxuriant woods, while the full spring blooms around them.*"

The last biographer of Thomson does not seem to have thought it necessary to enter into any niceties of judgment on various points that come under his notice. He gives an anecdote that was new to us, respecting Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," but leaves the degree of credit belonging to it to be determined by the reader.

"About thirty years ago," says the story, "there was a respectable old man of the name of John Steel, who was well acquainted with Allan Ramsay; and he told John Steel himself, that when Mr. Thomson, the author of 'The Seasons,' was in his shop at Edinburgh, getting himself shaven, Ramsay was repeating some of his poems. Mr. Thomson says to him, 'I have something to emit to the world, but I do not wish to father it.' Ramsay asked what he would give him, and he would father it. Mr. Thomson replied, all the profit that arose from the publication. 'A bargain be it,' said Ramsay. Mr. Thomson delivered him the manuscript. So, from what is said above, Mr. Thomson, the author of 'The Seasons,' is the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd,' and Allan Ramsay is the father of it. This, I believe, is the truth."

"There is not a trace of resemblance to Thomson's style in the "Gentle Shepherd." It is far more natural and off-hand, though none of its flights are so high, nor would you say that the poet (however charming—and he is so) is capable of such fine things as Thomson. And then the politics are Tory! These tales originate in mere foolish envy.

The biographer gives an opinion respecting Thomson's letters, which appears to us the reverse of being well-founded; and he adds a reason for it, very little characteristic surely of so modest and single-hearted a man as the poet, who would never have been hindered from writing to a friend, merely because he thought he did not excel in letter-writing. "It must be evident," says he, "from the letters in this memoir, that Thomson did not excel in correspondence; and his dislike to writing letters, which was very great, may have been either the cause or effect of his being inferior in this respect to other poets of the last century."

His dislike to writing was pure indolence; he reposed upon the confidence which his friends had in his affection, secure of their pardon for his not writing. When any particular good was to be done, he could write fast enough, and he always wrote well enough. We have just given a specimen; and here follow a few more bits out of the very small collection existing, which are at once natural and new enough to show how rich, in fact, the letters are, and what a pity it is he did not write more.

Speaking of a little sum (12*l.*) which he wished to borrow of a friend to help a sister in business, he says, "I will not draw upon you, in case you be not prepared to defend yourself; but if your purse be valiant, please to inquire for Jean or Elizabeth Thomson, at the Rev. Mr. Gusthart's; and if this letter be not a sufficient testimony of the debt, I will send you whatever you desire.

"It is late, and I would not lose this post; like a laconic man of business, therefore, I must here stop short; though I have several things to impart to you, and, through your canal, to the dearest, truest-hearted youth that treads on Scottish ground. The next letter I write you shall be washed clean from business in the Castalian fountain.

"I am whipping and spurring to finish a tragedy for you this winter, but am still at some distance from the goal, which makes me fear being distanced. Remember me to all friends; and, above them all, to Mr. Forbes. Though my affection to him is not *fanned* by letters, yet is it as high as when I was his brother in the *vertù*, and played at chess with him in a post-chaise."

To the same. — "Petty," (that is, Dr. Patrick Murdoch, the "little, round, fat, oily man of God" in the Castle of Indolence) "came here two or three days ago; I have not yet seen the round man of God to be. He is to be parsonified a few days hence: how a gown and cassock will become him! and with what a holy leer he will edify the devout females! There is no doubt of his having a call, for he is immediately to enter upon a tolerable living. God grant him more, and as fat as himself. It rejoices me to see one worthy, honest, excellent man, raised, at least, to independence."

To Doctor Cranston. — "My spirits have gotten such a serious turn by these reflections, that although I be thinking on Misjohn, I declare I shall hardly force a laugh before we part; for this, I think, will be my last letter from Edinburgh, for I expect to sail every day. Well, since I was speaking of that merry soul, I hope he is as bright, as easy, as *déagé*, as susceptible of an intense laugh as he used to be; tell him, when you see him, that I laugh, in imagination, with him; — ha, ha, ha!"

To Mr. Patteson (one of the friends whom he describes in the Castle of Indolence.) — "I must recommend to your favour and protection Mr. James Smith, searcher in St. Christopher's; and I beg of you, as occasion shall serve, and as you find he merits it, to advance him in the business of the customs. He is warmly recommended to me by Sargent, who, in verity, turns out one of the best men of our youthful acquaintance — honest, honourable, friendly, and generous. If we are not to oblige one another, life becomes a paltry, selfish affair, a *pitiful morsel in a corner*."

We hope that "here be proofs" of Thomson's having been as sincere, cordial, and even eloquent in his letters, as in his other writings. They have, it is true, in other passages, a little of the higher and more elaborate tone of his poetry, but only just enough to show how customary it was to him in his most serious moments, and therefore an interesting evidence of the *sort of complexional nature there was in his very art* — something analogous to his big, honest, unwieldy body, "more fat," to use his own words, "than bard besem'd," but with a heart inside in it for everything good and graceful.

MORE VIRTUES OF BREVITY.

With a digression on BUTTON-HOLDING—*apud antiquos.* *

“The least said is soonest amen-ded-ded.”—*Old Ballad.*

WE have not done with Brevity yet. How is it possible we should when we see the lengths people go to, — talking and writing on such a scale as if they were going to live for ever, — enlarging, expatiating, amplifying, multiplying, adding, rejoining, reiterating, and apparently as far from making an end as they were in August last, when we first set out on this blessed crusade?

We ingenuously confess, indeed, that, up to the present date, we look in vain for the proper fruits of our labours. Two months have elapsed since we proved that people could not say too little. In that interval we have enjoyed ample opportunity of testing the effects of our discourse, and, as we disdain a falsehood, we do not hesitate to say that our admirable lucubration, has remained perfectly inoperative — we find nobody a bit the shorter for all we said; the thing must have fallen dead-born from the press — can't have been read! Now this would mortify another, but we look singly to the public good, and are not to be vexed. We shall, therefore, still go on fighting the good fight till we succeed in rousing the public to a sense of their literary and conversational wrongs; and, perhaps, in better times, when we are no more, and these evils by dint of the industry of our disciples and successors are at length redressed, it will not be forgotten that we were the Wilberforce — we beg pardon — the *Clarkson* of this question.

————— “Redeant post funera tandem
Præmia.”

We hardly know how to clothe in appropriate expressions the deep feelings that animate us in connection with this subject. We find our mind teeming with passionate images of various significance and propriety. On the one hand we fancy we behold the *Angel of life* — a remarkably short angel, say four feet ten in her shoes; on the other hand we behold *Man* — long man, (not our respectable publisher, but) tedious homo, holding his fellow creature by the button — violently and horribly detaining him — infringing *habeas corpus* — subverting the fundamental principles of humanity! Ay; it was very well to talk of the emancipation of the blacks, but look at the whites! We tremble to think how many of our fellow-Christians are at this moment held by the button! What a painful scene, then, have we here developed! Have the kindness to look at it again; consider it more nearly; let its details impress themselves fully on your mind. *Vita summa brevis*, her forefinger ominously upraised, and slightly attached to one side of her nose, seems in the act of forbidding “*spem nos inchoare longam.*” Over against her stands *Garrulus*, who evidently, in spite of all remonstrances, “*hunc quando consumet cunque;*” and lastly, if you please, here be Death and the D—— in the back ground coming on. Oh! for a good history-piece to do justice to this group, and convey its pregnant moral to the remotest ages! We would resuscitate from the grave all our greatest painters, ancient and modern, to put it worthily on the canvass. The Devil we would consign to Fuseli, (for we cannot agree with those who are for consigning Fuseli to the Devil). *Vita summa brevis*

should fall to the lot of any great artist not being an R. A.; because Mr. Haydon affirms that R. A.'s uniformly paint their figures on tiptoe, which would especially militate against the characteristicness and propriety of this design. Man, the button-holder, — decidedly Hogarth; whom we should expect to surpass himself on this occasion. The reckless carriage of the offender; his profound inattention to the warning of the angel, on whom his back is turned; the intense air of palaver informing his countenance; the rapt misery of the other individual, the *talkee*; the bright particular button; every thing, to the minutest characteristic, we should expect to see depicted in that great master's happiest manner. Sky, black and awful, with one streak of lightning in the middle, — Martin. (For who but Martin could give it that superior blackness — unless perhaps it was *Day*?) Such are the component parts of a "great moral painting," fit to be exhibited at Exeter Hall itself, and that might take its stand amongst the noblest treasures of art.

We are convinced that a diffuse age can never be a righteous one. How can your button-holder fear God, when he evidently does not think on death? Stern morality has always chosen a brief medium of communication, but wicked meanings love to wrap themselves in long periods. Honesty is a fellow of few words, but a rogue is full of parentheses. All the accounts of the aborigines of America agree in describing them as being at once brave and brief. And it seems that some tribes are so economical, that, in conversation, they abstain from giving you an answer for the lawful space of five minutes, during which they are understood to be occupied in devising the neatest and most appropriate speech the circumstances will permit. Judicious people! — how worthy the imitation of the civilised world! We don't deny the awkwardness of the pause, indeed; pauses in conversation are proverbially awkward, and even awful; and, no doubt, a dog-ribbed Indian, with a tomahawk in his hand, regarding you with a fixed eye during five eternal minutes after you have asked him the way out of the wood, would not mend the matter. Nor is this sort of conversational quarantine always convenient; as is illustrated by the familiar example of the boy at school, where preparation was enjoined before speech, who being checked by the master on one occasion when he seemed about to break through the regulation, came out at last after the prescribed interval with "If you please, Sir, your coat-tails are in the fire." But these are only the exceptions which prove the rule. There is no exception to the fact of brevity going along with national virtue; for all great people have been laconic. Laconic! — mark that word — a history in itself. Yes, Spartan virtue was proverbial — but not more than Spartan *brevity*.

How makrology may become the powerfulest agent of horror, whether in the shape of books or discourse, is a question well worthy of consideration. Many arguments, no doubt, may be adduced on either side. Nevertheless some important facts appear to incline the scale in favour of the latter, and to place *Porpelepsy*, or button-holding, in the very first class of offensive powers. Books may be skipped, but a talker is a self-evolving phenomenon; you can turn over two leaves at once, but there is no jumping over the living enemy; you cannot take a knight's move in company and suddenly transfer yourself to a distance; fallen "under the knife," as the Roman poet expresses it, you have nothing to hope, and all to hear. Again, a book has no power to follow you, and those who "run" need not "read;" but a talker is invariably a walker, and you might as well think of leaving your shadow behind; by moving on you only shift the scene, the tragedy proceeds. *Cælum, non animum*. Finally, books, by an ancient and inalienable right

vested in the proprietor, may be torn, burnt, mutilated, defaced, eviscerated, and in many other well-known and long-legitimated forms of opprobrious treatment put totally *hors de combat*; but partial laws protect the living here—you may not make a bonfire of your tedious friend.* That the ancients took the same view of the matter is sufficiently apparent, and it is worthy of remark, that they talked of the "*cacoëthes scribendi*" (the *bad habit* of writing), but they spoke of the "*morbis loquendi*" (the *disease* of talking).

To whichever we give the palm of terror, certainly the honours of antiquity are to be paid to the latter. There is not a more ancient or venerable form of human suffering than *porpelepsy*†, or what may be called the makrology of private life; hardly a writer amongst the ancients but has left some passionate token of his acquaintance with it.

The reader of Homer will remember the caustic and bitter language in which the poet describes the bore Thersites, Θερσίτης ἀμετροεπής (the without-measure-speaking Thersites) —

‘Ὅς ῥ’ ἔπεα φρεσὶν ᾗσιν ἀκοσμά τε πολλὰ τε ῥῆδι,

“whose thoughts and words were without shape or end;” and it is important to observe, as an evidence of personal feeling, how Homer has chosen to combine in the same person all the most odious and repulsive qualities both of mind and body, as if on purpose to imply that the sin of loquacity is naturally connected with whatever is monstrous and frightful in human nature.

Φολκός ἐην, χῶλος δ’ ἕτερον ποδᾶ τῷ δὲ οἱ ὦμα
Κυρτῷ, ἐπὶ στήθος συνοχωκοῦτ’ αὐτὰρ ὑπερθε
Φόξος ἐην κεφαλῇ, ψεδνῇ δ’ ἐπενήνοθε λαχνη.

“He was goggle-eyed, and lame of one leg, and his shoulders were crooked, and bent forward on his chest; but his head was a sugar-loaf, and the hair grew on it thin.” And he makes all the Greeks hate him —

τῷ δ’ ἀρ’ Ἀχαιοὶ
Ἐκπαλῶς κοτεοντο.

* A very edifying history might be written on the violent end of books. Mr. D’Israeli has a chapter on the *Destruction of Books*, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, but it has no reference to the particular manner of their demise. We would have a full account of all the many violent ways in which a book may come by its death, from the schoolboy’s bonfire on breaking-up day to the ceremony of public burning by the hands of the common hangman. Also a classed catalogue of groceries, with a table exhibiting their relative proportion to the productions of literature. Perhaps talks of verses which “*fear no herrings*” (*nec seombros metuentia carmina*), from which it seems that melancholy relations formerly subsisted between literature and fish. A little diligence, no doubt, would soon furnish a supplementary table, setting forth all the domestic uses of literature in ancient times. In our day the grocer seems to be the principal engrosser—the veritable *helluo librorum*. Trunks, however, are also a well-known grave of genius—

“The next time their servants tie on,
“Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
“Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.”

The only case of *drowning* we remember is that which Prospero threatens;

“And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
“I’ll drown my book!”

† As this scientific term will be new to most of our readers, and even to the faculty perhaps, it is fit we should explain its etymological formation for popular purposes. It is formed in the manner of *catalepsy*, *epilepsy*, &c. *Ἀψις*, or *lepsy*, the termination of these words, signifies, as the reader is probably aware, a *seizing*; and *πορπη* (*porpe*) is a *button*. *Porpelepsy*, therefore, is a *seizing by the button*; and we strongly recommend it to be received into the medical dictionaries, and placed by the side of *catalepsy* and *epilepsy*, and the other diseases characterized by the same phenomena of sudden seizure, &c.

"And the Greeks vehemently abhorred him."* This is in the second book of the *Iliad*, where the Grecian chiefs debate in full council whether to carry on the war or return home. Thersites, introduced to our notice in the above flattering terms, proceeds to address the meeting: "at considerable length." When he has ended, up gets Ulysses, calls him all manner of names, says, the next time he trespasses so on the patience of that house, he (Ulysses) will strip him naked, and send him howling to the swift ships; and, in the end, he deals him a terrific blow over the shoulders with his golden sceptre, so that a visible wale rises on the flesh, and poor Thersites sheds tears; but is represented to be such a coward that he sits it out, only writhing and bending about for ease from the pain, while the Greeks applaud Ulysses for punishing so summarily his loquacity and impertinence. "Ὁ ποιοί," say the admiring bystanders, "Oh! by the powers! of a certainty Ulysses has performed unnumbered services, being both the originator of good counsels and a warrior to boot, and now he has done this, by far the best thing yet, for he has put an end to the wranglings of this offensive scold."†

Similar expressions of feeling are to be found in the pages of all the poets of Greece. The exhortations to brevity given and received, *passim*, in the dialogue of the Greek tragedy are remarkable. The chorus is perpetually recommending the afflicted hero or heroine to say less; and asking them of what use it is, in fact, to say anything at all, since destiny is not to be controlled, and what can't be helped must be endured. And for the principal interlocutors, it is the commonest thing in the world for them to glance incidentally at one another's tediousness. If one exceed, by ever so little, a fair average length, the other is likely to begin Πολλ' αν, συ λεξας, "*Much as you have said*," and other broad hints of that sort. Even between the most friendly parties we find these sly allusions to mutual prosi-ness quite common. The classical reader will, no doubt, remember the frequency with which Orestes interrupts his beloved sister Electra, in Sophocles' play of that name, civilly reminding her of the time, and begging her "not to add to the length of her remarks," (μη μηκυνην τους λογους). Between hostile individuals, cutting reflections on the same sore subject are equally abundant; as where (Eurip. Bacch. 266.), after a too long speech of Pentheus, Teresias begins

Σὺ δ' ευτροχον μεν γλωσσαν, ὡς φρονων, εχεις,
Εν τοις λογοισι δ' ουκ ενεισθαι σοι φρενες.

(You have a voluble tongue, and would seem wise, *only* that the words you utter have no sense.) So much for the tragedians. From the comedies of Aristophanes hundreds of biting allusions to the subject might be cited, but, (fortunately for the reader) we have not got a copy at hand. All we remember just now is one of those whimsical draggie-tailed epithets coined for the occasion — the glory of the Greek comedy — which the poet applies to some male gossip — κομποφακέλορημων, that is to say, *bundle-of-stuff-talking*.

* So Theognis, describing the loquacious character, adds Εχθαιρουσι δε παντες (and all men hate him).

† Pope assures us that they said—

"Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought;
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!
Great in the council, glorious in the field,
Generous he rises to the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
Such just examples on offenders shown,
Sedition silence, and assert the throne."

What a capital crown lawyer they had!

Sometimes allusions are made to *death*, as the probable consequence of the diffusive. In a dialogue between two shepherds in Theocritus, who contend for the palm of vocal merit, as soon as an umpire is chosen, one begins singing at him in such an overpowering style, that the other, whether in real alarm or only out of pique, intreats his learned friend to spare the unhappy stranger, —

καὶ τοῦ ξένου ἐς πόλιν ἄνθις
ΖΩΝΤ' ἀφες. (Idyl. V. 78.)

—“and send him back to town *alive*.”

Then look at the earnest spirit in which the ancient philosophers handled this matter, inculcating brevity amongst their most serious moral precepts, and always holding up the diffuse speaker, or writer, as one of the scourges of the world.

Γλώσσης τοι θεσπιδίος ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἀριστος
ΦΕΙΔΩΛΗΣ,

says ancient Hesiod. “Assuredly the greatest treasure to man is an *abstemious* tongue.” Theognis identifies loquacity with vice. “Wicked men,” he says, “are unwilling to be silent.” (Γνωμ. 612.) And this writer, speaking elsewhere of the same class of offenders, has an expression of peculiar felicity. “In many men,” he says, “*the folding-doors of the mouth don't fit*.”

Πολλοὶ ἀνθρώποις γλῶσση θυραὶ οὐκ ἐπικέσται
Ἀρμοδαίαι. (Γν. 421.)

This is surely quite a hit?

It is by incidental expressions of this sort, even more than by professed treatises, that we are able to estimate the force of public opinion amongst the ancients with regard to the vice in question, as well as the prevalence and rankness of the vice itself; for we always find that in proportion as any social nuisance is flagrant and provoking, it becomes impressed on the literature of the time in terse and pungent images. What are such proverbial sentences as Οὐδὲν σιωπῆς χρησιμώτερον, *Satis eloquentiæ sapientiæ parum*, “Keep your breath to cool your porridge,” &c., but so many modulations of the same voice of calamity, crying to us from all ages? How can we doubt that Epicharmus had stung his fingers at the same nettle, when we find in his mouth the bitter antithesis, Οὐ λεγέειν δεινός, ἀμα σιγαὶ ἀδύνατος, “poorly qualified for speech — *wholly incapable of silence*?” Or Archilochus? — when we read that he used to say with reference to the same affliction, Ποδὲς δὲ καὶ τριμωτάτοι — “*one's heels* under these circumstances are one's best friends.” And while we have tumbled amongst the poets again (to whom it is so difficult not to return) let us mention Simonides with honour, who declared, that “he had often repented of having said somewhat — never of having left somewhat unsaid.” And Nicostratus, of whom this delectable fragment remains —

Εἰ το συνεχὲς καὶ πολλὰ καὶ ταχέως λαλεῖν
Ἦν το φρονεῖν παρασημῶν, αἱ χελιδόνες
Ἐλεγοντ' ἂν ἡμῶν σφρονεστέρα πολὺ.

To chatter fast and loud — if such
Be signs of wisdom, then it follows,
Since swallows chatter faster much,
We cannot be so wise as swallows.

Plato has put numberless speeches into the mouth of Socrates, in which that great philosopher animadverts, directly or indirectly, on the sins of

makrology, for indeed his whole philosophy was directed to undo their work and to confound the Sophists — the chief offenders. And, by the way, we cannot altogether help suspecting, from a remarkable passage in the *Phædo*, that button-holding, at this period, already existed as a civil institution ! Socrates, speaking of the power which the pains and pleasures of the body unfortunately exercise over the soul, in absorbing its attention, and detaining it, as if by force, from its heavenward aspirations, uses this, on all accounts, remarkable figure of speech. “ Every such pain or pleasure,” he says, “ προσηλοι αυτην προς το σωμα και ΠΡΟΣΠΕΡΟΝΑΙ — nails it (the soul) and, as it were, BUTTONS it to the body.” This striking expression, we submit, may have been suggested to him by the familiar practice (alluded to, and surely he could not possibly have employed a more graphic and powerful illustration.

Of the great Aristotle a pleasant anecdote is related by Plutarch, which leaves us in no doubt either about his sentiments or his experience in this matter. A prosy person detaining him with an endless account of some perfectly immaterial affair, and continually repeating, *Ου θαυμαστον, Αριστοτελες;* “ Is it not surprising, Aristotle ? ” the latter at length replied, “ I don’t find *that* surprising, but *this* I find surprising — that any one possessed of a pair of feet should continue to endure you.” And another very good repartee attributed to Aristotle, by the same authority, in a similar case, is equally satisfactory on this head. Some one having addressed him at immense length, and coming in the fulness of time to a sort of pause, observed, “ But I fear I have too long engrossed your attention.” “ No, by Jupiter,” replied Aristotle, “ for you never had it.” (*Μα Δι’, ειπεν, ου γαρ προσειχον.*) There is a curious resemblance, by the by, between this and an anecdote related of another great doctor (vide Boswell), who, under similar circumstances, (only that he was occupied in writing, if we remember,) upon a loquacious visitor expressing a fear that he was interrupting him, is said to have replied with perfect suavity, and going on writing, “ Oh ! *not in the least !* ”

But perhaps the most spiteful expedient for disheartening a long-winded story-teller (the commonest form of the makrologist) is that proposed by Lord Chesterfield, whom the maddening nature of this grievance seems for a moment to have transported from his usual characteristic politeness, — a notable fact in itself. The courteous lord recommends, that when the party telling the story shall at length have reached the witty point of it, you, instead of bursting into laughter, should say, “ Well, and so ? ” — as though it were still incomplete !

That the Athenians were a very diffuse, loquacious set of people, is a fact quite as obvious from history and literature as that the Spartans were the reverse. It is not from incidental notices alone that that fact appears, — though, as we have said, we are disposed to attach most importance to them, from their spontaneity, — but whole tracts on the subject have come down to us. Theophrastus, in his *Moral Characters*, has three separate chapters devoted respectively to as many different species of the general monster — *αδολεσχια*, *λαλια*, and *λογοποσια*, terms difficult for an Englishman to discriminate, especially as even Greek writers, other than Theophrastus, have not preserved — perhaps not acknowledged — their distinction. Following Casaubon, however, in this matter, we are probably correct in calling the first Babbling, including a sense of silliness and inappropriateness in the matter uttered; the second, Loquacity, or simply the passion for talk and incapability of silence, without other offence; and the third Gossip, (*Famigeratio*, apud Casaub.) implying the disposition to spread as well as to in-

vent rumours, and annexing to loquacity the general idea of untruthfulness. All these "articles" by Theophrastus are prime articles, full of graphic life-like truth, to say nothing of fun. Think, for instance, of a man to whom the permission to talk is such abundant compensation for the contempt annexed to it, that even his boys, who "twig" him entirely, when they want to go to sleep, *get Pa* to talk to them — and *Pa* embraces the opportunity! *Και σκωπτομενος υπομειναι· και υπο των αυτου παιδιων, οταν αυτον ηδη καθυυδειν βουλομενα κελευη λεγοντα ταυτα* (Sylburgius reads Πιαππα) *λαλειν τι ημιν, οπως ανη μας υπνος λαβη.* "And he suffers himself to be mocked—even by his own little ones, who, when they wish to sleep, put him in commission, saying, '*Talk, Pa, that sleep may overcome us.*'"

In the chapter on babbling, the best point is where he exemplifies the hashed style of talking, or what we understand by *rigmarole*. After making his babbler tell his last dream, and give a *catalogue raisonnée* of all the dishes he partook at dinner, "he informs us," continues Theophrastus, "that corn is cheap in the market; that there are a great many foreigners in Athens;" * * "that he means to till his fields with a view to production; that these are hard times; that, at the last Mysteries, Damippus boasted the biggest torch; and 'how many columns are there in the Odeum?' and 'yesterday, do you know, I vomited;' and 'what day of the month is it?'"

The article on gossip is written in rather a more serious style; one bit, however, is pleasant enough. The author, speaking of those who take delight in *imaginative foreign politics*, and will never let you off from the description of sieges, which they raise or carry at pleasure, says, there are some who will have their clothes stolen from them at the public baths rather than not collect an audience for their last express; others, who, in the piazzas, while conquering by land and sea, incur the penalty of the law for failing to answer a summons when held to bail; others, again, who in carrying all manner of foreign towns, forfeit their own dinner.*

Aulus Gellius, too, has dedicated a chapter to this subject, but is such an old gossip himself, that his (borrowed) sarcasms hardly tell with the same force. The brief and business-like Theophrastus was especially entitled, indeed, to be heard on such a point. Gellius gives precept enough, but forgets to exemplify. Some of his hints, however, deserve to be remembered, and we particularly like a *vocal* distinction he draws between discreet and prudent speakers, and those who talk on the interminable principle. To the latter he attributes a sort of *falsetto*. "Eorum orationem bene, existimatum est *in ore* nasci, non in pectore;" that speech with them proceeds, not from the chest, but from the mouth itself; as if, through constraint of so much business, their voices had come to reside higher up in the throat, in order to be, as it were, *on the spot*.

But by far the best thing we know in the shape of a distinct treatise in connection with our subject, is that which Plutarch has left amongst his *Moralia*; for this essay (*περι αδολεσχιας*) has all the sense and character of Theophrastus, with much critical philosophy which the other has not employed; besides numerous good original illustrations. Plutarch ranks silence amongst the virtues; with him it is *βαθυ τι και μυστηριωδες*, "a something profound and mystical"—a fine expression. And in another place, having observed that silence is a rarer and more divine gift than speech, he adds no less happily, "For which reason I think it is, that as professors of speaking, we have *men*, but as patrons of silence — *gods*!" (*Του μεν λεγειν, ανθρωπους. του δε σιωπειν, θεους διδασκαλους.*) And he improves on the "irrevocable

* *Forfeit their own dinner.* Παρεδωκεν ηθησαν, a word of humorous character, expressive and untranslatable, but as much as to say, to *praterdine*, i. e. to miss dinner.

verbum" and "nescit vox missa reverti" of Horace, by moralising the point thus; "For that which has been reserved in silence," he says, "is yet to speak, but that which has been spoken can never be restored to silence." * *Εστι γὰρ εἰπεῖν ποτὲ τὸ σιγῆθεν, οὐ μὴν σιωπῆσαι γὰρ τὸ λεχθέν.* (This famous bit of Greek — this *most Greek* bit — won't be Englished; indeed, we feel we have spilt the wine in the decanter.)

The licentiousness and insolence of the whole tribe of Interminables seem to have gone on continually increasing. Originally they appear to have confined themselves strictly to tongue-exercise, and to have come by audiences, at least, in fair ways; and sometimes, indeed, as in the case of Thersites above, we see them getting the worst of it. In the pages of Theophrastus an evident advance is made from this condition; they are every where possessed of power and influence, they inspire terror, enforce attention, and carry all before them. Yet no distinct case of button-holding is so far discovered to us, and audiences still appear to be procured without fraud or violence.

A century and a half later, Cato the elder — at all times an uncompromising and active enemy of the talkers — mentions the instance of a man who actually hired people to listen to him! "Ita est cupidus orationis ut conducat qui auscultet."

In the Augustan age, after a lapse of equal length, we find Horace pursued by a fellow of another, still worse stamp, who uses intimidation, learns his route, cuts off his retreat, and observes with great coolness, "Now you want to be off — I know that; but it won't do, for I mean to stick to you:"—

—"Misere cupis, inquit, abire,
Jamdudum video. Sed nil agis, usque tenebo."

Indeed now be persuaded, and all thoughts of flight abandon,
For I never will desert you while I've got a leg to stand on.

This age is also rendered memorable by the dawn of button-holding, which, slightly shadowed forth to us in the pages of the Athenian, becomes here for the first time defined with any distinctness.

"Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus,
Quem vero arripuit tenet, occiditque legendo."

All men his prey the rabid spouter makes :
Women and children with dismay he fills;
And whom in rapid flight he overtakes,
Him clutching fast, he talks — and talking kills !

Another century later still, the poet Martial represents matters as come to that pitch that not only was there no peace and safety abroad, but the sanctity of private life was ordinarily invaded, and even the chamber of repose no longer exempt from violation. He undertakes to tell Ligurinus the reason : —

"Quòd quacunque venis fuga est, et ingens
Circà te, Ligurine, solitudo."

Why still 't is flight whichever way you come,
And all around a sudden solitude ;

and the explanation is perfectly satisfactory—

"Et stanti legis, et legis sedenti ;
In thermas fugio — sonas ad aurem ;
Piscinam peto — non licet nare ;
Ad cœnam propero — tenes euntem ;
Ad cœnam venio — fugas sedentem ;
Lassus dormio — suscitâs jacentem."

The reader will find the original of this idea in one of the fragments of Menander.

Whether I stand or sit, you still recite;
I strip myself to swim — but can't for you;
My bath receives me — you are ready too;
My supper's waiting — but you hold me tight;
I come to supper — but am put to flight.
Wearied to death, to snatch some sleep I try—
I hear you coming ere I close my eye.

Nevertheless, all this is nothing to what Plutarch, at a still later period, affirms. Προσκειται απανταχου, των ιματιων αντιλαμβανομενος, ΤΟΤ ΓΕΝΕΙΟΤ, την πλευραν θυροκοπων τη χειρι. "He (the gifted linguist) awaits you every where, snatching at your garments, at YOUR BEARD (!), knocking your ribs with his fist," &c. This, certainly, as far as we are aware, was the tiptop and climax of rampant button-holding; and we are even disposed to think that the art must rather have declined from that period; for we find Lucian, some fifty years afterwards, recommending the employment of force, indeed, but force rather of a moral than physical description, for the detention of the human race; yet his intention was certainly to name the strongest measures then in use for the purpose. In his *Advice to Orators*, when he has successively enforced all the approved principles of public annoyance, and put his pupils thoroughly up to their business, he appears suddenly to recollect that audiences have a right to take themselves off; and, to meet this difficulty, he says, with wise afterthought, "But then, if out of very shame your auditors should at once get up, and be already preparing to depart, *tell them to sit down!*" The innocence of this proposed proceeding, after all the snatching and punching described above, must strike every reader. Nor is the following less admirable. "If they should not applaud — *compel them to do it; reprimand them!*" (Αγανακτει—λοιδορου αυτοις.)*

Porpelepsy, or button-holding, takes one form too serious, as well as ordinary, to be passed over with propriety in this eventful history. We allude to the betrayal of secrets. The loquacious man is like a wreckless and improvident merchant, who, after exhausting all the fair resources of commerce, pawns his wife's jewels, or mortgages his very title-deeds, rather than be without funds for continued speculation. The only mitigating circumstance in the case of such delinquents is, that they do not spare themselves, and that, incontinently divulging their own secrets, they teach others to do likewise; for, as Shakspeare says,

"Who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?"

Plutarch reckons loquacity amongst the causes of the destruction of states; and traces half the convulsions of the political world to barbers' shops. Amongst other things, he relates that, at the siege of Athens, when the army of Sylla lay before the town, it was entirely owing to the talkativeness of some old men, collected in a shop of this description, that the place was betrayed into the hands of the enemy; for, as these men were discussing the siege, and foolishly proclaiming the weakness of a particular point of the fortifications, they were overheard by spies in the service of the adversary, who immediately, on this intelligence being conveyed to him, stormed and took the town; and, says Plutarch, "it went near that he levelled it to the earth."† The same incontinence has still more frequently been the cause

* Πηρ. διδασκ. ad finem.

† Sylla is said to have spared Athens for the sake of her illustrious memories. It appears, however, that he at least designed, if not commenced, her destruction.

of the miscarriage of plots and conspiracies. Rome and humanity were on the point of being delivered from the tender mercies of Nero, when somebody said *too much*, and thus added some pages to history which, it seems, might have been spared. The stupid ass — the blundering Harmodius of the occasion — who was to have “laid the tyrant low,” as he was going to the theatre, saw a man who was being dragged in chains to the emperor, and was loudly lamenting his fate; upon which he makes up to him, and, with a knowing air, whispers in his ear, “*Wait till to-morrow — that’s all!*” The man, of course (*not* being able to wait), profited of the hint in a manner far more to his purpose, and, by leading to the conviction of a conspirator, obtained his own pardon. Then, says Plutarch, being put to torment, this foolish fellow was found *denying* that which, when no cause of compulsion existed, he had of his own accord disclosed. It is curious, by the way, that the greatest and most memorable act of secrecy should be recorded of a *woman*, to whom, by common consent, both the sins of loquacity and unsecrecy are in a peculiar manner ascribed. This was Læna, the mistress of Aristogiton and Harmodius, who, being put to torture, bit off her tongue, to make disclosure impossible; for which heroic action the Athenians raised to her honour a monument, representing a lioness (such is the meaning of the name *Læna*) without a tongue. Some wags, wagging their own tongues too impertinently, might say that this was only an act of ludicrous necessity in a woman — who meant not to talk; but let the saucy males remember that Zeno was a man, and a philosopher to boot, and that he in the same circumstances bit off his tongue too; and not only that, but, “to make assurance doubly sure,” the *ear* of his tormentor. We would not, however, be understood to put ourselves forward as the champions of the fair sex in this matter altogether. The female tongue possesses powers to which we cannot be blind; or, let us rather say, claims to which we cannot be deaf; and is, at any rate, equal to its own defence in such a case. We are not ignorant that women have sometimes betrayed secrets, and even occasioned some inconvenience, in their time, by a too generous use of their otherwise estimable organ. When Augustus Caesar committed some important secret to his friend Fulvius, there was unfortunately a Mrs. Fulvius at that time; and Mrs. Fulvius was resolved to know all about the said secret, and succeeded, as only women can succeed, in attaining her object. Presently, it was found that all the matrons in Rome somehow knew this secret! The *finale* is most characteristic, and has something of the spirit of a French romance in it. Fulvius, being condemned by Augustus, upbraids his wife, who in her turn upbraids him; saying that he is the victim of his own folly; that he ought never to have indulged her curiosity, but have known the nature of a woman better. Then, in a transport of grief, she exclaims, “If he must die, so will she;” and then both stab themselves, one after the other.

Plutarch even tells a story to this effect, — that a Roman, having committed a secret to his wife, and having obtained from her in return a solemn promise to divulge it to no human being, proceeded immediately afterwards to the market-place on some business. *Before* he gets there, he meets a friend, who comes running to him, and asking him “if he has heard the news.” This turns out to be the very secret which he had just confided to his wife, which has been rapidly put into circulation through a long but electrical chain of confidants, servants, sweethearts, tradespeople, &c.

“But is silence, or is brevity, always a sign of wisdom?” it may be asked. We wish to be cautious in answering this question. The late Coleridge is said to have been once much struck with the grave and prudent aspect of a

gentleman who happened to sit next to him at dinner. He never spoke; but his bland and intelligent countenance seemed to announce that he shared a tranquil interest in all that was going forwards, in which he only forbore to take a part himself from the modest self-distrust so frequently found associated with superior intellect. Coleridge had long eyed this gentleman with a deep interest and curiosity, when there entered certain *Norfolk dumplings*; on sight of which the silent philosopher all at once burst forth, slapping his thigh, "*Them's the jockeys for me!*"

Even amongst the Greeks we are aware that opinions prevailed, to a certain extent, not favourable to silence; and some author has bequeathed this line to posterity, as the unqualified result of his observations: *Ευκαταφρονῆτον ἐστὶ σιγῆρος τρόπος*. "A habit of silence is a highly contemptible thing!" Nor is it doubtful, that the "habit of silence," if too literally preserved, may result in inconvenience; as Publius Piso found, who had commanded his servant never to speak but when he was addressed. For on one occasion, when he had invited a party to supper, and one of the guests did not arrive, he kept sending this servant out every minute to see if he was coming; and the servant continued trotting backwards and forwards for a long time on this errand. At last, supper getting cold and people cross, Piso, who had not put any question to the servant before, asked him, "Are you sure you invited the gentleman this morning?" "Yes." "Why does he not come, then?" "Because he said he could n't!"

Without pretending to speak definitively to this point, then, we may observe that the "extreme doctrine of silence," as we admitted in our former paper, is not capable of being put into practice in the present state of society. We are not ripe for it. We cannot yet communicate in pantomime like the Tarquins, or understand one another in allegory like Scylurus and his eighty sons. A word or two, now and then, we fear, is a necessity of our condition, and must remain so until a "perfect system of signals," as our nautical men designate the great object of their ambition, shall be devised, or the genius of Panurge descend amongst us and expound his mystic science to this ignorant age. But brevity is practicable under all circumstances, and "needs no ghost, my lord;" and it is to be insisted upon by all lawful means. Plutarch draws some excellent distinctions on the subject of *quantity* in discourse. He says there are three ways of answering a question: 1. The *all-that-is-necessary* way. 2. The *civil* way. 3. The *superfluous* way. And these he illustrates in the following manner:—Suppose that somebody asks, "Is Socrates at home?"

First way.— "No!"

Second way.— "Why, no; he is at dinner." (Or, if particularly disposed to be civil, then with the addition, "entertaining some guests.")

Third, or superfluous, way.— "He is not at home, but he is at dinner with some Ionian gentlemen, who have come with an introduction to him from Alcibiades, who is living at Miletus with Tisaphernes, the satrap of the king of Persia, who was formerly in alliance with the Lacedæmonians, but now with the Athenians, since Alcibiades, for the sake of facilitating a return to his country, has reconciled the monarch to his countrymen." And this speaker, continues Plutarch, will probably not stop here, but proceed to take down Thucydides's history, reciting to you the whole of the eighth book, again taking Miletus, and again driving Alcibiades into banishment.*

These three ways of answering a question may be taken as a very fair illustration of the subject of *quantity* in its relation to character. Brevity in reply is usually associated with the idea of rudeness, or of severity of manner.

In Milton, the mild angel, Raphael, speaks twelve hundred lines, and upwards, at a time; and Eve gets so tired, that at last, in the eighth book, she is obliged to go "forth amongst her fruits and flowers."

—"Not, as not with such discourse
"Delighted,"

says Milton, indeed. But it was very natural for the poet himself to say so. *Audi alteram partem*, we say. Our own opinion is that, as soon as Eve got out of the bower, she delivered herself of a fearful gape. But Michael and the others are, comparatively speaking, men of few words. When Satan challenges Abdiel to combat, —

"To him *in brief* thus Abdiel stern replied."

(It must be remarked, however, that the speech, thus announced as *brief*, is as long as the one to which it is an answer.) But there is no reason why brevity should not be as mild as prolixity, and we refer to Plutarch's *Way 2.*, above cited, in proof of our assestion. Perhaps, after all, the most cogent argument in favour of brevity, with the genteel, and the would-be-so, is, that, loquacity is the usual characteristic of *low-bred* people, who, for the want of a delicate perception of things fit, are not able to appreciate the beauties of a terse style, but make up in continuity what they want in power. How else, at least, can we account for the fact, that cobblers, tailors, ladies' maids, washerwomen, charwomen, and *hoc genus omne*, are professed linguists, while authors, "*and men of genius*," are usually observed to be very moderate talkers? Barbers, in all ages, have been miracles of eloquence; but this is to be accounted for in another way, we apprehend; for when we see, as we have done so frequently in the course of this searching history, that the grand desideratum and *πov στω* of all fabulators, sermocinators, nugators, blatterones, locutuleii, gerulifiguli, ametroepists, authadestomists, athurostomists, megalophonists, aperilaletics, plastolalists, leschunotists, mousopatagists, stomphastics, kompophakeloremonists, stomuliosullektadists, thrasuglots, spermologues, philuarologues, and all other description of philologues whatsoever, is to obtain a fixed position on the part of the patient, or subject operated upon; how, we say, can we wonder, seeing these things, at the preeminence and plenipotence of the *barber*, or that we find him the acknowledged president of the gossips, enjoying as he does such unequalled natural advantages, in time, place, and opportunity? However it may be explained, the fact is certain, that the barbers, from the earliest antiquity to the present time, have been a loquacious, and, in many other ways, a very peculiar, race of beings; and the inveteracy with which they have preserved their original character, in all its salient points and idiosyncracies, may be considered as only second to that which has distinguished the tribe of Israel. In the days of Archelaus, king of Cappadocia, there were no railroads, and the muffin man did not come round, and parish beadies were not fat; but the barber was the barber, and, to all intents and purposes, the same barber who "shaves well for a penny" in Drury Lane or Crown Court. "How shall I shave your majesty?" inquired the Cappadocian barber, bustling about his royal customer with strop and towel. "*In silence*," answered Archelaus. (Πω; σε κειρω, βασιλευ; Σιωπων, εφη.)

In respect to written composition, there is one department which appears peculiarly open to animadversion, on account of its offences against the principle of brevity: we mean the *letter*. Originally, a letter was essentially a short, pithy effusion; in fact, a mere epitome. There was no attempt at supplying the pleasures of a distant conversation, but, what was needful to be said, the same was succinctly and plainly stated. But who ever thought of *corners*, and *crossings*, and *red ink*, and *interlineations*, and little

bits more under the seal, &c., till that half-crazy, gossiping fellow, Ovid, being banished from his friends, discovered extraordinary virtues in correspondence, and inundated the general post, once a week, with double letters from Gothland?

"Sæpe vale dicto, rursus sum multa locutus."

How often, when I thought I'd done,

Have I gone adding bit to bit;

And said "P. S.," and "P. P. S.,"

And e'en "P. P. P. S." have writ!

The Germans call a letter, *par excellence*, ein *Brief*; and, though we have had many letters from a worthy German friend that were exceedingly unmindful of their etymology, we are willing to believe that the use of a word of such pointed significance, by operating as a standing hint to be short, must do some good.

It is true, however, that we have an evidence in our own language of the inadequacy of the plainest word to keep up an attention to its signification; for is not this very word *brief*, with us, a name for exactly the longest and most tedious writing in scribbledom? (And what a curious analogy to this fact, now we think of it, is furnished by the musical term a *breve*, which, also signifying short, is yet the name of, we may say, *more* than the longest note in music; that is to say, a note of such duration, that, as far as secular purposes are concerned, it is obsolete, and can only be found in old music, and music of the church; the *longest* note in use being the *doubly-short* note, or *semibreve*. To sum up, the "short" note is, in short, so far from short, that the shortest note is one hundred and twenty-eight times shorter.)*

If we were to give utterance to all we think of this legal anomaly, the *brief*, we should be as long as the longest; ay, though it were in *re Attwood v. Small*; and all the red tape in Lincoln's Inn could not contain us. Some say that the language of the law will probably, ere long, undergo some judicious curtailments, and that the "loud laughter" which followed the reading of a clause in the new *Post Office Bill* last session in the House of Commons, will have the effect of giving precocious birth to some measure in this important department of Law Reform. *Amen*. Yet we doubt! for habit is strong, "as the original observer said," and experience attests the difficulty of imposing a new language on a people. Will the race of lawyers alter their language at our bidding? Will they not fondly cling to it, as to the language their fathers spoke, the language endeared to them by a thousand recollections and associations? Shall we not have big-wigs in pathetics, and all Westminster Hall in an uproar of emotion? "The language that a Chitty practised! that a Rolle reported!" In fact, we expect the question will be taken up with something analogous to the national or patriotic feeling; and we shall find "WHEREAS, notwithstanding, nevertheless," and "the said John Doe," and "by and from and to the hereinafter-mentioned," &c., fought for, and died for, in all the heroic spirit of a Highlander standing *pro aris et focis*. It was thus that the Welsh retained their Welsh, the Scotch their Scotch, the Irish their Irish: why not the lawyers their *gibberish*?

When we saw that "loud laughter" ensued on Sir Robert Peel's reading the third clause of the new *Post Office Bill* in the House of Commons, we became curious to see what special enormity this might be, by which an assembly, so inured to rignmarole, could be frightened from its propriety. So we disbursed our three halfpence in Abingdon Street, and got the bill; but it proved quite a take-in! yielding no particular laugh, and discovering only the most ordinary quantum of impropriety. We were like those who, going to some provincial tragedy in expectation of a rich comic treat, find it

* Men call it the *hemi-demi-semi-quaver*.

not half bad enough, and begin to regret their money. We have missed those three halfpence ever since, and have thought of thee, O plaintive and diffuse Giambattista Casti, who, hadst thou — not owed, but — *paid* thy “tre giuli,*” and all for a new Post Office Bill, hadst surely deplored in a thousand, instead of two hundred, sonnets!

The only revenge we can take on the bill is to place Clause 3. in our imperishable pages; and, if it is not so amusing as we expected, it does not follow that the reader, who may not have formed the same brilliant anticipations, will feel altogether disappointed by it.

CLAUSE 3., as read, with unbounded Applause, in full Parliament, by Sir Robert Peel, July 24. 1838.

“And be it enacted, That the said Commissioners *so* to be appointed as aforesaid, and every of them, shall from time to time observe, perform, fulfil, and keep all and singular the orders, rules, instructions, and directions which from time to time shall be made or given to them, or any or either of them, by the Lord High Treasurer, or any three or more of the Commissioners of Her Majesty’s Treasury for the time being, touching or concerning the execution and discharge of their said office, and the arrangement and division of the same among the said Commissioners.”

To return to letter-writing. It is hardly necessary, we think, to be at more pains to prove that, whether in other forms or not, at least in *this* form of composition, brevity is an essential, indispensable feature. The great object ought to be to *condense*; to say all, like Chaucer,

“In wordes fewe compendiously.”

If a letter is to your mistress, let it be brief and intense: she will be disgusted with prolixity, which is always a sign of weakness. Your *flame* must be no *flambeau* — no long flaring thing, such as you see over a butcher’s shambles of a Saturday night — but like the lightning, pointed — rapid — brilliant. If a letter is to a minister of state, come to the point instantly: you are undone if you turn the page. If it is a cartel of defiance, let your words, to be fierce, be few; remembering what Schiller says of the thunder — that, by division, it would chop up into babies’ cries. And so in all the relations of epistolary correspondence, your success will be proportioned to your brevity and concentration. Commercial men, indeed, use a sort of short-hand in their letters, peculiar to themselves, to which, despite the revolutionary principles we are advocating in language, we must decline to subscribe. We would have brevity, for the reason mentioned by Horace, *ut currat sententia*, that the “sentence” may run: but “*The underneath*,” and “*We have returned same*,” &c.; are *not* sentences, but only fragments; and not even speech, but only a sort of stuttering. Nor do we think it the beau-ideal of a *billet-doux* (and yet there must be love in the city) which commences —

“Adorable object — *your’s recd.*,”

and ends with —

“fires my soul. *And am.*”

The best and *shortest* description we know of what a letter ought to be, occurs in the Treatise on Eloquence attributed to Demetrius Phalereus, who says, “A letter is, properly, a something bland — a something *short* — a simple statement of a simple matter.” (Φιλοφρονησις τις βουλευται ειναι η επιστολη, συντομος, και περι απλου πραγματος εκθεσις εν ρημασιν απλοις.) And, what is curious, he recommends “frequent proverbs;” by which we understand him still to aim at brevity; proverbs, by their pithy, sense affording the means of obviating many circumlocutions. “The beauty of it,”

* “The three *giuli*,” a small Italian coin. Such was the amount of a debt which Casti bewailed in 200 sonnets; a work of inexhaustible fancy and humour.

says he, "is — *loving kindness and continual proverbs!*" (Καλλος μὲν τοι αὐτῆς, αἵ τε φιλικαὶ φιλοφρονήσεις, καὶ πικναὶ παροιμιαὶ ἐνούσαι.)

It has been remarked that the Americans are not a highly classical people; that, though republicans, they do not in any other point of view call to mind the glories of ancient Greece; it has been remarked that they fall short of the Athenians in respect to literature and the fine arts. We only notice these reports for the sake of further remarking, that, if our friends the Trans-Atlantides are remote from the refinement of the Athenians, they appear to be still more remote from the brevity of the Lacedæmonians. The longest letter we ever *did not read* was the President's last; the shortest and *best*, that which the Spartans sent in answer to one received from Philip of Macedon, inquiring if they would admit him into their city.

"NO!"*

We wonder what the excellent Lord Monboddoo would have said to us, *si viveret in terris*, for all our profane disrespect towards his idols? That amiable lover of lengthy lucubrations forgot the circumstances of the times, the state of publication, and the effects of the over-population of the literary republic. If we had now-a-days but three tragic poets, and one epic, who would grudge them any latitude or longitude they chose to take? But with *eight hundred great living poets* (the number according to the last census, if we may believe Lord Byron), it is obvious that other weights and measures must be introduced. The day for splendid exordiums and boundless perorations, we fear, is gone. The "*Etsi vereor, judices*," opening a sentence of a page long, with limb within limb, and involution on involution, and all the verbal accumulations swelling to a crisis, with their imposing concatenation of like endings, putting one in mind of the different trades in a public procession; "*Populatæ, vexatæ, funditus eversæ provinciæ; socii, stipendiarii que populi Romani afflicti miseri, &c.*"†; all this must be considered as a magnificence and an expense in language no longer to be supported in the reduced circumstances of the world — now calling for "*retrenchment*" — "*economy*" — "*reform your tailor's bills.*" Our ambition must be now, to use only just as many words as are necessary. Forswear epithets — they are pure luxuries; your noun substantive is the *staff of language* — therewith be content. Avoid all excesses of this kind. "*The guilty hand of an expiring wife under the agonising operation of a mortal poison traces these few trembling lines to an injured wretched husband.*"‡ For here we have every substantive in wedlock — not a bachelor in the company; and, to crown all, two cases of bigamy! We are not such Malthusians as altogether to forbid the banns 'twixt nouns substantive and adjective; but certainly they have a tendency to increase and multiply, and should be indulged in all moderation.

Those who, like Monboddoo, stand up for the long style, usually challenge for it the merit of elegance, as well as superior perspicuity. These claims, however, may be in a great measure disputed; the latter especially. It is evident that involution — and all long sentences become involved — can do little for perspicuity, but much for darkness. Horace connects brevity with obscurity, but forgets that its opposite is quite as nearly related to the same effect. The true critical distinction is drawn by Longinus (Sect. XLII.), who reckons *two sorts of brevity*, very important to be distinguished: *συγκοπή* and *συντομία*, or *syncope* and *syntomy*. Both words signify a *cutting off*; but to the former he ascribes a deeper and more formidable cutting; to the latter

* "OT!" "This, in one point of view, was *shorter* than English "No;" for the Greeks very rarely indeed used the negative particle by itself alone, but employed "*Οὐδαμῶς*," "*Οὐ μὲντοι*," "*Οὐκ ἔγωγε*," "*Οὐ γὰρ οὐν*," or some other compound phrase; and the startling nakedness of the monosyllable, in this case, was proportioned to the scorn which it was intended to convey.

† Cic. in Q. Cæcil.

‡ From a romantic effusion, published in Cumberland's Observer, No. 144.

a sort of gentle violence, which only removes excrescences — something like Mr. Puff's distinction between "the pruning-knife" and "Zounds, sir, the hatchet!" But, that length may be inelegant as well as obscure, take the following sentence from Cicero's dialogue *De Oratore* as a witness; a sentence which, for all the faults and infelicities that can enter into one of the same compass, we think the reader will not be able to match:—

"Nihil est enim quod ad *artem* redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui *illa* tenet, quorum *artem* instituere vult, habeat *illam* scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum *ars* nondum sit, *artem* efficere possit."

This, too, in the discourse which Monboddo says (and says, indeed, truly) is Cicero's most finished composition!

As we love the old lord, however, in our hearts, for his own deep love of things Greek and good, we will, in concluding this part of our subject, let the reader join in his laugh at what he calls the "*short-cut*" style, as it is exemplified in a Greek writer of Alexandria, who seems to have driven brevity, indeed, to the utmost verge of the ridiculous. This is Achilles Tatius, the author of a romance on the loves of Clitophon and Leucippe; and he opens in this manner:—

"Sidon, a city on the sea. The sea of the Assyrians. The city the mother of the Phœnicians. The people the father of the Thebans. In the gulf a double port, spacious. The sea gently resounding."

And, again, we read, —

"*The map of Europe.* The sea of the Phœnicians. The country of Sidonis. In the country a meadow and chorus of virgins," &c.*

This, in fact, amounts precisely to a series of stage directions, only not half so intelligible. We have never seen a copy of this rare novel, but we find it difficult to conceive how a writer in this style can manage to carry on his love scenes. The murders we can understand; but the love scenes! We suppose it must be in this fashion:—

"Love considerable — parents not agreeable — don't care — fine night — got gig — damn wig — leap wall — cut stick," &c.

We have considered brevity hitherto, for the most part, in its relation to style; but we must not conclude without a few general observations in regard to that sort of brevity which concerns the bulk and extent of compositions.

Comparisons between men and books have been of frequent suggestion. The poets speak of "the *volume*, man;" and Mr. Moore, with his usual gallantry, has extended the simile to *woman*: he compares some little lady to

— "Love's duodecimo —

"None can be prettier, few can be less, you know."

Now, we submit that all the disadvantages attending length of stature also attend length of composition; while exiguity is full of charms, in man and book. What the inconveniences of personal length are, we need hardly insist; they have been sung in all ages: In an epigram of Lucilius, a man is described as being so tall, that, before he can rise in the morning, it is necessary for his sons *to bore a hole in the roof*; and we have lately heard from Kentucky of another, who is obliged *to go up a ladder* to shave himself. And many embarrassments are mentioned as resulting from an undue length of the nasal organ; of which the most remarkable, perhaps, is that adduced by Ammianus, in an epigram which we have seen translated thus †:—

"Dick cannot wipe his nostrils if he pleases,
So long his nose is, and his arms so short;
Nor ever cries 'God bless me!' when he sneezes —
He cannot hear so distant a report."

* Vide Monb. Hist. Lang. iv. 413.

† Translations, chiefly from the Greek Anthology, Lond. 1806.

To all these disadvantages, literary analogies might be found; but, perhaps, the superiority of short works may be better exemplified by positive, than negative, illustrations. The chief claim possessed by a small over a large work seems to be, that the former, having fewer pages, has probably fewer faults; and its chief luck is, that it has at all times a better chance of being overlooked. We may allege, in favour of small works, what an Italian poet alleges in favour of small men:—

“ Un picciolin si mette
Di buona grazia in tutto,
E ancor che fosse brutto,
*Men brutto può parer.**”

Now your small man does all smugly
Fits in every corner snugly,
And if he's ugly, he's *less* ugly.*

It was a dangerous handle which Aristotle offered to diffuse writers, in the twenty-fourth chapter of his *Poetics* (where he treats of the Epic in its relation to Tragedy), when he admitted the proportions of the *Iliad* as a standard for general adoption. Nevertheless, read aright, the advice cannot lead to excess, for it is, in fact, an inculcation of brevity after all. There was a poet who had written an epic called the “Small *Iliad*.” Now, the “Small *Iliad*” was larger than the large *Iliad*; and Aristotle glanced at the writer of this large “Small *Iliad*,” and at other writers who had committed similar excesses, when he said, “It is proper that the beginning and the end (that it so say, the whole poem) should be compassable at one spell (*συνερασθαι δυνασθαι*); which will be done, if we make our compositions *shorter* than those of the old poets, and confine them to a proportion corresponding to the collective bulk of the tragedies which are performed at one hearing at our theatres” (*των εις μιαν ακροασιν τιθεμενων*). Now, Dacier tells us that the Athenians were in the habit of sitting at the theatre from sunrise to sunset, and that a round of plays could keep them in good humour all that time; and adds, that that which Aristotle here implies is no doubt true; viz., that the *Iliad* could be perused within that space. We cannot imagine that any one, reading for a wager, could get through the twenty-four books in any such time; but, at any rate, it is evident that the great critic considered it essential that a poem should be able to be got through at one sitting; and it only remains for our aspiring youth, if they are for following his precepts, to go by the standard of the slowest reader they ever heard.

Tragedies are fortunately restricted by poetic law to a certain definite length; and we will, therefore, only observe that, when Horace says, —

“ Neve minor, nen sit quinto production actu ”
(Nor be it less, nor more, than just five acts),—

we fully subscribe to the *last* proposition, but demur to the *first*.

When Lord Byron said that Mr. Campbell, the poet, had written too little, he was unconsciously paying him the highest compliment — one which Mr. Campbell, unfortunately for his prolific lordship, could not return.

Mr. Carlyle has said well, that an author ought to be paid, not for what he writes, but for what he does *not* write; and, as “discretion” is said to be “the better part of valour,” so we will venture on the *dictum*, that “suppression is the better part of authorship.” We are aware, indeed, that fastidium may, and does, occasionally go too far; and that while some, regardless of consequences, are only bent on rushing into print, others “cruel to themselves,” commit to the flames many first thoughts, which are far better than the second thoughts that replace them. Yet, surely, the

* From a translation executed with his usual felicity and gusto by Mr. Leigh Hunt.

fire that devours these unlucky abortions is a better fire — but hold ! we verge on an epigram, and must throw ourselves into the approved form: —

Some in their works such faults discern :
It seems they only write to burn.
But Tom's another fellow quite ;
He burns — but only burns to write.

But, undoubtedly, the greatest mistake of all is committed by those who imagine that, having adopted a short style of writing, they have thus already realised the objects of brevity, and achieved its full honours ; when the real question is, what is the length and breadth of their *aggregate productions* ? It was, therefore, a good hit of Martial's at this short-sighted class : —

"Disticha qui scribit, puto, vult brevitate placere ;
Quid prodest brevitās, dic mihi, si liber est ?"
For epigram no muse so fit is,
Dick thinks, as his : e'en now he pities
His brother bards for their long ditties,
And, full of hopes of fame, foresees,
As "brevity the soul of wit is,"
By brevity he needs must please.
Stay, honest bard, not quite so quick,
For fear that Pegasus should kick ;
I rede you this is not the trick
To gain the gods or win a column :
Who gains by brevity, good Dick,
If still, oh ! still, it makes a volume ?

In concluding a long article on brevity, we are quite conscious of the sort of retributive pleasantries to which we expose ourselves. We shall no doubt appear like the poet Frugoni, quoted in a former page, who, writing a poem in favour of small men, was at the same time a very large man himself. But we are so well satisfied of having done our duty in calling public attention to the important subject of this paper, that we retire unscorched from the counter-fire of our enemies. Every man under difficulties consoles himself with some reflection, and every such consolatory reflection is more or less modest and reasonable. We find consolation in comparing ourselves to Homer, to whom the poet Philemon has introduced a delicate compliment in the following fragment ; — and with this we are the better content to close our lucubation, because, perhaps, after all, it places the question of quantity in composition in its true light: —

"If that his thoughts be thriftless and absurd,
I call him long who speaks but half a word ;
But who speaks fitly, though his speech or song
Should flow for hours, I do not call him long.
Be Homer proof ; for in his verse, indeed,
Thousands and thousands are the lines we read.
Yet, say what man e'er found old Homer long ?" *

* We must not be restrained by fear of the drawingrooms from appending so fine a bit of old Greek as this, though we have already indulged so much in quotation. With respect to classical extracts, so that they be duly or sufficiently explained by translation or paraphrase, we think they should not be withheld when essentially implicated with the objects of writing. While the classical reader is uniformly grateful for them, and even justly indignant at a monopoly of the page by their weak and always more or less miserable substitute, those whom they do not profit can easily pass them by. Nor should the benefit of an invitation to the prosecution of so fine and elegant a branch of learning — an invitation always rendered more tempting when surrounded by the flattering lights of criticism — be overlooked in judging of the propriety of such occasional illustrations.

"Τον μη λεγοντα των θεωντων μηδε εν,
Μακρον νομιζε, κεν δο' επι συλλαβας.
Τον δ' ευ λεγοντα, μη νομιζε' ειναι μακρον,
Μηδ' αν σφοδρ' επι πολλα και πολυν χρονον.
Τεκμηριον δε τουδε τον Όμηρον λαβε·
Ούτος γαρ ήμιν μυριαδας σκευ γραφει,
Αλλ' ουδε εις Όμηρον εισηκεν μακρον."

THE PAINTER'S ENGRAVING.

A SKETCH, however slight, by a great painter, is justly prized beyond the most elaborate production of a copyist. Its value consists, not merely in its rarity, but in those indications of the master-mind that stamp the character of originality on the smallest scrap traced by the hand of genius. The most exact fac-simile of these first-thoughts will not stand the test of comparison with the original: the indefinable charm of feeling is wanting. The artist's touches are not mere trick of hand, the result of practised skill; they are the vehicle of fancy and sentiment; and can no more be imitated, than the intellectual process that gave rise to them. An engraving of a picture, as was remarked in a previous paper, is not a mere servile copy, or imitation; but a re-production — a translation of a coloured representation into a colourless medium — an image re-cast of different materials in the mould of another mind, and appearing in a different form, though bearing the likeness of the model. The powers of a distinct art are here brought into operation; and the engraver, by his mastery over them, adds a new interest to his work, and impresses it with a character and features of its own. Not so with the fac-simile of a drawing, which derives its sole value from the fidelity of the imitation, and limits the skill of the copyist to a purely mechanical exercise.

To obviate this defect, some of the greatest painters have been at the pains to multiply their sketches by means of etching; and well-authenticated impressions from the etchings of Rembrandt fetch romantic prices. Albert Durer and others of the old German school drew on wood: an artist of our own day, celebrated for the fidelity of his likenesses, has attained great skill in mezzotint, and engraves his own portraits. Burnett, a painter of considerable talent, is one of the most distinguished line engravers; and William Westall has brought aquatint to a higher degree of perfection than it was considered susceptible of: but in all these cases, the artist has not only had to acquire, by laborious application, a new art, but his productions appear in an entirely different shape to what he has been accustomed to: — his hand, habituated to trace a free outline with pen, pencil, or crayon, and to rub in masses of shadow with a stump, or wash in broad flat tints with a brush, is cramped in working with the needle on the etching-ground — the freest mode of engraving — and in tracing on wood, with a hard pencil, lines suited to the skill of the wood engraver.

Lithography is attended with none of these disadvantages, the only difference being, that instead of paper, the artist draws upon stone, using, in lieu of Italian chalk, Cumberland lead, or Indian ink, a black greasy substance made up in these various forms, and employed in a similar manner; one drawing thus made may then, by a mechanical — or rather chemical — process, be multiplied two or three thousand fold, each individual one being, in all respects, as much the artist's own production as if he had made it separately. It is superfluous to expatiate on the advantages to fine art of such a process; but it is necessary to explain it, in order that the capabilities of lithography may be demonstrated; for its increased facilities have been so lately developed, that as yet their existence is scarcely known: the evidences of them are comparatively few, and but imperfectly understood. The appearance of Harding's "Sketches at Home and Abroad," first earned for lithography the title of "The Painter's Art;" and to Hullmandel, who naturalised it in this country, it is indebted for this extension of its powers by the adaptation of its materials to the painter's use.

When Aloys Senefelder, the ingenious and persevering discoverer of lithography, for lack of a scrap of writing paper, scribbled a washing-list on a bit of stone with a greasy ink, he was quite unaware of the importance of the property that this stone possessed of yielding impressions; and when, a day or two afterwards, he, to his great joy, made this discovery, he could scarcely have foreseen the extent of the benefits it was to confer upon art. His immediate purpose was limited to the printing of music; but he afterwards applied his new process to the imitation

of the various methods of engraving. Both by him, and by those who have since practised it, lithography has been regarded too exclusively as a quicker, readier, and cheaper mode of engraving; and the object of the numerous *tours de force* of lithographic draughtsmen, here and abroad, has been rather to establish its pretensions on an equality with engraving on copper, than to develop its peculiar capabilities. In imitating line, chalk, or mezzotint engraving, lithography must ever be inferior to each; but this is not its true use: its value consists in the identification of the practice of drawing on stone with that of drawing on paper; so that it may be available to the original artist for multiplying his works without the intervention of the mechanical draughtsman, or copyist.

We by no means wish to disparage the highly-finished specimens of Mr. Lane's talent, — such as his prints of "The Rivals," after Leslie; "A Girl at her Devotions," after Newton; and a few others, which challenge comparison with the finest efforts of the burine; but in these exquisite examples of skill and patience we only see a new style of engraving, differing little from other styles, and certainly not surpassing them; but when artists of original powers, Harding and Haghe, for instance, *invented on the stone*, and substitute for the servile labour of the copyist the free pencilling, graceful style, and (best of all) the feeling of the painter, — then we see developed the proper uses and peculiar beauties of lithography.

It may be objected, that drawing on stone requires greater labour and patience, and more time than artists in general would feel disposed to devote to it; and moreover, that a very small proportion of English artists are qualified by education and practice to employ the crayon with pleasure to themselves, and a satisfactory result in producing small drawings. This objection would have been valid two or three years ago, but it has been entirely obviated by the recent improvements of Hullmandel. Till lately, lithographic drawings required to be made with the point of the crayon, and worked up in a similar way to a highly-finished chalk or pencil drawing: — the only other mode was by using pen and ink on stone, as you would upon paper, which is only applicable to slight sketches, or laborious imitations of etching; but Hullmandel has invented a method of producing the effect of a drawing made with the "stump," by a similar and equally rapid process. Thus the labour of lithographic drawing is materially abridged; tints are produced of a close and rich texture, heretofore wholly unattainable on stone; and the painter is furnished with tools to work with like what he has been accustomed to use, and admitting of a facility and freedom of handling that astonishes, by its audacity, draughtsmen who have been in the habit of working with the point only. In conjunction with this stumping, the crayon may be used, as before, to give strength and firmness to the work, and define the forms of objects; ink may also be applied to give depth to the darker shadows, and, in conjunction with sharp touches, light produced by scraping, to give life and spirit to the foreground. To complete the set of implements, the lithographic material is made up in the form of a black-lead pencil, to produce the finer lines and more delicate tints with greater purity. One thing only is wanting to complete the capabilities of lithography, and render it perfectly available to produce any effect of black, or brown, or white; and that is the power of imitating a sepia drawing, with washed shadows. This desideratum has occupied the attention of Hullmandel; and we have seen some specimens that come so very near the point, that we cannot but think it will eventually be accomplished. The effects are something between aquatint and mezzotint; and, if brought to perfection, this style will combine the transparency of aquatint with the depth and richness of mezzotint. The difficulty of procuring impressions of tints produced by washes of ink diluted to different degrees of blackness and applied with a brush, will be apparent upon a brief explanation of the lithographic process.

The stone used is a calcareous slate, as yet found in perfection only in the quarries at Sohlenofen, in Bavaria: it is of close texture, and brittle, but porous, and imbibing grease with great avidity. The surface being made perfectly level, and properly granulated by means of sand and water rubbed over it with another stone, the drawing is made upon it with a crayon of a greasy substance. In a drawing properly made, the grease attaches itself to the little eminences of the

granulated surface, leaving the hollows free. A weak solution of nitric or muriatic acid is then applied, which produces a two-fold effect: it separates the alkali from the grease of which the crayon is compounded, and the grease in its pure state is absorbed by the stone; and it also decomposes the surface of the stone by entering into combination with the lime; so that the surface becoming a muriate or nitrate of lime, is smooth and hard as marble, and impermeable to water. The printer then, by the application of turpentine, washes off the black colouring matter of the drawing; and first, wetting the stone with a sponge to prevent the parts not charged with grease from receiving the ink, he applies a roller charged with the greasy ink that is to yield the impression, and by pressure takes off on the paper a reversed fac-simile of the drawing.

Now, on making a drawing with ink, which is applied in a fluid state, the stone is usually not granulated, but polished; although it is obvious that the interstices of the granulation would equally receive the liquid grease with the eminences; and the impression from a tint produced by a wash of ink is one black mass, unrelied by the innumerable and minute white specks that are observable in the darkest tint properly produced by chalk. Whether the wash of ink be diluted much or little, so tenacious is the stone of grease, that the slightest quantity of it is absorbed; and, consequently, the thin washes take the black grease from the roller as much as the thicker, it being, as will appear evident, only that surface of the ink which comes in contact with the stone that produces the impression; but in the case of a chalk drawing, the particles of grease are solid, and by the granulation of the stone kept wider apart; and therefore they receive the greasy ink of the roller in proportion to their quantity, and thus transmit an accurate impression.

This theory differs somewhat from the commonly received notions of the principles of the lithographic process, which is yet very imperfectly understood, even by those who practise it. Being purely chemical in its operation, lithography has been less benefited than might be expected by the practical experience of printers. With the exception of Hullmandel, who has studied it scientifically, they have gone on mechanically performing a process of whose essential principles they are utterly ignorant. It is not to be expected that a person engaged in a trading pursuit, his success in which depends on the superiority of his operations, should enlighten others with the result of his experience acquired by long and patient research; but we cannot but regret for the sake of the art that the chemistry of lithography should be so occult a science, and that in books professing to explain it, exploded errors should be suffered not only to remain, but studiously reiterated.

Of the Continental lithographers we give no opinion further than this, that the new processes of Hullmandel—namely, the invention of stumping, and the production of graduated lights in the tint, were equally unknown to them and the other English printers; and further, that the production of mezzotint effects, such as the stump produces, as well as washes of ink, have been tried again and again without any successful result. They have laid a black wash of ink over the stone, and scraped demi-tints, and etched outlines and tints in lines with a needle; but the result has been a black and dirty mass of indistinctness: they have also tried to blend the touches of chalk into one smooth mass by rubbing the drawing over; but the effect has been to give the tints a muzzy appearance, equally removed from richness and clearness: in rubbing over the impression tone and glossy texture are obtained, but at the expense of sharpness and variety of tint and brilliancy of effect.

The superiority of the French lithographs consists not in the printing, as compared with our best printers—Hullmandel, Graf, Day, and a few others; but in the superior facility the Parisian artists acquire by education and long practice in the use of the crayon. The beautiful heads—speaking of them as drawings only—of Grevedon are drawn from the life on the stone at once; and the transparency and purity of the tints are owing to the command over his materials, and his dexterity of hand. A French draughtsman, named Negelen, now in this country, who is little inferior to Grevedon, has executed portraits on stone from the life, both with the point and the stump, which will bear comparison with the finest specimens of French printing. We know that Hullmandel has been strongly

urged by many French draughtsmen who prefer his printing, to establish a branch establishment in Paris: and he is in the habit of printing landscape drawings by English artists that appear in a periodical work on Ancient France, by Baron Taylor.

It would be unjust to pass unnoticed the infinite superiority that the English landscape draughtsmen in lithography evince over all their Continental rivals, which is entirely owing to their finer feeling for and perception of the beauties of nature. The lithographic landscapes of Boys, Barnard, Childs, Gale, Picken, Prout, jun., Pyne, Walton, and a few others, are little inferior to the works of Harding, Haghe, and Samuel Prout. The beautiful neutral tints of various hues, showing lights graduated almost imperceptibly to pure white in actual relief, are a super-addition that would alone have increased the attraction and popularity of lithography, had not the stumping process been simultaneously matured: indeed the striking effect of these tints has cast into the shade the more important and novel invention of the stumping process, the value of which only artists can fully appreciate. Besides the increased facilities of handling it affords them, it saves time in proportion of days to weeks; for instance, a drawing that would require three weeks to work up with the point, may be done in as many days with the stump, and with effects not producible in any other way. When a tint is added, moreover, a great saving of labour in drawing is effected; inasmuch as the more delicate half tints are supplied by the superadded tint. A drawing made to receive a tint, therefore, looks all black and white, the tint supplying the harmonising medium, as well as graduating the lights, so as to blend them insensibly into the shadows.

The tint is thus produced:—An impression from the drawing being thrown on to another stone, the parts required to be light are gone over with a camel-hair pencil, filled with a thick solution of gum; and the stone being charged with a greasy ink, the parts covered with gum resist the grease, and therefore print white; all the rest taking the hue of the tint, which may be varied at pleasure. To produce the delicate gradations of the light in clouds, those parts are drawn with chalk instead of being covered with a wash of ink, so that they take the printing ink proportionably. The relief of the high lights is obtained by eating away those parts of the stone to a considerable depth with a strong solution of acid; the paper is squeezed into these hollows by the pressure of printing, and the prominences catch the light, throwing also a slight shadow on the edge farthest from the light. The printing of a tinted drawing is performed with two stones; first the black and white impression is printed, then the tint is superadded. A third stone is sometimes used to imitate the effect of drawings made on tinted paper with red and black chalk; and as many as seven or eight stones have been used to produce one impression of a coloured drawing, each stone printing the several gradations of tint in one hue. The capabilities of lithography to produce fac-similes of coloured drawings have scarcely been brought into full operation, owing to the expense and trouble. Sharp, the lithographer, was the first who applied this art to the production of coloured miniature portraits; and he completely succeeded in demonstrating the possibility of imitating, in lithography, a highly finished water-colour drawing: but this complicated application of the art is far from having attained perfection. In the imitation of Egyptian paintings, Moorish ornament, and Italian arabesques, however, where the various colours are in flat tints, not graduated, complete success has been attained; one of the finest and most striking specimens being the superb coloured and emblazoned print, by Mr. Jones, of an Interior of the Alhambra, which is entirely produced by the process of printing. The only difficulty attending this practice is the registering the impression from each stone, so that the different colours may fit in exactly.

The great accession of popularity that lithography has attained, both among artists and the public, by these recent improvements, has been materially assisted by the talent and reputation of the artists whose sketches have been thus multiplied. The favour with which they have been received is also a gratifying sign of the improved taste of purchasers, who show that they appreciate the value of originality in prints, by preferring the free and characteristic handling of the painter to the smoother but colder labours of the mere copyist. Had Stanfield and Roberts lithographed their own sketches, instead of entrusting them to the

hands of copyists, they would have been infinitely more interesting and beautiful in the eyes of the connoisseur. In the case of an amateur, like Mr. Vivian, the assistance of such a talented draughtsman as Louis Haghe in giving artistical shape and effect to characteristic but crude sketches, is the means of realizing the intention that the imperfect skill of the untrained hand is incompetent to : it is like the heightening touches of the littérateur bringing out more forcibly the vague ideas and latent feelings of the unpractised writer.

It is a notable fact that four out of five of the eminent artists who have themselves lithographed their own sketches are water-colour painters ; namely, Prout, Harding, Lewis, and Joseph Nash. Sidney Cooper, who practises as a painter in oils, is also proficient in water colours ; as likewise are Stanfield and Roberts. This is accounted for by the circumstance of those artists who use water-colours being more accustomed to make finished and attractive sketches ; while the oil-painters are content to make studies in crayons for their own use, which they may think it derogatory to their reputation to give to the world. But when we see a cabinet of Wilkie's sketches—than which none can be more slight and hasty, or more full of character and genius—being formed, in which every rough idea scratched down on the back of a letter is treasured up as a relic, can we doubt the reception of a volume of sketches from his own hand ? Wilkie, like most painters, sketches with pen and ink, and with black and red crayons on tinted paper, both of which styles are imitable to illusion by means of lithography. In as little time as it would take him or Edwin Landseer to throw off a drawing for a lady's album, they might produce a sketch that would delight thousands of possessors. Why may not we have Callcott's sketches as well as Stanfield's—(Turner has taken leave of outline, and goes beyond all bounds)—Leslie's as well as Lewis's ? And why should not Eastlake, Hilton, Machie, Mulready, and others, multiply their beautiful fancies ? There is a prevailing feeling among artists that the reproduction of sketches makes them cheap and common : in entertaining such a fallacious notion they do themselves injustice. If sketches by Raffaele were "plenty as blackberries," or the precious pages of Claude's *Liber Veritatis* were "thick as the leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa," they would be prized at less money value ; but their intrinsic worth, and their estimation in the eyes of all who really love works of art, would not be less—rather more, indeed ; for their beauties would be more extensively known and appreciated. Does any one prize a water-colour picture by Prout less because the sketch for it is printed and published ? or is the union of architectural knowledge with picturesque feeling, and force, and freedom of painting in the drawings of Joseph Nash, less admired and valued since he has transferred these qualities to stone ? Do Sidney Cooper's exquisitely painted cattle-pieces please us less since he has evinced the same delicate fidelity to nature, and elegant neatness of touch, in his published sketches ? Are Lewis's characteristic and richly coloured pictures of Spanish scenes less eagerly sought after, even though the coloured fac-similes of his sketches approach so near to his originals that the difference is scarcely discernible ? Are Harding's forcible and brilliant landscapes become a drug since the appearance of his sketches ? No : the more widely fine works of art are diffused, the higher will the good be esteemed ; the bad only will be neglected.

We have not attempted to enumerate in this slight sketch the various lithographic draughtsmen of talent, much less to review their innumerable productions : we have only adduced a few instances to exemplify our statement. Among the larger works which have employed *original* talent—for it is in that point of view only we have here regarded Lithography—we should not omit the *Trees of Burgess*, the *Flowers of Bartholomew*, and the *Birds of Gould and Meyer*.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

REMEMBERING the happy times when men made voyages to the West Indies or the South Sea Islands, and wrote books full of marvellous adventures and surprising discoveries in botany, zoology, and conchology, to the delight of thousands, the reader who takes a bird's-eye view of the present state of this class of literature may find some materials for reflection in a comparison between travellers as they were, and travellers as they are; and if he choose to draw in an imaginary picture of travellers as they ought to be, (a *genus* somewhat different, perhaps, from both,) his entertainment will suffer no deduction by the experiment. The simplicity of our forefathers in matters of travelling experience may be estimated from the narratives that threw them into such raptures of astonishment. The ordinary phenomena of distant lands were converted into incomprehensible freaks of nature, and crocodiles, kangaroos, and pelicans, bread trees and water trees, savages with cock-feather plumes, and demons such as Dante never dreamt of, figured in the pages of the voyager like things

“ That make the hair start, horrent, on the head,
And th’ eyes, spasmodic, turn to balls of fire ! ”

Then it was that “ Andes, giant of the western star,” and the Himalaya, and the Caucasus were regarded with a kind of reverential awe, amounting almost to fear; and that the mystery was profound of the cannibals and the hippopotami, and all other creatures of earth, air, and water, that put on shapes or habitudes different from the familiar world at home; and that language broke down in the attempt to describe the perils by flood and field which befel the travellers of that day, and bewildered the curiosity of their readers. The amount of actual knowledge which the public at large possessed of the condition of places outside their immediate bounds consisted of naked outlines, just enough to afford to the sights and fables of superstitious fancy “ a local habitation and a name.” A map of the world was recently discovered in a small town in England, where it was engraved some two centuries ago by the geographer of the village. In the centre, and occupying a large space on the surface, the village was minutely described; its main street and by-ways were accurately dotted into their places; the church was fairly drawn with its porch and steeple, the squire’s mansion, and the market-place; and the high road to London was delineated in ample lines, embracing the hedge-rows and toll-gate. The rest of the map was of course devoted to the rest of the world, which, stretching off in dim perspective into empty space, appeared like some unenclosed common in the neighbourhood of a populous city. With a little allowance for the native partialities of the surveyor, this map represents fairly enough the state of geographical knowledge as it existed amongst the bulk of the people not very many generations past. It was not so remarkable for positive ignorance of leading facts, as for an undue exaggeration of particular points, and a tendency to misrepresent real deficiencies.

But in the interval that has elapsed since those pleasant times have passed away, we have realized the story of the boots of seven-league power. We have traversed every traversable spot on the face of the globe, and altered our map accordingly. The little village, lessened by degrees to the smallest

conceivable speck, has at length disappeared altogether, and kingdoms and seas, mountains and rivers, with their myriads of inhabited places and territorial subdivisions, have expanded in proportion. The most remote scenes have been explored over and over again, until — with the exception of a few places in distant latitudes, which have not yet been completely examined — there is scarcely a tenantable country within the “girdle of our planet.” with which we are not acquainted. Popular notions on these subjects are not, perhaps, quite accurate; and, although scientific research has developed vast mines of information, the majority of readers are no doubt but loosely informed in the different departments of natural history: but then what an extraordinary advance has been made towards the acquisition of this species of knowledge in half a century! How rapidly the means of acquisition have been multiplied, and the access to an improved acquaintance with the varieties of mankind facilitated! Formerly, a voyage round the world — a rare exploit that excited people as a fairy tale, with its enchanted waters, its wizards, transformations, and miraculous paraphernalia, excites the imagination of children — or an expedition to Japan, or Canton, presented a panorama of the strangest objects described in the startling phraseology of discovery. Now, a voyage round the world, or an expedition to any part of its circumference, is an affair of such common occurrence that the reader opens the book, not with an air of surprise, but with the cool assurance of a critic; in fact, your fire-side traveller, who reads all the works of the voyagers and tourists is a gentleman, who visits all the points of the compass without having the trouble of leaving his easy chair, and, in the felicitous words of Cowper,

—“like the finger of the clock,
Makes the great circuit, and is still at home.”

The recent increase of travellers' books, to the palpable diminution of works of fiction, indicates the direction into which public taste is fast diverging. It would carry us out of our way to investigate the probable causes of the very evident change that is passing over the spirit of publication; but a single glance at the improvements that have been accomplished of late years in the modes of intercommunication throughout Europe and the East, will be enough to show the distinct working of cause and effect in this characteristic trait of an age of inquiry. There is scarcely a part of Europe that may not now be reached or traversed at one third of the cost of time and trouble that the traveller must have incurred thirty years ago. The coasts of France, Spain, Belgium, and Holland, the Neva, the Gulf of Finland, and even the shores of America, are now brought within a few hours' or days' sail by the steam engine; the Mediterranean floats innumerable steam boats to all desirable points of intercourse; and Constantinople is reduced to a summer's trip, less formidable than the Hebrides to Johnson, and less inconvenient than many tours within the girth of our own islands. The extension of the application of steam to almost all points where communication is desirable, or likely to be useful, has already nearly encircled Europe, and united Asia to Africa. Steam communication is already established between England, Spain, Marseilles, Malta, Greece, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Constantinople, Crim Tartary, and Odessa; and speculation is baffled as to the further and intermediate lines it may yet supply. Then the railroads that intersect the surface of the Continent, and that are in progress in Egypt and in India, deprive the inland journey of nearly all its ancient difficulties; so that, look in whatever direction we may, we will find that the great impediments to travelling are either obliterated, or con-

siderably diminished, and that the most distant nations are drawn more closely together by the magic of practical science within our own experience than they could have been by centuries of unassisted observation.

Our last month's notes on the current literature must have prepared our readers for the transition into those new channels to which we have alluded, and which are widening and deepening every day by fresh accessions of labourers. A small library of travels might be accumulated from the publications of the last twelve months; but within a few weeks they have increased in a still greater ratio. We have now before us travels in Africa, Egypt, and the Holy Land, Austria, Russia, and Turkey, the unexplored districts of Australasia, and a winter's recollections of St. Petersburg; and, in addition to these, other volumes of equal interest are announced. The very habit of seeing such books advertised, and of inadvertently thinking about them, in the absence of other novelties, would be in itself enough to make us a geographical generation. What with histories, biographies, and voyages, poor Poetry and Fiction will have little room to display their charms. But we need fear nothing for them. There is always a corner in the human heart for the reception of Truth idealised into Beauty, which expands to give it welcome at all times and seasons.

Of the works we have enumerated, Lord Lindsay's *Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land*, although not the most valuable, is likely to be one of the most popular. The matter is not new; but the manner is fresh, lively, and occasionally enthusiastic. That there remains much yet to be said about Egypt and Syria — countries upon which the late movements of the Pacha have conferred almost an European interest — is true; but then it is information of a kind which a tourist like Lord Lindsay could not possibly acquire. Mr. Lane's book upon Egypt, published last year, contains the sort of intelligence which is wanted — close views of domestic customs, the machinery of local government, the social and moral condition of the people, and the prospects of political amelioration. It is obvious that in such an empire as Egypt, where the secrets of the national character and the national usages are locked up from strangers with jealous superstition, the traveller, who merely passes through some of the most remarkable and familiar scenes, hurrying onwards to gratify his curiosity with such other objects as he can readily embrace in a short period of time, can bring away nothing more than a picture of externals. He has not had leisure to investigate, to compare, indeed to think. He takes his conclusions from the first bound of the ball, and cannot stay to watch the issue of its course. Mr. Lane, in order to glean the useful matter with which his pages are crowded, was compelled to reside in the country, to adopt the costume of the people, to acquiesce in their ceremonies, and even to play off the excusable *ruse* of suffering himself, upon some occasions, to be mistaken for a native. Now Lord Lindsay proposed no such elaborate and hazardous plan. He went to see sights, and not to study men. Hence, while the works of both these gentlemen are addressed for the most part to the same soil, no two works can be more essentially opposite in design, illustration, and purpose. But both have their uses; and if Lord Lindsay's volumes are less valuable upon all the features of actual life in Egypt, they are more entertaining in reference to the monuments of the past, and the immediate impressions of an enthusiastic Englishman who found himself for the first time face to face with the gigantic statue of Memnon, and the awe-inspiring Pyramids. The route of Lord Lindsay has been that of an hundred other tourists. He went to Malta from Gibraltar, and from thence to Alexandria and Cairo.

The journey to the Pyramids is now a matter of course; and having accomplished it his Lordship ascended the Nile, touching at the "temples, pyramids, dove-cots, mosques, santons' tombs, and hermit cells" that stud its banks; and having returned to Cairo, he set out for Hebron and Jerusalem, crossing the desert of Suez, visiting Jericho and the Dead Sea, and exploring, in two journeys to Tiberias and Damascus, the tracks of the old Romans on the blighted plains of Palmyra, and the sacred places around Mount Lebanon. The fine spirit of poetry that breathes like a fragrance throughout these letters, while it wants the sustained elevation of De Lamartine, is yet sufficiently vivid to produce in the reader that state of susceptibility which is essential to the reception of the impressions this description of scenery is emphatically calculated to make. Lord Lindsay possesses the true enthusiasm of the poetical nature; but, putting it forth unconsciously, and in the mere exuberance of his own sensations, he does not convey to the ordinary reader the ideal of a prose poet. He feels, but does not always write like a poet. The gleams of tenderness that here and there break out in his apostrophes to his friends at home—the images of the past that rapidly crowd upon his mind at every step of his storied track—the yearning after the Beautiful and the Mysterious—the perpetual desire to penetrate farther and farther into the obscure history of monumental scenes—and the hues of the imagination which he flings unawares upon hill and valley and stream, are evidences of a temperament at least closely allied to the poetical. His joyousness—elastic, youthful, and hopeful—spreads a sense of pleasure over his descriptions, that inspires their familiar manner with something of the charm of an Arabian tale. He does not delineate the wonderful wonderfully, but in a tone of gladness and exultation; there is no artistical mechanism in his writings—we detect none of the apparatus of the pictorial—he makes no effort to be effective—every thing is fresh, flowing, and buoyant. The scenes in the desert—the sketches of the Pyramids, with their solitary tenant, dwelling, like a wizard, in the chambers of the kings and queens of dim tradition—the panorama of the Nile—and the groups of ruins that lie scattered over that desolate route, are sketched with a rapid but graphic hand. Lord Lindsay's account of Mohammed Ali and his policy agrees with that of the majority of intelligent travellers in Egypt. The fierce ambition and the exhaustless energy of the Pacha have enabled him to raise up the country to a degree of extraordinary importance; but at the same time he has nearly drained its resources in the pursuit of military glory and territorial improvement. The extent of his dominions is infinitely greater than is generally supposed, and his declaration of independence may, therefore, be regarded as the signal of a struggle in the East in which the leading powers of Europe will be ultimately compelled, for the protection of their own interests, to take an open part. So long as the Pacha had acted under the mask of subservience to Turkey, neither England, France, nor Russia, had any excuse for interference. The devastation and oppression of Syria, and the enormous accumulation of wealth in the hands of the Viceroy, could not be admitted as furnishing valid grounds for European interposition: but now that Mohammed Ali has formally renounced the authority of the Sultan, and unfurled the standard of independence in a land which he has hitherto ruled as a deputy, the ulterior interests involved in that act require that the adjustment of the balance of power shall not be left merely between the Sublime Porte, overawed by the arms of Muscovy, and the Pacha, influenced by the suggestions of France. England has a large stake at issue, and her proper office is that of arbitrator. An able statement by

Mr. Farren, our consul-general in Syria, attached to Lord Lindsay's letters, develops the several bearings of the question very minutely; and the writer replies to the inquiry as to which side England should take in the contest, by exposing the fallacies that incline the decision towards the side of Egypt. If it were simply a matter of choice between Turkey and Egypt, there can be no doubt Mr. Farren is right. We have too long pursued an erroneous policy in reference to Turkey: but a calm revision of the grounds of argument cannot fail to satisfy the dispassionate inquirer that the part which England ought to take is not that of declared hostility on either side, but of mediation between both.

Captain Alexander's Narrative of an Expedition of Discovery (the next work on our list) into the Interior of Africa, closely resembles one of those honest chronicles which used to appear formerly, when the colonization system was in its infancy, and the people of this country looked anxiously for information concerning the soil, climate, and aborigines of those remote regions in which British capital was beginning to be invested. It is full of new scenes, new races, and new experiences by wood and water. The places over which Captain Alexander and his little band adventured have hitherto been a blank upon the map; for, notwithstanding all the efforts that have been made in that direction to acquire accurate information respecting the interior, we possessed no more knowledge of the western side of Africa than enabled us to speculate upon the course of the Great Fish River, and to imagine boundary lines inclosing tracts of country, of the character of which we were wholly ignorant. When Captain Alexander was originally invited by the Geographical Society to perform an expedition of discovery on that continent, it was his intention to penetrate into East Africa to the west of Delagoa Bay; but soon after his arrival at the Cape, he found that the proposed journey had been already accomplished by Dr. Smith. He therefore changed his plans, and determined upon exploring the region to the north of the Orange River, on the opposite coast. The undertaking presented many obstacles and perils, and, during its progress, the intrepid band, consisting altogether of eight persons, were exposed to the most severe privations and disappointments. The most trying of them was the drought of the land. Parched, exhausted, and despairing, the men frequently refused to proceed; but animated by the example of their chief they persevered to the end, and were amply rewarded by the great success of the enterprise for the sufferings they endured in its prosecution. The entire course of the expedition covered a space of 4000 miles, and occupied a period of twelve months. The new ground actually discovered by Captain Alexander, and described in his volumes for the first time, is the whole of that tract lying to the north of the Kamies, or Lion Mountains; which, taking into consideration the extreme difficulty of attaining correctness under the disadvantageous circumstances of physical suffering, in a climate where no chronometer could keep its rate, appears to be laid down with great accuracy and fulness in the map prepared by the author. Every step in the advance of the expedition is a step replete with interest to the reader; for, although he does not here fall in with those exquisite landscapes, irrigated valleys, and tranquil lakes that in more favoured scenes conduct our anxious curiosity through new elysiums, he will meet strange pictures, and still stranger races, which present rare materials for thought and inquiry. The country is, for the most part, arid and unpromising; but there are some spots where green nature vindicates her rights, — where the air is balmy, and the soil luxuriant, — where there is abundance of water, and a rich growth of indi-

genous trees and plants. Here, perhaps, the birds or the wild beasts resort, keeping their wild possession until the approach of man and the buzz of human settlements shall scare them away. The mouth of the Orange River, where there is a group of green islands, and an immense variety of game, is suggested by Captain Alexander as a desirable location for a knot of industrious families, who might easily contrive to procure a permanent subsistence from the immediate produce of the neighbourhood, which abounds with grass and firewood. Three distinct races of the aborigines are described in these volumes — the Namaquas, the Boschmans, and the Hill Damaras. There are shades of differences between them in habits, appearance, and temper: the Namaquas appear to be the most debased and ignorant, the Boschmans the most bold and savage, and the Damaras the most timid and gentle. But there was no great indisposition amongst any of them to receive the white men, although at first they exhibited signs of doubt and trepidation. They all seemed to expect to see the white faces at one time or another, having frequently heard of them, and finding them, probably, mixed up more or less with their traditions. The work in which these scenes and adventures are recorded is attractive both in manner and matter. It does not aim at the picturesque in style, but it is picturesque by the force of simple truth. There is always something left to the imagination of the reader, which will not be slow to supply the obvious deficiency. It is enriched by a variety of characteristic engravings of no great merit as works of art, but eminently useful as illustrations.

Of a similar class, but developing a greater variety of character, and a more extensive field of profitable observation, are Major Mitchell's Journals of three expeditions he made in the years 1831, 1835, and 1836, into the interior of Eastern Australasia, a country which, to use the startling language of the writer, is at this moment in the same state as when it came from the hands of its Maker. With the exception of the comparatively small space on the surface occupied by our settlement of New South Wales, very little has been hitherto known of New Holland. If the reader will turn to a map, he will find the eastern coast, for a distance of about three hundred miles, down to the dip of the southern point, tolerably well filled with the names of places that have been either populated or explored; while the tracts of land that lie beyond are indicated by a vague and empty space. The range of mountains (not yet completely surveyed to the north) which form the inland boundary line of the settlement, have arrested our further progress. We have made no vigorous or continuous efforts to penetrate farther than immediate purposes rendered unavoidable. Of the plains, valleys, streams, and forests in the remote distance, we had no other knowledge than we could glean from the wild stories, of runaway convicts, and the legends of the few aborigines who happened to stray into our province, or to be abducted by the settlers. Two or three travellers had, at intervals, adventured into those regions, and brought back some almost incredible accounts of large rivers and vast seas; but there was yet required a scientific expedition to confirm these flattering reports, and to fix with certainty the actual course of the supposed rivers, the capabilities of the soil, and the general character of the climate and scenery. This undertaking has been ably accomplished by Major Mitchell, notwithstanding that the impediments against which he had to contend were in the last degree formidable and dispiriting. His three expeditions were taken in different directions. The first was with a view to trace a river called the Kindur, running northwards, the existence of which was confidently asserted by a desperate convict who,

effecting his escape into the interior, had lived for some time with the natives, adopting all their savage customs, even to the scarification of his body, and acquiring a familiar acquaintance with the localities through which these children of nature roamed in their primeval world. After a very toilsome journey, however, no such river could be discovered; and there is reason enough for conjecturing that the convict invented the tale to blind the vigilance of the authorities, and secure time to enable him to run away again. But the device failed, and the culprit was ultimately hanged. The hostility of the natives prevented Major Mitchell from pursuing his enquiries farther to the north, and, in consequence of a disappointment in his supplies, which were thus treacherously cut off, his little party were compelled to retrace their steps, but not before they had completely satisfied themselves that the imaginary Kindur was a pure fabrication. The second expedition held its destination towards the south west. The proposed object was to ascertain accurately the course of the Darling. The Macquarie and Lachlan rivers being supposed to have separate basins, it became a point of some importance to determine certain speculations respecting an elevated range of land, observed by Mr. Oxley nearly twenty years ago, which, if it were discovered to form the division between them, must, presuming it to be continuous, also divide the basin of the Murray from that of the Darling. This geographical problem, however, was thwarted in the progress of solution by the interruptions thrown in the way of the explorers by the natives, who, tracking them in all directions, and hanging like a cloud upon their footsteps, effectually paralysed their movements, and again forced them to return to the British settlement. But the spirit of discovery was not to be thus defeated, and a third expedition was organised in the succeeding year, with instructions to resume its investigations at the point where the last journey was broken off; and, following the windings of the Darling to its junction with the Murray, to embark on the waters of the latter, and navigate it upwards as far as circumstances would permit. Major Mitchell pushed with renewed vigour into the interior; but the activity and wily tactics of the natives again foiled him, and, unable to reach the place from where he had previously retreated, he struck into a different path, fortunately, as it turned out, for the interests of science. He gained the Murray at last, on its northern side, and discovered the junction of three rivers with that stream — the Darling, the Lachlan, and the Murrumbidgee. Ascending, agreeably to his original plan, he was enabled to determine other tributary waters, hitherto unknown, which flow into the Murray from the south, and he finally emerged into a country of exquisite beauty and fertility which he appropriately designates as Australia Felix. This auspicious discovery amply rewarded him for all the sufferings he had been exposed to, and his little party, exhilarated by the issue of their perilous adventures, returned by an untrodden line running parallel with the sea.

A new country has thus been added to the map of Australia, and a survey of five hundred miles in its extreme breadth has been effected of the regions in the immediate neighbourhood of New South Wales. Major Mitchell's journals were written from day to day, under circumstances by no means favourable to the task of composition: they are, therefore, somewhat careless in style, and occasionally obscure, but pregnant with interesting facts that possess the striking advantage of being altogether new. Such narratives would be in some measure spoiled by a scrupulous taste; the business of the expedition was discovery, and the more simply and truthfully discoveries are set forth the better. The paramount quality desired in such publications is accuracy in the details; and unquestionably, if we take into con-

sideration the difficulties attending such an enterprise, the accuracy and minuteness of Major Mitchell's details cannot fail to surprise and gratify the public. He not only found time—as well as constancy of resolution—to keep his notes with regularity, but to perform the practical and laborious duties of a difficult survey, and to make drawings of some of the scenes through which he passed, animated occasionally by groups of their savage denizens. These little sketches greatly enhance the utility as well as the pleasurable impressions of his work.

The average character of the soil and landscapes of Australia is not very hopeful, it would appear, for future settlers. The country, at some seasons condemned to universal drought, is at other times inundated by floods, the rivers overflowing their banks, and producing extensive lagoons and vast hollows in the soft and yielding earth, which, speedily drying up, exhibit, in the rapid growth of wild vegetation, in huge cracks, and a disordered surface, the terrible effects of the periodical flood. In other places beyond the reach of these influences, the travellers crossed immense plains of grass, arid and sandy wastes, and lofty table lands stretching away into the mountains. Sometimes a green and fertile spot, well wooded, and sleeping like an English park in the midst of the surrounding dreary flats, cheered their progress with its fresh and luxuriant aspect; but it was not until they gained Australia Felix that they discovered a country which, rich in all the resources of bountiful nature, was prepared by its splendid climate, its waters, woods, and pastures, for the immediate reception of an industrious, civilised population. The vast importance of this discovery can hardly yet be appreciated; and there can be no doubt, that in years to come, this happy region—reposing between the mountains and the Pacific Ocean—is destined to become one of the most prosperous dependencies of this great empire. Of the aborigines of Australia, Major Mitchell speaks certainly more favourably than any former writer on the subject. He suffered much inconvenience, and was even put into jeopardy by their incessant hostility; but it must be remembered, that the Australian owes no gratitude to the Englishman. Alarmed on the confines of his ancient domains by the preparations for a gradual invasion; exposed to a dangerous intercourse with the very worst members of the outcast class of the whites; and corrupted in his pastoral notions by that species of proximity, without amalgamation, which is the most ruinous species of relation that can exist between civilisation and barbarism, it is not to be expected that he should, all at once, throw open his arms to welcome predatory science and philosophy teaching by conquest. It was hitherto believed that this savage being, living in the very lairs of the wild beasts, naked, and prowling about for food, was incapable of culture, and was but one degree raised above the lower animals. Major Mitchell, however, affords us abundant proofs of his intelligence, his invention, and his skill, rude in its appliances, but thoughtful in its application. He fishes, fowls, and digs; tracks the beasts by their marks in the earth; snares the opossum in the highest branches of the trees; and has a thousand clever contrivances for the supply of his wants, and the attainment of such comforts as a man, accustomed to sleep in the snow without covering, and to endure privations longer than the human frame would seem capable of sustaining, can possibly require. The person of the Australian is singularly athletic, flexible, and strong. He bounds along the earth with the fleetness of the deer; the resilience of his limbs is almost fabulous; no dangers repel him; no fatigues subdue him; inured to toil, to the daily chase for a dinner, and to the perpetual companionship of the forest tribes, he presents the very ideal of a wild

man, with all the romance of his agility, ferocity, and love of daring. That these people acted with treachery to Major Mitchell, is scarcely a proof of a natural tendency to deceit and cruelty. The circumstances of the case may be said to justify them: the stranger had penetrated their solitudes, and they knew nothing of the stranger but evil. When a closer knowledge of the settlers shall have dispelled their erroneous opinions, and when a mission of peaceful industry shall have contributed ultimately to improve their condition, they will, probably, be found to possess those elements of character which may be easily moulded to their own permanent advantage, as well as that of the colony.

Turning from these bold and exciting pictures, we are invited to survey some of the more familiar scenes of Europe* by the Rev. Mr. Elliot, who, labouring under a complaint in the throat which disabled him from the pursuit of his profession, sought, in the pleasures of a long tour, an agreeable means of alleviating his malady. His volumes conduct us partly through countries sufficiently hacknied in books, and partly through less frequented paths. His starting point was Vienna, and from thence, wending his way to Presburg, he took the steam boat on the Danube which conveyed him through Wallachia and Moldavia; and after a variety of such vicissitudes as are incidental to a voyage on a turbid and sinuous stream in the infancy of a steam experiment, landed him at last in safety at Galatz; the last point to which the navigation of the river was then carried. Since that time the Steam Company have completely organised their plans, and the excursion from Presburg to Constantinople—a distance of 1580 English miles—is now easily accomplished in less than a fortnight. Leaving Galatz, Mr. Elliot crossed the Pruth, renowned for the great heroic incident in the life of Catherine I. of Russia, and, after experiencing some vexatious interruptions from the local officials, and performing superfluous quarantine, he passed into New Russia, proceeding by land to Odessa. The temptations of the Crimea were of course not to be resisted, and our traveller accordingly made an excursion into that region, the account of which is new and attractive. Having satisfied his curiosity in the land of the Tartars, he took his departure (by steam again) for Constantinople, and from thence went to Smyrna. Here he fixed his head quarters while he made several excursions to the Apocalyptic churches; sailed along the western and southern shores of Asia Minor, and the islands of the Archipelago; and finally closed his tour by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The whole of this varied route is replete with objects of deep and permanent interest; and those passages which refer to Hungary and the Danube, although not the most novel, are amongst the most agreeable and instructive. Travelling at the easy pace of an invalid, and lingering here and there as caprice or chance happened to suggest, Mr. Elliot's inquiries were directed to almost all classes of subjects that fell in his way; and he has consequently amassed a considerable fund of information, relieved by the fruits of incidental reading, and brief snatches of description thrown off without much effect, but with the genuine taste and *gusto* of a scholar. Mr. Elliot's political creed, as it is revealed in glimpses throughout his pages, appears to incline towards things "established," in preference to things in "movement;" he sympathises with the existing state of society, generally, and is slow to admit those changes which the rapid advance of intelligence and popular education appear to demand, and to render, one day or another, inevitable. Yet such is the effect of injustice upon the mind of a man of candour, accustomed to think honestly and dispassionately, where local prejudices or antiquated

theories do not supervene to cloud his judgment, that in passing through Hungary, and amongst the serfs of Russia, he bears unconscious testimony to the demoralising and destructive influences of that species of misgovernment which places irresponsible power, and unlimited authority, in the hands of the sovereign—to the total suppression of public opinion. Thus we sometimes get at great elementary principles of human right through those accidents that cast men into new positions, from whence they obtain new views of national wrongs. The Englishman who struggles at home, and believes, too, that he is struggling on the right side, against the clamour for such ameliorations as the altered condition of the population requires, no sooner finds himself in the dependencies of Austria, or the oppressed provinces of Muscovy, than he discovers at once the heinousness of tyranny, and the social importance of freedom. He undergoes a sort of moral transformation. There, no ancient dogmas of prescriptive custom, no phantoms of constitutional forms, no hereditary modes of thinking, no bonds of party, no sectarian obstructions, interfere with the clear use of his reason, and the deliberate formation of just opinions. He sees things through an atmosphere where no vapours of passion, or interest, or prepossessions of any kind are distilled; and he arrives at truth in nearly the same simple and philosophical spirit with which posterity pronounces its judgments on the actions of men and the policy of nations, long after the immediate influences that governed them have passed away into oblivion. It is for this reason that we set a high value upon Mr. Elliot's *Sketches* in the Austrian, Russian, and Turkish dominions. He describes first impressions vividly, and with an off-hand sincerity that retains all the freshness of momentary surprise and indignation. And we may here remark, that, whatever may be the habitual bias of the traveller in reference to the domestic institutions of his own country, his first impressions abroad, almost invariably, exhibit a sudden energy of resistance to oppression, and a strong sentiment of sympathy for the oppressed. It is the natural man invoked by circumstances in which he is not personally or socially concerned:—an appeal to his honour and humanity, apart from his educational prejudices and vested interests. Give him time to reflect, and to turn the consequences in his mind, and no doubt he will become as confirmed a Tory—or supporter of arbitrary power—in Poland, as he was in England. But on the first blush he is taken by surprise at the sight of a delusive representation of the people—such as exists in Hungary, where the aristocracy returns all the members of a fictitious popular chamber; or at the humiliating sight of a nation of slaves—such as he sees in Wallachia and Moldavia, crushed to the dust by the iron rule of the Czar; or Syria, impoverished to supply the coffers of an illegitimate despot; or Egypt, decimated of its manly population to appease the demands of his military fury. These striking features of the scenes he visited are affectingly touched upon by Mr. Elliot; and the admonitions of misrule, which his volumes convey, acquire additional weight from the unpremeditated earnestness of spirit in which they are delivered.

The descriptions of the steppes of Russia have all that pictorial grandeur of desolation which the combination of a disastrous climate, with physical barrenness and human misery, only can suggest. Perhaps the whole surface of the globe presents no wastes so bleak, so horrible, so repulsive. The life that breathes over them is scarcely animated by the ordinary hopes of man—it is little better than a higher sort of vegetation forcing itself into maturity against the operations of contending and antagonist elements. But it is in the East that the principal charm of Mr. Elliot's travelling experiences will be found. His visit to the Holy Land is richly illustrated throughout with

historical matter, bearing directly upon the several localities; all the associations of temple, hill, and town are at once brought before the reader; and the ruins of Syria and Palestine are not merely delineated as they are now to be seen, desecrated by the feuds of rival Christians, or stained with blood by the ferocious hands of infidels; but the events of which they were the scenes in the old times of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the apostles are recalled that the picture of the primal seat of Christianity may be rendered complete, with all the memorials of its early vicissitudes and its subsequent history. This portion of the work is the most important, and, in all respects, the most elaborate. It brings out the whole strength of the writer — his biblical researches, his eloquence, and his clerical character.

It may be objected to these chapters on Jerusalem, that the clerical character is spread too visibly over them; and that, exhibiting all the enthusiasm of the churchman, they lack the toleration of the humble Christian. The charge is, no doubt, true; but to this very excess, this zeal for the profession of the gospel, we are indebted for the valuable and curious details which Mr. Elliot introduces, and which are of the utmost value in concentrating the attention upon the subjects of which he treats. We are content to compound the objectionable pride of theology for the sake of such useful fruits as we find growing out of it, in this instance at least.

Mr. Raikes's visit to St. Petersburg, in the winter of 1829-30, may be dismissed briefly as a gossiping, lively, and entertaining surface-view of society in the Russian capital. The writer did not remain long enough to inform himself accurately or fully of the constitution of its society, nor does he appear, while he did stay, to have possessed the requisite opportunities. It is now nine years since the date of Mr. Raikes's brief residence on the Neva; and as nine years in the progress of an empire which is daily receiving new accessions of one sort or another, and undergoing a constant process of European modification, is a long period to look back upon, our traveller's reminiscences cannot be accounted of much practical value. Since that time, for example, the Russian nobility have made a gigantic advance in wealth and power. The principal families were then impoverished by a variety of circumstances; and St. Petersburg was one of the duller and most melancholy cities in Europe. Now it has its Italian opera and masqued balls; the inclemency of the climate is baffled by a thousand luxurious artificial contrivances; and the splendour with which the aristocracy maintain their rank is scarcely equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by that of the aristocracy of any other country. Mr. Raikes's anecdotes and scraps of historical facts are sufficiently amusing, although not always correct; and his sketches of the streets, and the cafés, and such other immediate objects as were worth noting down, exactly as they appeared to him, will be read with interest. But, in a political point of view, the reader will glean very little from the book, and even in that little he will occasionally be seriously misled. Mr. Raikes, in common with other writers who have not had leisure to investigate remote causes, thinks that the Russian people are generally well contented with their servitude, and, because they cannot be sold, like the Africans, apart from the domains to which they are attached, he even seems to recognise a vague sort of advantage in the system under which they live. Indeed, he goes so far as to assert that, for the most part, the Russian serf enjoys a greater share of actual comforts than the English peasant. In all this, whatever amount of coarse, animal satisfaction may be derived from the situation of the slave, it is impossible not to perceive the absence of that refining sentiment, that intangible spirit of intellectual pride, which can;

alone elevate men in the social scale. It may be true — although we do not believe it to be true — that the Russian serf enjoys more comforts than the English peasant: there is, perhaps, no doubt that he is better off than the Swiss mountaineer. Yet who would dream of instituting a comparison between them? The English peasant, with the privilege of asserting his manhood, of vindicating his patrimonial rights, and of reaping, to the full, all the benefits that may accrue from his industry and his self-respect, is immeasurably superior to the wretched being that toils in the mines, or digs the earth of the Russian land-owner; and the poor peasant of the mountain vallies of Switzerland, rocked in his châlet by breezes that are not more free than himself, and reminded at every turn, as he bounds from rock to rock, of those brave progenitors of his race who conferred immortal glory on his country, is a demi-god compared to the debased, ignorant, and brutal serf of Russia. This cant of physical comforts would be unworthy of a passing commentary, were it not an insidious disguise for the defence of arbitrary rule. It is the cry of “keep down the masses!” in a new shape. But the device is too shallow and transparent to deceive: and we trust that, however we may differ amongst ourselves as to the extension of civil rights, Englishmen will always, as a nation, resist this cup of comfort that is offered with the one hand, while the chains and branding-irons of slavery are held in the other. Mr. Raikes chides the administration for the inertness of their policy in reference to Russia; and this point — into which, however, he does not enter very profoundly — is the redeeming argument of his book; for it is not to be denied that we have suffered Russia to acquire a preponderance, and to make armed preparations that are dangerous to the peace of Europe, and to our own naval ascendancy. But while Mr. Raikes is so prompt in the detection of the errors of the government at home, he discovers the most agreeable themes for admiration in the government of Russia, and in the character of the Emperor Nicholas. He is quite in love with the whole imperial stock. Even the frantic Paul comes in for a share of his panegyric, and in the sketchy account he gives of the assassination of that infatuated tyrant, he takes especial care to assert that neither of his sons had hand, act, or part in the proceedings, although it is matter of record that they awaited, in another apartment, the issue of the eventful scene in the chamber of the Czar, where the conspirators, flushed with wine, and heated by a spirit of demoniacal revenge, forced their way, at the dead of night, into the presence of the sovereign to whom every one of them were indebted for the offices and honours they enjoyed, staying on their passage the faithful soldier who attempted to stay their progress. Can Mr. Raikes, or any gentleman who has arrived at the years of discretion, really believe that Alexander was guiltless? What could the prince anticipate from such an outburst of violence? Did his serene mind suppose that a knot of wild, daring, and discontented men who had, with his own knowledge and acquiescence, been plotting the dethronement of his father for several weeks before, would thus break into his chamber at midnight, and rouse him from his sleep, for the kind purpose of remonstrating with him on his inconsistencies? If the prince desired to ensure the personal safety of the Emperor, would he have agreed to the selection of the means, the hour, and the mode by which it was proposed to bring about the abdication? Could he, in short, while he waited in the room below, expect any other issue — knowing the sanguinary materials of which the conspiracy was composed, and the terrible provocations that instigated it — than that which followed? But Mr. Raikes violates the sacred line of kings too deeply to entertain such a suspicion of their purity. The censure of writers thus tinged with prejudices of an

immedicable nature may be received with ineffable complacency by Lord Palmerston.

Mr. James has added two volumes to his *Life and Times of Louis XIV.*, which completes a work that will be very acceptable to the mere English reader, to whom the materials from which it is drawn are inaccessible. The age of Louis XIV. has been exhausted in histories, biographies, romances, and dramas. It would be scarcely possible to discover a new fact, or even to place known facts in a new light. But the work which Mr. James has planned and executed is new to English literature. It is the most complete account we possess, in one continuous narrative, of the policy of the French court at that period, of the achievements of its generals, the machinery of its counsels, the character of its ministers, the intrigues and *tracasseries* of its wits and beauties, and the whole life of a monarch who held a long lease of power throughout an era that exercised extraordinary influence upon the destinies of Europe. These volumes, entirely free from the brilliant sophistry of the French memoirs, are written with considerable power, and a vigorous grasp of the entire subject. The sketches of the prominent individuals who occupy conspicuous places, by the force of their genius or their vices, are striking and effective; and the general tenour of the history is instructive. It is less a work of commentary than of information: it exhibits clearly the progress of events, philosophising very sparingly upon their causes or their consequences. In this sense, it is emphatically a popular production; nor do we think that Mr. James would have improved its utility in the estimation of the general class of readers—to whom the philosophy of history is “caviare”—by penetrating more deeply into the spirit of the age. He has successfully embodied the fleeting traits and external characteristics of a reign remarkable alike for its glories and its licentiousness; and the result is a publication which will be likely to be read where more profound chapters of political record would never be opened.

Coming within the description of legitimate Fiction, the last month has produced but one novel. If any other work of this class has issued from the press, Captain Glascock's lively and versatile tale of *Land Sharks and Sea-Gulls*, is the only one that has found its way before the regular tribunals of criticism. Captain Glascock's former tales were brief, rough, and vigorous sketches of naval experience, true to the peculiarities of professional life, and pregnant with “blue-water” humour. In this novel he has not only enlarged his canvass to admit of a story reaching the standard height of three volumes, but has adventured into the least refined section of the middle classes in London for a story afloat, replete with broad and ludicrous incidents, occasionally relieved with passages of a melancholy and pathetic cast. Nearly one-half of the plot lies on land amongst the sharks, and the remainder at sea, where the gulls have it all their own way. If we were to test this work by any received principles of criticism, its construction must be pronounced defective and inartistical. The interest is shifted, scene after scene, from one set of persons to another; and we are no sooner engaged in the fortunes of the heroine of a love match, than we are carried into a London boarding-house, and required to study the eccentricities of the odd group we find gathered there—the opulent widow of a sugar-baker, an Irish spinster of a certain age, full of humorous coquetry and vulgar airs, and sundry other originals, such as one rarely meets, but who are here painted to the life in colours as lasting, and with as much sterling truth, as if they had come from the hand of an English Ostade:—then *hey, presto!* we have the bride

changed into a widow, and marrying again to the discomfiture of our romantic vision of delicate distresses: and now the whole interest begins to turn, not upon the persons who at first engrossed our sympathies, but upon the widow's son who gets a midshipman's commission, serves in the channel fleet, cruises about, takes a prize, is himself captured and put into prison during the war time at Valenciennes, where he falls in with an old gentleman, who, by that marvellous necromancy known only on the stage or in the pages of romance, proves to be his own father, who it appears was not dead, but only in exile to escape a political prosecution. Fortunately his mother's second husband has died in the interim, and father and son, making their escape from France, are happily restored to the disconsolate lady. It will be perceived that the structure of this story is singularly irregular: instead of being conducted through the mazes of a regular plot, we are thrown off from one point to another at the will of the writer, who sports with his materials after the fashion of Harlequin, waiving his wand at the height of the interest, and making the scene before us crumble away, or take any new form he pleases. This mode of carrying forward a novel would be fatal to its success, if it depended merely upon its dramatic integrity. But in *Land Sharks and Sea Gulls* the author relies solely upon the spirit with which the various scenes are depicted, the vividness and force of the dialogue, and the breadth of the pervading humour. It is a series of separate effects, and they are so cleverly managed that we feel no diminution of enjoyment to the end. The characters are discriminated with tact, and a perpetual under current of satire throwing up the social characteristics into strong relief, gives it an incessant tone of liveliness and piquancy. Some of the home scenes are as close to life as any similar pictures with which we are acquainted, and the doings on board the *Nonsuch* — the mincing admiral, the *brusque* lieutenant, the Scotch surgeon, and the sailors, individually and collectively — are described in a rich vein of the ridiculous. The novel is highly creditable to that small but entertaining fraction of our literature which falls under the denomination of Naval Fiction.

The author of *Letters from Palmyra* has continued that grand episode in the life of Zenobia into a second romance, entitled the *Last Days of Zenobia*. This work, like the former, has been reprinted in London from the American edition. Continuations of this kind are rarely successful. The interest is generally expended in the first instance; and, (especially in a story of this description) the costume, habits, and historical accessories are usually exhausted before the author comes to the second part or sequel of his cumbrous narrative. The qualities that were excellent in the letters from Palmyra are here presented to us faded and cold; the story droops after the catastrophe of Zenobia's empire; and all the efforts of the writer cannot infuse a new charm into the expiring hours of the Roman tyrant. The materials of which these volumes are composed are in themselves less striking than those he had to work upon in the former series; but were they even more fascinating and attractive, he would have found it impossible to fix the attention of the reading public upon so protracted a narrative.

A small collection of English stories, entitled *Historical Tales of the Southern Counties*, may be considered as a brief addition to the Romance of English History. A few episodes of the early times — the times of the Sea Kings, of Sir Walter Tyrrell, and Duke Robert — are turned by the author into little narratives, simple in structure, and not destitute of skill in the treatment. The atmosphere of the age is well preserved, and indi-

vidual character, somewhat highly coloured, is sufficiently close to truth for the slight purposes of such fugitive pieces.

Amongst the most important practical works that have been recently issued, we must distinguish the Architectural Dictionary by Mr. Britton, and Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, now publishing in parts. The former work is the most complete we possess upon the subject, and will be found to contain a treasury of information for students; and the latter may be commended, to judge from the specimen we have seen, for the fulness and variety of useful matter it brings before the reader in a short space, and in a very convenient and accessible form.

The department of Zoology—already enriched by the labours of Yarrell, Bell, Dr. George Johnston, and others,—has received an important accession in a work now publishing in parts by Professor Jones of King's College, called *A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom*. The main object of this work is to trace the comparative anatomy of the animal creation with more minuteness than it has hitherto been done. The author adopts the general classification of Cuvier as his basis, but he subdivides some of his classes—that of the Zoöphytes, or Radiated Animals, for example—into minor groups, each distinguished by some peculiar differences in their exquisite nervous systems. The organisation of sponges and polyps, down to the sea-flowers that, by a wonderful provision of nature, live upon muscles and crabs, forming the last link between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, occupies the first part of this interesting publication, which is illustrated by diagrams of remarkable accuracy and beauty.

A series of industrial guide books to the various handicrafts and domestic services that are followed in this country is in course of issue; and, as far as it has yet proceeded, promises to be useful to the classes to whom it is addressed. We entertain some doubt, however, whether household servants are likely to reap much advantage from the theory of moral conduct, and the outlines of their vocation, laid down by the writers; and are rather disposed to suspect that this kind of reading is a little out of their way. The Handbooks for trades, however, are not liable to a similar objection.

THE THEATRES.

DURING the recess of the Winter Houses, now just over, the play-goer has been thrown upon the Haymarket and the Lyceum, for the only dramatic entertainments afforded by this great metropolis — unless we allow the tigers and lions of Astley's to come within the description of legitimate stage amusements. Until the "Athenian Captive" was produced at the former house, and the Devil's Opera (the Devil in good earnest amongst the fiddlers) at the latter, the attractions at both were of a very indifferent order. The "Athenian Captive" departed with Mr. Macready, but the Opera still subsists upon the musical-curiosity of the multitude. The subsequent varieties are hardly distinguishable from the mass of "novelties," which, in the inter-season of the summer, follow each so quickly as to suggest a broad hint of the marvellous ease with which they are written, rehearsed, and acted.

Mr. Buckstone's "original" petite comedy of "A Lesson for Ladies" is a farce, crowded with *equivoque*, and extended into three acts. The tone, subject, and treatment of this piece is so essentially French, and, in its generic characteristics, so palpably unlike anything Mr. Buckstone has hitherto produced, that we are compelled, reluctantly, to question the validity of its title to originality. This custom of retailing trifles from Paris without acknowledgment, and palming them off as English productions, is equally derogatory to our stage and injurious to the interests of the native dramatist. The most effectual mode of putting an end to it would be to rate such productions at a lower scale of remuneration, which would amply reward the comparatively slight labour of the adapter, and at the same time draw a broad line of distinction between him and the inventor of a new work. We must not be understood to apply these remarks pertinaciously to Mr. Buckstone's petite comedy, since we suspect merely from internal evidence that it is derived from a French source; but whether it be or not, the hint is scarcely unseasonable, since within the last fortnight a farce called "Tom Noddy's Secret" — professing to be written by Mr. Haynes Bayly, but indebted to that gentleman only for some of its farcical situations, while its main plot is French — has been acted at the same theatre. These lively bagatelles are always acceptable in our theatres: they supply that sort of relief which comes in agreeably after a heavy play for those who like to linger, and laugh out the end of the night; but it is only fair that the audience should be permitted to know to whom they are obliged for such inexhaustible springs of mirth and good humour.

"A Lesson for Ladies" belongs to that class of comedy in which the interest relies entirely upon the perplexity of the action, where a constant confusion involves all the characters in a labyrinth of mistakes, producing a succession of ludicrous misapprehensions that grow thicker and thicker, until a light is let in upon the last scene, which reveals the true position of everybody concerned, and suddenly winds up the plot by the accomplishment of a catastrophe that seemed all throughout to be rendered more and more remote. The most ingenious specimen we possess of this kind of comedy — which may be said to have been invented by the Italians — was produced by Murphy, and the most humorous and coarse by the younger Coleman. It requires considerable vivacity on the part of the actors to bring out all its effects — a blaze of animal spirits that must kindle up the spectators as well as the performers.

Mr. Buckstone's piece is not altogether a very felicitous instance of the *imbroglìo*; it is improbable in design, and too light and feathery in texture to leave a permanent impression behind; but it is sufficiently amusing to tickle the spectator into a critical mood, and to take his sense of the ridiculous by surprise. The humor turns upon the embarrassment of a lover, who, to gratify the caprice of his mistress, affects to make love to her step-mother. He carries the joke so far as to appear in earnest: then follows the jealousy of the younger lady, and some irresistible drolleries arising from the mistakes of a letter-carrier, who, entrusted with a note from one lady, gives it to another, and then delivers a substituted note to the wrong gentleman; and so the blunders go on until at last an explanation sets all to rights, and the lovers are reconciled. Mrs. Glover's performance of the elderly lady, who retains so much of the bloom of youth as to receive the addresses of a gallant, and coquet with the airs of nineteen, was as perfect as the slight and not very natural materials she had to deal with would permit. This admirable actress infuses so much truth, such unpremeditated gaiety, and such wooable life into whatever she undertakes, that even the poorest sketch in her hands assumes the interest of a finished portrait. She fills up the deficiencies of the author by her own artistical skill, and brings out a living character from the faint lines of a hasty study. This power was strikingly developed in Mr. Buckstone's comedy, where the author had supplied nothing but rapid and sparkling dialogue, casting wholly upon the actress the onus of creating an individual impersonation. The country boy, who is the accidental cause of all the mistakes, was played with peculiar whimsicality by the author; but, with these exceptions, the representation of the piece never rose above the average level of an ordinary farce. Mr. Walter Lacy, a new actor, whose ambition is directed to the neglected class of volatile lovers in genteel comedy, is what the newspapers call a "personable man," somewhat heavy for the parts he undertakes, with a sonorous voice that has a constant tendency to sink into the pathetic — lacking that resilience of spirit which marks the heyday of the blood, the very essence of our comedy gentlemen.

At the Lyceum, Mr. Leman has treated the public to one of those sanguinary dramas which we were willing to believe the taste of the town had long since rejected from the stage. "Self-Accusation, or a Brother's Love," is conceived in the worst school of Dumas and Victor Hugo: replete with the naked horrors of a revolting murder, committed in the sheer desperation of squalid poverty, and appealing by its repulsive reality to the lowest sympathies of the audience. It is a very slight palliation of such an offensive plot to say that it is effectively contrived, and that the acting of Mr. M'Ian — whose famished looks convey a terrible picture of the extremity of physical suffering — was appalling in its truth. The finest portraiture of such agonies can have no other effect than that of rendering them more keen and painful; and the utmost ingenuity of the play-wright can do no more than darken the shadows of the scene, so as to throw out into bolder relief the ghastly figures that occupy the foreground.

A word, before we close our notice of the Minors, upon Mr. Van Amburgh's Zoological Exhibition at the Amphitheatre. The fact that a man has succeeded in so effectually subduing the natural ferocity of lions and tigers as to be enabled to enter a cage with them, to beat them with impunity, to play with them harmlessly, and to place before them the temptation of a young lamb which they dare not touch in his presence, affords unquestionably a very curious proof of what may be done by careful training and the subjugation of the animal appetites. We have had other

instances of the control that may be effected over the common instincts of wild creatures, but certainly none so extraordinary as this. A crowded theatre, however, is not the place for the exhibition of sights of this kind. Suppose that by any sudden terror or provocation, — the smart produced by a blow, an accession of hunger, the acclamations of the unthinking spectators, or any other accidental circumstance which neither Mr. Van Amburgh nor any body else can foresee, and which even his charming power could not check, — any of these animals were to break loose from the cage, — the doors of which are apparently slight and high, opening, we believe, inwards, — what protection is provided against the consequences that must inevitably ensue? The infuriated tiger would make short work of the pit; and as we know that at every movement the agitation and tumultuous retreat of the audience would only madden him the more, the issue of such a fearful possibility might be fatal to the lives of many persons who regarded the whole affair a moment before with the same idle curiosity that they would gaze upon a pantomime. Even the very fears such an accident would inspire must in itself produce disastrous consequences. It is a scene full of strange suggestions to the naturalist; but we confess we should like to see it removed to some more appropriate place of exhibition.

THE DRURY LANE OPERAS.

Proposed Visit of Spontini, and the Berlin Company, to London.

THE English stage, considered with reference to its music, has just reached the crisis to which a long course of injudicious management has been gradually conducting it. Drury Lane has absolutely nothing left to go on with; and her principal musical support has so compromised his reputation by repeated and disastrous failures, that the promise of a new opera from the same pen would now raise expectation of nothing more than a fresh dull certificate of utter inanity — of which we have already sat out, during many hours, but too many weary proofs. But, as the magnitude of the evil brings us the nearer to its reformation, we console ourselves, that though, for want of more timely judicious measures in the management of English opera, our countrymen have suffered in character, and our managers in purse, reform must come, and is now likely to come in a very effective shape. We allude to the project announced in the papers for transporting the classical opera of Berlin to London, with Spontini at its head. The highest style of dramatic music is notoriously unattainable in London; and intercourse with such a novelty (badly as we think of Drury Lane audiences) cannot but be attended with good results. Expression in music being “a true thing,” the pathos, the nobility of soul and refined sentiment, of the classical German muse, brought out by the careful study of the first artists, cannot be lost upon a public whose craving appetite for novelty, the infallible symptom of a musical disposition, has hitherto received only the most unsatisfactory and unwholesome nourishment. In the early days of the art, the English had their turn as the first musicians of Europe; but the revolutions of years have dethroned us. With the progress of instrumental music Germany exalted her head. Many circumstances have conspired to

favour the study of music in that country; and it is to be wished that the spirit of nationality may not stand in the way of our improvement, by the unquestioned superiority of the Germans.

The history of our own English opera, from the forgotten days of Lampe and Harry Carey, is sufficiently curious. With an orchestra ludicrously impotent, we had still composers who made *tunes*, and good ones. We record this fact, because the present is an age of effects, and not of melodies: so much so, indeed, that some imagine melody to be, of all the gifts of God, the most peculiarly denied to the English. Certain it is that, in our hot pursuit of German orchestral science, with all its racket of brass and string (now the nuisance of the school that invented it, and the most perverted of powerful means), we have lost sight of the "linked sweetness" of the air. Our most popular tunes pass awhile for good, on the strength of a pretty cadence, or an accompaniment for the *cornet à piston*, yet when we see the fervour and constancy with which our populace still cling to "Jim Crow," which is, of its kind, an excellent and characteristic tune, we may easily note the difference of operation between the true and the false.

It is not necessary to revert to a period of more than thirty years back, while yet our stage — for we can scarcely call it our dramatic — music was still in the hands of the Shields, Linleys, Dibbins, &c., to discover our native theatre rich in the possession of genuine unaffected melodies. How sober the entertainment, how placid the enjoyment, of opera at that time! Then it took its turn between tragedy and comedy; and, though free from the excitement of either, not unattended by the pleasure which results from good acting, or writing, when Banister played, or Sheridan wrote. Then audiences came for pretty tunes, which Incledon, in manly prime, or Braham, a real youth, warbled. Then Billington astonished, and Bland captivated by her artless sweetness. The notes of these singers satisfied a bygone generation of amateurs who felt no want of orchestral effects, no anxiety concerning the *mise en scene*, no curiosity concerning the properties, dresses, &c. With some unadorned domestic scene before them, — a cottage door — a father and daughter — or a girl and her lover, — not decked out in fine Alpine vests, or Spanish cloaks and ostrich feathers — but thoroughly English and every-day, — they would sit listening to a duet in amiable thirds and sixths in the most placid content. Then the composer had something to do: before elaborate displays of harmony, choruses and concerted pieces, had come into fashion, or before the revelations of the scene-shifter could appear in aid of his sinking muse, he was indeed "alone in his glory."

As native strength in the opera declined, we were tempted to call in to our aid the resources of foreign nations; an experiment fatal to our originality. All that we possessed of style, sensibility, and native vigour, as countrymen of Shakspeare and Purcell, was scattered to the winds when once we permitted a horde of foreigners to take possession of our stage, and contented ourselves with the dangerous facility of adaptation. It was a dramatic crisis in which the English muse, after floundering in many vain attempts at composition, seemed to have sunk never to rise, that first brought "Der Freischütz" upon our boards. In that opera our audiences first began to be sensible of orchestral effects, and to take an interest in hearing a band perform brilliant and expressive music with a good execution; not, indeed, but that the vulgar horrors and the popular *jäger* choruses in the second part, had their share in the favour shown to Weber; but by degrees this opera formed itself into the model of operas. The form, however, has been found more easily imitable than the genius. A fine orchestra, an (if

possible) interesting story, picturesque scenery, incidental dances, bravura songs, spirited choruses, and concerted music, with what the machinist and dress-maker can throw in over and above, have become the staple commodity of our opera. The gentle pleasure of former times is gone; fierce excitement, or what is designed to pass for such, is the order of the day, and music has become associated with a ruinous expenditure. In spectacle, our opera has vied with the costliest masques and pageantry of the lavish age of the Stuarts: the stage has been crowded by hundreds, richly and variously clothed; we have had bipeds and quadrupeds, wild beasts, and all sorts of sights, from Cinderella's pony-carriage to Ducrow's stud.

The consequence of all this has been a certain *formula* in opera, which the public, having endured with a long stupid patience, being at length arrived at the end of every "God bless me!" no one emotion of surprise left, discover to have been long since intolerable, and in its pretence to novelty mere imposture. In spite of the crowded house, the brilliant music, the glare and glitter, and the huzzaing, yawns — those truth-telling exponents of the inward feelings — yawns, wide and cavernous, break forth, teaching, in a philosophy of their own, that a mere combination of manager, musician, machinist, dress-maker, and dramatist, is insufficient to satisfy the human spirit in an opera. To accomplish this there must be more than mechanism — there must be inspiration.

Without affecting to lament the decay of such a school of opera as "The Woodman," "The Castle of Andalusia," &c., belong to, which, to our present musical tastes, educated by the Germans, would be insipid as the diet of a child to a grown man, it is still a subject of regret to find that not only has our progress in music involved us in expensive shows, as a necessary part of it, but that our dramatic composition has lost all those qualities which, in Shield, Linley, &c., showed genius in the artless touches of their natural and simple melody. While arrangements from French and German works of tried success supplied our stage, we went on tolerably. But the outcry of "native talent" was raised. Balfe and Barnett were thrust forward to represent it; the manager listened and patronised; and the two gentlemen signalled themselves as natives, by the most direct and palpable imitation of every thing foreign that has yet appeared under the name of English opera. The Spohr-isms of Barnett, and the Weber-isms and Ricci-isms of Balfe, are the most notorious of musical facts. Of this method of giving a characteristic *English* turn to our opera we have witnessed the beautiful results. By a fatality, the manager selects two musicians, the one foreign by habit, the other by inclination, to support our national reputation; but looks askew, with gloomy horrors, upon a third, who, daring to think for himself, and fly in the face of prejudices and formulas, offers an opera whose plot, laid in the most familiar scenes of London life, is embellished with wit and playful satire; whose situations are truly English and truly comic; whose music has all the strength, without the coarseness and vulgarity, of native art; and all this from the absurd fear that what is so different from the received notions of style can contain nothing excellent. Such is the fate of true originality.

We do not wish to institute a too particular inquiry as to the individual who has most contributed to bring the operatic stage of Drury Lane into its present woful plight. A truce we are likely to have, for the present, to all that vast pretension, noise, and restless running to extremes of Italian levity, or of German harmonic crudity, which has rendered English music the most utterly superficial thing that the world of art ever agreed to miscall an invention. So absolutely without core is it, that we should dread to

prosecute any anatomical research into the moral or physical constitution of its authors, lest we should find them *heartless*; something, maugre their reputation, less than men.

The method of applying the power of steam to the production of works of imagination has not yet been discovered, but some approach to this grand desideratum may be conceived from the concoction of operas *to order*, so frequent of late, written in a given style, and against a given time, without any impulse on the part of the composer beyond the managerial fiat. Easter is approaching; and the manager wants a piece, that shall be supported by all Astley's horses, therefore historical; and by the orchestra, therefore operatical: both together combine a necessity for an historical opera. The manager jogs Mr. B. by the elbow, "My dear sir, is your mood at present romantic, pathetic, domestic, tender, furious, or what not? But, without answering me as to your mood, my desire is intense, that you produce me an historical opera for Easter. You know the *cut* of these things." Down plumps Mr. B. His memory is active, and combines with his knowledge of the *convenances* of the theatre, to make his pen move; therefore, without racking his brain for new melodies, or even brushing up his thorough bass out of Burrowes, he in a short time completes the new job for Drury Lane, and adds some more to that pretty dotted paper, which the house of Cramer and Co. periodically disperse through the country, so much to the benefit of national taste, as the last "new grand original opera."

If serious proof were wanted of what we have here expressed, perhaps, with some levity, it could be found in the fate of the operas that have been produced at Drury Lane under the auspices of Mr. Bunn. Into what deeper pit of absolute oblivion and perdition it is possible for composition to sink, passes our understanding to conceive. Yet these things, trifling and evanescent as they are, have made as much money as the most successful conceptions of the London mantuamakers and tailors in spring. They have thus fulfilled their destiny; and the exactest parallel holds between the artist who sets the spring fashions and the one who sets the spring tunes. As far as honour and position are concerned, they are equal; but immortality is, by some weeks, decidedly on the side of the tailor.

Wretchedly as our native composers have acquitted themselves at Drury Lane, the orchestra of that house has earned quite a contrary opinion. It is, indeed, painful to us to see artists of such merit as may be there discovered, presenting faces entirely unknown out of the sphere in which they are so useful; evidently, too, deeply interested in the stability of the establishment. If obscurity of any kind is to attend such talent, it should be the easy, contented, well-paid obscurity of the German orchestra-player. A grand orchestra is, perhaps, the part of a musical establishment in which it will least bear to be shorn of its trappings. Modern usages have accustomed the ear to powerful effects; and the splendour with which we have been long familiar must be supported. But, to get together an *improving* opera, it is absolutely necessary that the musicians should be set at their ease with respect to their salaries. There should be no fears regarding the solvency of the treasury, to distract the attention from that ideal perfection which it is the constant endeavour of the true artist to attain.

On the other hand, a good opera requires not less the abandonment of that noisy and dishonest system by which managers create a fictitious popularity—the system of *claqueurs*. How this is to be entirely remedied, in a city where there are so many partisans of rising singers and actresses, we know not; but that it contributes greatly to vulgarise the taste in a musical theatre, is certain. "Fidelio" lost much on the English stage by false and ex-

aggrated raptures. It is on this account that we feel anxious concerning the transplantation of the Berlin opera to the Drury Lane stage. Well we know how the deity of fine music is worshipped in complete silence by the Berlinese; and, performing opera as they perform it, we tremble for the misbehaviour of our countrymen. The Italian theatre would have been the fitter *locale*.

It is no part of the exaggeration of the traveller to affirm, that whoever has not heard an opera of Gluck performed by the Berlin opera company, has not heard dramatic *music*; so perfectly fine is the art of playing together, and more particularly the art of accompanying recitative, exhibited by that establishment. The minutest inflection of tone, the most delicate gradation of *forte* or *piano*, is observed by every *ripieno* instrument with an exactitude and unanimity of feeling, that would scarcely be believed by one not conversant with the finer shades of musical language. This perfect art of the German orchestra will not be without its good effect of example in more respects than one; nor do we fear that, in the present position of our stage, it can fail to be appreciated by general hearers. To quit our own manufactures, for the golden age of Gluck and Mozart, when composers were far, far in advance of managers, instead of being their humble servants, may once again make the atmosphere of Drury Lane tolerable. May the example but last!

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

NOTES ON THE MONTH.—We now broach, for auld lang syne, a few October facts — note. on the month—mellow with long keeping. On the first of October, B. C. 44, all Rome had the sullens, according to Cicero, because Cæsar chose to triumph over Pompey. On the second of the month, all pheasants are cock-birds, if your Manton be right and your marksman honest. On the third, Rapiu, the historian, got a knock on the head before the walls of Limerick : the accident happened in 1691, when the city surrendered to William III. Alexander Selkirk began his journal in Juan Fernandez on the fourth day of October in 1704, a solitary entry. It was on the fifth of October, 1817, that the great American sea-serpent sent his first message to Congress, from the sound near New York. On the sixth of this month, but in *an unknown year*, were massacred in one day eleven thousand virgins. The blessing of St. Bride be with them ! The seventh of October, in the year *one*, was, according to Eusebius and other learned authorities, the first sabbath. We have no means at hand of disproving the assertion. The eighth was famous for Mahomet's entry into Medina, in 622, mounted on a she camel, and carrying an umbrella. On this day the monsoon tacks about, and blows a sou'wester. On the ninth of October, 1646, the English parliament abolished the order of Bishops. We wish that our Bishops would on this day abolish their aprons. The oldest of the English Barons dates from the tenth of October, 1387. Up to that date, a baron was *a man* : ever since he has been a *lord*. The distinction is sometimes self-evident. Woodcocks make their *début* with other long bills on Old Michaelmas Day. On this, eleventh of October, in 1296, wheat was 3s. 6d. a quarter, and wool 2s. a pound. On the twelfth, in 1492, Columbus, in ecstasy, uttered the words "St. Salvador," as he struck into the soil of the first seen land of the west the standard of his adopted country. This was a fatal day to Popes Calixtus, Onorius, and one of the Bonifaces died on the twelfth ; so that on this day death wears the triple crown tripled. On the thirteenth, in 1164, began the trial of a Becket at Northampton, which closed in his canonisation ; and on the same day, in 1815, Napoleon landed on St. Helena, which his bones are about to leave, to an end not very dissimilar. On Sunday, the fourteenth of October, 1066, was fought the battle of Hastings, and England knew its first earl. Charles Lamb was wont on this day to drain a tankard "to the immortal memory of Harold." Virgil was born on the fifteenth, at Andes, B. C. 70. He was considered a respectable horse doctor before he turned poet, and could guess the father of a hound, or an emperor, from certain infallible characters, as Augustus and his stable-boys very well knew. On that day, in 1793, Marie Antoinette died on the guillotine. On the sixteenth of October, 1326, the citizens of London took possession of the Tower, and liberated all the prisoners. To prevent the recurrence of such an accident, the Duke of Wellington has fixed a charge of a shilling a head on all visitors : a rule which should have the effect of making the company at the Tower exceedingly exclusive. On the seventeenth, in 1834, the Duke of Northumberland writes from Charing Cross to his gardener at Syon, extending the indulgence of admission to the gardens there to the secretaries of horticultural societies *not within thirty miles of London*. On the same day, in 1346, his Grace's ancestor was warring by the side of Queen Philippa at the battle of Neville's Cross. John Hawkins, of Plymouth, sailed for Portsmouth on the eighteenth, 1564, with the first vessel regularly fitted out for the abominable slave trade. On the nineteenth look out for the new moon, and say, "Bless me, how the days draw in !" Abstain from food, and remember St. Peter of Alcantara. If you go to the play, remind every one near you that on the same night in 1741, Garrick made his first appearance as an actor. On the twentieth, in 1596, the crest or cognisance of the Shakespeares was declared, by the Herald's College a hawk proper ; and on the shield a steel-pointed spear. Nelson died on the twenty-first, 1805 : will his monument be decided on by this day in 1838 ? Cromwell's funeral took place on the twenty-second of October, 1658. Evelyn says that none but dogs cried at the stately burial of the great Oliver. It is recorded that, on the twenty-third, in 1667, Charles II. laid the foundation of the lately destroyed Royal Exchange ; and Archbishop Usher tells us that on this day, in the last year of Chaos, began the creation of the world. On the twenty-fourth, in the year 1513, murderers and felons were first denied their benefit of clergy, in a very gentle spirit of legislation. The twenty-fifth was a great day : on it Demosthenes died, B. C. 322, and with him Athenian eloquence. This is St. Crispin's Day, famous at Agincourt, and kept in Cobblers' Alley. In 1400 Geoffrey Chaucer died on this day ; and in 1809 all England rejoiced because George III. had reigned for half a century. On the twenty-sixth, in 1802, Don Miguel was born to Portugal ; and on the same day, in 1814, Hanover was made a kingdom for Ernest Augustus ; the fourth king, and the last of three brothers : a coincidence which superstitious history has noted as inauspicious. On the twenty-seventh, B. C. 42,

Brutus died a martyr to the religion of patriotism: on the same day, in 1553, Michael Servetus was burned as a martyr to the religion of Christ. The Patriot destroyed the patriot, Christians the Christian. On the twenty-eighth Alfred of England died, in the year 900. Eve, "our general mother," was this day created, according to Archbishop Usher. On the twenty-ninth, get into the turnip-fields and have a hunt after the hares, which are good for coursing too, till the end of February. This was Lord Mayor's Day till 1752; when November, anticipating Victoria's visit to the city, borrowed it of her unsuspecting sister, under pretence of a change of style. On this day, in 1618, Walter Raleigh was beheaded near the spot where Canning's statue now stands. Humphry, the good Duke of Gloucester, and the bad Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, met on London Bridge on the thirtieth of October, and the blue coats and the tawny coats of their followers would have fought out their old feud, but that the citizens cried "clubs," and beat both sides. Thirty-first, the eve of Allhallows. Keep Hallowe'en, as Burns has sung, or as M'Clise has painted it, unless you prefer it in the old style; in which case, keep Snap-apple Night on the eleventh of November, of which, in due time, we shall have something legendary, and, in all probability, fantastical, to say; for we are lovers of old customs, and the feelings allied to them.

EXTRA-JUDICIAL HINTS ON CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—A rather remarkable case of "felonious intent" came on for trial in the metropolis a few days ago; and it was met by some rather remarkable notions on the score of punishment. A "tender juvenile" of fourteen, who had been pelted and provoked by a troop of scape-graces of his own age, had threatened to return shots for their stones if they persevered in their attack upon him. They did; and he, as good, or as bad, as his word, went in doors, brought forth a loaded pistol, which his parents permitted him to number among his playthings, and discharged it among his persecutors, lodging certain small shot in the head of one of the boys. The jury, however, found the young pistolian guilty of a common assault only, and recommended him to the mercy of the Court. Hereupon a perplexity arose.

Mr. Justice VAUGHAN said the difficulty now was, that they did not know what to do with the prisoner; and he thought the *parents* of the boy, who, it appeared, were very respectable, were *much to blame* in allowing him to have pistols.

Mr. DOANE suggested that the ends of justice would, perhaps, be answered if the boy was well flogged by his parents.

Mr. Justice VAUGHAN. Yes; but how are we to know that he will be punished?

Mr. DOANE assured their lordships that his father would flog him.

Mr. Baron ALDERSON suggested that he should be flogged before sentence was pronounced.

Mr. Justice VAUGHAN thought so too.

And it was ultimately "agreed" that the prisoner should be kept in custody until flogged by his father; and he was "removed from the bar for that purpose."

It seems at first somewhat strange that, because the parents were much to blame in allowing the luxury of pistols to their son, the boy should be sentenced to undergo a parental flagellation. How shameful it is, says Mr. Justice Vaughan, that a father should encourage in his son a taste for loaded pistols! Very true, observes Mr. Doane; and suppose, in order to punish this father, and to mark your lordship's disapproval of his conduct, you were to order him to give his boy a sound flogging! This appears a little absurd and contradictory, but the contradiction and absurdity vanish, when we call to mind the extreme repugnance of all fatherly flesh to exercise its flagellatory faculties upon its own offspring. The principle of sparing the rod is as widely diffused as the principle of spoiling the child; and experience shows that that is all but universal. Nothing, therefore, could be more consonant with the "ends of justice," than the ingenious expedient suggested by Mr. Doane. To turn the father's rod against the son was, in reality, to flog both offenders. It was killing two birds (old and young) with one stone. The father's heart must have bled—his tenderness and indulgence were exemplified in permitting his boy to keep loaded pistols—as he laid on the lash! We have a vivid remembrance of an old schoolmaster, who was wont to call out between every three stripes under which his young victim writhed and roared, "Ay, you may bellow, but what are your sufferings to mine? Oh! it smarts, does it? but think of my pangs in being obliged to inflict all this misery!" And the next three stripes were heavier than all the others. Now, if mere pedagogues can feel thus, how must parents feel! What must have been the anguish of the parent of the pistolian, as he sent out for a second supply of rope, and heard his wife denounce him as a brute devoid of human feelings! Set a father to flog a son, and the mother will take care that he never has a happy moment after. Mr. Doane appears to have had a mysterious insight into the philosophy of fatherly flogging; and the learned judges evinced a wonderful sagacity in catching so eagerly at the proposal. Nor can we commend too much their zeal for justice in making sure of the desired flogging. They well knew that fathers are not fond of the sport; that they will shirk the duty of "flogging soundly" if they can; that, when compelled to pretend to resort to the rod, they only inflict a kind of imitation of a mockery of a flogging, upon what Mr. Hood calls the

Italian penmanship system, "the upstrokes heavy, and the downstrokes light." They were wisely dissatisfied, therefore, even with the counsel's promise to flog, and as wisely determined that the flogging should take place without reserve. "Flog him first," said their lordships, "and we can sentence him to punishment afterwards."

COURTSHIP, THE "LONG AND THE SHORT" OF IT. — The Examiner, a week or two ago, contained the record of a marriage as youthful as those that were celebrated in the olden time, when a lady would not unfrequently be a wife, mother, author of a Latin poem, and inhabitant of the family vault, all before she was fourteen. In the case referred to, the "united ages" of the bride and bridegroom, including the age of their first-born soon after birth, amounted but to thirty-one years. What a contrast with the announcement of the following week, which tells us that at Kentchurch, *after a courtship of thirty-five years*, Mr. Edward Llewellyn, of the Craig Farm, was married to Miss Ann Charles, of Kentchurch aforesaid! A courtship, observe — not a mere intimacy! A *bonâ fide* wooing, not a simple series of neighbourly civilities over cups of tea and games of cribbage!

During the whole of the above time, says the account, the assiduities of the lover were incessant to induce the fair one to grant his suit. Patience, perseverance, constant attention, joined with unremitting persuasive eloquence, at length forced from the lady the reluctant, though long wished for, "yes." The enraptured swain immediately flew to Hereford, procured a licence, and was united the following morning to the object of his long-trying affection. Were such courtships common, the Malthusian philosophy were a farce indeed. Matrimony would occupy so short a period of our mortal life, that to the majority it would appear to be not worth while to marry. By the time the newly united couple had fairly quitted the parson's presence, they would want him again, not for a christening, but a funeral. The overture would be carried out to such a length that there would be no time for the performance of the comedy, which would be the merest fragment of burlesque. But that such cases of delay, when they do occur, are balanced by cases of an exactly opposite tendency, is demonstrated by the very next paragraph to that which we have above quoted. It announces the union of Mr. Thomas Birch, of Nova Scotia, to Mrs. Aspden, late of Mellor.

"This is the third time he has plighted his vows at the altar, although his age does not exceed 27; and it is the fourth time his fair spouse has promised to love and obey. She is only 35."

In the one case, a lady is courted during thirty-five long years; in the other, a lady passes through her years of infancy, her period of education, her term of accomplishments, her miss-in-her-teenship, her days of hoydenism, arrives at years of discretion, undergoes four courtships, and as many marriages, is three times a widow, and enjoys the chance of being one once more, and all before she is thirty-five years old, the time to which the bare wooing in the other case extended. In this last instance, the parties whose vows are plighted are evidently pitted against each other. It may well be called a "match." Both have performed wonders in the way of surviving, and now they come together to show the world who is the conqueror! The odds, we must say, are in favour of the gentlemen. It is true, the lady has the larger number of conquests to boast of: she has outlived three partners, he only two; but, supposing each to have commenced the victorious matrimonial career at the same age (one and twenty), his two wives have been wooed, won, and worn out, in six years; while her three husbands have taken her fourteen years to see out. The excellence of the stamina evinced by the third triumph over the obstinacy of married man, says much for the lady of thirty-five; but the odds, notwithstanding, are on the side of the gentleman of seven and twenty. But they are admirably paired, and there is very little to choose. Both must do their best, and not throw away a chance. Each has deep mourning ready: let the victory be on which side it may, the mourning for the last occasion cannot have been worn out. We only hope that the contest may not end so fatally as to preclude the possibility of its being put on by either; that they will not share the fate of the lady made illustrious by Pope, —

"Who died of nothing but a rage to live."

GAIRVANCES OF A GREAT MAN. — Paris is never long without its great man, "over-topping all humanity;" and great men in Paris have a remarkable aptitude for getting themselves into trouble. The present prodigy of our neighbours is a Monsieur Bien, an unquestionably great man, standing seven feet two inches high in a state of bootlessness, with "shoulders magnificent, chest broad and full, and limbs finely proportioned." But the catalogue of his calamities is longer even than himself. With a host of advantages, says one account, "the poor Goliath is the most unfortunate phenomenon of France and Patagonia. Every day he comes into collision with our little tempers, tastes, and customs; like Micromegas, he is entangled and tormented by our microscopic humanity. He was obliged to ride from Brussels to Paris on the roof of a diligence, simply because he could not get inside. The office-keeper, indeed, had offered him two places

the *coupé* and the *rotonde*; but the traveller did not think proper to accept of either." On his arrival at Paris, his troubles, instead of ceasing, multiplied. "An official clerk, about four feet and a half high, declared that there must be at least three feet contraband measure belonging to him. In the city he fared still worse: a hackney coachman informed him that he could not carry him from the Barrière de la Vilette to his destination in the Rue de la Fossés du Temple in less than two journeys. He then went to hire an omnibus for himself only, and the driver consented to take him for double the usual charge. Arrived at the lodgings provided for him, he forgot to stoop on going into the great gate, and gave himself a tremendous thump on the forehead. He was obliged to bend his body to get up the staircase; and when he entered his room, he smashed his hat by driving it into the ceiling: the apartment is not more than six feet and a half high. The next day, wishing to replace his damaged hat, he went to all the hatters in Paris, but could not find one to fit him." Our French friends, however, are far from understanding, or even imagining, the full measure of his miseries. The fact is, that M. Bien is a melancholy example of the disadvantage of being gigantic overmuch. He is too tall for any thing—too wonderful to be exhibited. They would have had him here at Drury Lane, but his height is such that he could not be seen in that theatre, except from the upper gallery. People can only see him in Paris by mounting upon the roofs of the houses, or to the windows of the fourth story. He has been recommended to Mr. Yates, as an attraction that would "fill his house nightly;" and Yates, being satisfied, upon a measurement of the Adelphi, that he *would*, is obliged to decline the engagement. The proprietors of Vauxhall were anxious to secure him; but Mr. Green, jealous, probably, of a man whose calculations as to the difficulties of respiration at great altitudes preceded and surpassed his own, hinted that it would be unwise to expose the "Great Nassau" to the risk of coming in contact with him in its ascent. It is related that the cry of "Balloon! balloon!" was raised the other day when he only put up his umbrella. To escape this annoyance in the streets, he put the umbrella down, and got wet through a quarter of an hour before the rain reached any body else. At times, however, his head and shoulders escape the pelting of the pitiless storm, being perfectly dry while his lower extremities are exposed to the shower. It is of course impossible to speculate "how long" he may be in Paris.

THE CROWN JEWEL QUESTION.—The evils of reform, the inconveniences of improvement, the extravagance of economy, are made abundantly manifest in the controversy upon this question. Before the reduction in the charge of admission to view the crown-jewels, there was no perplexity or confusion as to the cost; but the moment the Duke of Wellington resolved on admitting the public on lower terms, the very instant his Grace discovered that two shillings were in harmony with the spirit of the age, the dispute about the charge began. During the past month the controversy has been kept up with alarming vigour; and "E. L. L. Swift, K. C. J." can muster no letters before or after his name at all calculated to convey an idea of the number of letters already laid before the public. Michaelmas cannot supply goose-quills sufficient for the correspondence; for Mr. Swift's correspondents *won't* understand him. During the first few months we thought they *couldn't*—we now perceive they *won't*; and the worst of it is, this is a free country, and there's no such thing as compulsion. Letter after letter, each headed "The Crown Jewels," as though Blood had risen from his grave and run off with them again, seems to be thrown away upon them. One morning an ample explanation, which for clearness appears to have been filtered through a dozen dictionaries, terminates thus:—"I wonder how often this fact is to be repeated! The *decies repetita* is no pleasure to, Sir, your humble servant, E. L. L. SWIFTE, K. C. J." A day or two after comes the newspaper once more, with the old heading, "The Crown Jewels again."—"I wish that our language supplied me with plainer or more explicit terms than those in which I have *already and often* stated the charges on visiting the Jewel-room. *Once again* I say the *warder's* fee is one shilling for each entire company, whether one, one dozen, one score, or one hundred. The *office* fee is two shillings each person.—E. L. L. SWIFTE, K. C. J." Still the misunderstanding continues; and unfortunately a man who has to state the same thing a thousand times, though right at first, is apt to get wrong at last. Nobody's head grows clearer by having to explain over and over again. Thus Mr. Swift, who has repeated, until it ceases to enchant him, the fact that "the *warder's* fee is one shilling for each entire company, whether one, one dozen, one score, or one hundred," (he says so above,) says in another letter, "if a dozen people are attended by one warder, his fee is a penny for each, and so on in proportion." So that here the whole controversy is opened up afresh; for here we are plainly told that the fee for a party of twenty-four will be two shillings, and not one—a penny per head, and not a shilling per hundred as before. In the mean time his Grace might take it into consideration whether it would not be better to admit the public gratuitously, until a council of state can resolve upon some form of announcement by which people may be finally made acquainted with the exact amount they are called upon to pay.

PECULIARITIES AT POLICE OFFICES. — The police-offices of the metropolis, schools of useful knowledge at all seasons, have this month presented several points worth more than a passing notice. At one of them Mr. White showed that the "fine old English" antipathy to foreigners, as foreigners, still lingers in certain obscure and discreditable nooks of modern English minds, such minds at least as his own. One of the parties in a dispute that came under Mr. White's consideration having complained that the magistrate had a prejudice against him as a foreigner, Mr. W. exclaimed, "If you're a foreigner, why don't you go to your own country?" The foreign gentleman, thus instructed in English politeness by an occupant of the chair of justice in a public office, indignantly returned that "he should stay here as long as he chose;" to which the urbane and decorous magistrate rejoined, "Perhaps you can't go back; perhaps you are afraid!" The foreign gentleman promised to make a call at the Home Office, and report. In another case, one of unspeakable profligacy on the part of an old villain towards a child, the magistrate, putting faith in the scoundrel's declaration that the little girl had "encouraged" him, committed *both* to prison! This seems scarcely credible, but the fact is reported. A personage of another stamp, a few days after this, was not locked up at all, but liberated, umbrella in hand, to gratify what the report designates a "penchant," — it must be admitted, of a most peculiar description. It appears that "a respectable looking middle-aged man, named Baldock," perambulates the Regent's Park, in the neighbourhood of which he resides, and amuses himself as he walks along "by endeavouring to thrust people's eyes out with his umbrella!" A witness, who knows him well, states that he is in the habit of indulging in the strange propensity of thrusting the point of his umbrella into the face of any person he may meet, and for this reason he is universally shunned by those who are aware of this peculiar *penchant*. A man who sweeps the crossing in the Park has in a particular manner attracted his enmity, and the witness has frequently seen him make a stab at his face. In one instance he has been successful, having thrust a boy's eye out, unprovoked and wilfully, for which he has had to pay a fine, and that's all; *not* being consigned to the custody of the keeper either of a prison or a lunatic asylum! It was exceedingly judicious to prevent the intended ascent of M. Von Amburgh and his tiger in the Vauxhall balloon; but is a tiger more terrible than this respectable middle-aged umbrella-bearer?

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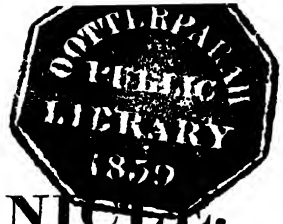
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Now this malady under which Luther's patient laboured is precisely the same as that which affects the bulk of the opponents of the New Poor Law. They are morally persuaded of the excellence of its principles — they cannot be insensible to the evil it has annihilated, and the good it has produced — they know that under its operation the impost upon the rate-payer is reduced, while the relief to the poor is more regular, constant, and judicious in its application than ever it was before, and they are thoroughly convinced that it has been attended by the most salutary results in the moral improvement of the labouring classes. Yet notwithstanding all this, they cannot believe in its efficacy, its justice, or its wisdom. Let them take comfort from the words of Luther, for there can be no doubt that they labour under a grievous delusion of — some sort.

It is now four years since the Poor Law Amendment Act passed the legislature. Whatever might have been the merits of the 43d of Elizabeth*, it was admitted on all hands that the grossest corruption had crept into the management of the poor's rates; that the effect of certain provisions of the old law was to put a premium upon fraud, perjury, and licentiousness; and that the incongruities and irregularities which prevailed throughout the country in the various modes of its administration, were alone evils of such

* This statute has been so often alluded to in the course of the debates and controversies on the subject of Poor Laws, that the reader must be presumed to be familiar with its enactments. But in inquiries of this nature, it is frequently necessary to re-state, for the sake of clearness, facts that are already known to the public. The main principles of that law — in reference to the relief of the poor — are unexceptionable, and are all preserved in the present law. Whatever was excellent in it still exists, with the advantage of being more explicitly declared, and more energetically administered. Had the 43d of Elizabeth been faithfully carried out, there would not have been much to complain of, so far as the simple question of relief was concerned; but it was perverted to the most corrupt purposes, especially in granting relief without labour to the able-bodied, contrary to both the spirit and the letter of the act. This practice grew into so great an evil that its operation, observes the guardians of the Haverfordwest Union, "had partially, and soon would universally have led to the exhibition of a physical impossibility." The present law enforces all those provisions of the old law which experience proved to be beneficial; nor does there exist any power or authority under the one which did not exist under the other. But there is this material difference, that, while the old law was exercised in secret, without responsibility, uniformity, or regularity, the new law is under the effectual control of the Legislature, establishes one common system throughout the whole country, and presents a complete protection against jobbing, fraud, and malversation.

magnitude as to render the adoption of an entirely new system a matter of absolute necessity. If the reform had been simply to correct errors of principle in the old law, it would have been easily accomplished; for where men contend upon points that do not immediately affect their interests, or otherwise prejudice their position, resistance to reason is seldom very inveterate. But in this case the whole machinery of administration was to be remodelled; profitable abuses were to be cut down; the expenditure for the poor was not only to be governed by a wise and watchful economy, but it was to be accounted for item by item; and an authority was to be created which, itself responsible to parliament, was to exercise a discretionary control over institutions that, like the sensitive plant (to employ an image applied long ago by Burke to corporations of another kind), had hitherto shrunk from the hand of inquiry. Here were at once the elements of a mercenary and implacable hostility; and upon the first ruffling of the nests, out flew myriads of hornets. A vast majority of the individuals who were personally engaged in the administration of the old law, naturally enough made war upon the new; and even before its provisions were fully understood, or time had been allowed to test its practical effects, a species of fanatical agitation was got up against it, which was even less remarkable for the ridiculous blunders of its leaders, than for their manifold and most dishonest misrepresentations. But this agitation must have early exploded, like every other outcry that is raised by prejudice, ignorance, and selfishness, had it not happened to fall in fortuitously with the views of the Tory party, who were desperately in want of an opportunity to propitiate the people, whose demands, when they were in power, they had uniformly treated with scorn; and to excite, at the same time, a violent popular opposition to the government. Such a revolting union — such an unholy alliance — was never formed before between the antipodes of faction. The Tory magistrate, seizing upon every chance that offered to impress upon the sturdy vagrant that it was to the Whigs he was indebted for destitution, became the ally of the itinerant demagogue, who aimed at no nobler end than that of inflaming the poor into a wild crusade against the rights of property; and who, setting aside all principles of social justice, and all sense of social responsibility, endeavoured only to produce a convulsion, in the wolfish hope of getting something in the scramble. Men, who had hitherto been cast as widely asunder as the poles, were now, for the first time, bound together in a common league against ministers: — the aristocrat, who would reduce the franchise to the narrowest practicable limits, and the leveller, who threw up his cap for universal suffrage — the landowner, who would perpetuate the grinding monopoly of the corn-laws, and the artisan, who clamoured for a free trade, even to the Hibernian perfection of a one-sided reciprocity — Oastler, who would strengthen the church establishment, by giving it an ascendancy beyond the reach of legislation, and the Rev. Mr. Stephens, who would pull it down like an old house, and sell the materials! In vain the more reflecting and respectable members of the Tory party withdrew from this unseemly compact, and repudiated it. In vain the Duke of Wellington declared that the Poor Law Amendment Bill was one of the greatest benefits that had ever been conferred upon the population. In vain common sense, personal honour, and political integrity, forbade the banns of this unnatural marriage. The feuds of the past were silenced in the din of a present community of purpose; and it was forgotten in the heat and fury of the strife, that, when the immediate quarrel in which these ancient enemies found themselves thus strangely ranked side by side should be settled, they would break off from each other with increased dis-

trust and hostility, and the very watch-fires they had kindled together would light them to renewed conflicts.

Such was the character of the opposition the New Poor Law was destined to encounter. In every town and village in the country the agents of misrule were indefatigable in their efforts to prepare a "demonstration." Wherever an assistant-commissioner was expected for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for carrying the law into effect, hand-bills, full of inflammatory warnings to the working-classes, were industriously circulated, and meetings were rapidly convened, where the seditious charm was appropriately worked up by violent speeches and extravagant resolutions, embodying the usual appeals to the domestic sympathies, the natural rights, the local affections, the fears, and the prospects of the people. Theories were set afloat which were not only inapplicable to the circumstances of this country, but impracticable in any country where the rewards of industry are guaranteed by legislation: and every particle of the bill was distorted, falsified, or exaggerated, to suit the purposes of this most unthinking agitation. Had the Poor Law Amendment Bill been the worst measure that tyranny could devise, it could hardly have embraced, in this age, the monstrous ends imputed to it, and, if it did, they could not have been carried into operation: but if it had been a hundredfold more beneficial than it is, it could not within four years have lived down the malignity and sleepless vituperation with which it has been assailed, and which are not yet subdued.

But it was not merely by the superstitions of the multitude, thus played upon by hypocrites and kuaves, that the progress of the measure was retarded. The commissioners to whom it was confided laboured under disadvantages of another, but a not less harassing kind. Intrusted with duties unusually onerous and multifarious, which, to be duly discharged, demanded all the diligence and consideration they could bring to them, they were subjected to a searching investigation into the fruits of their labours before a sufficient period had elapsed to enable them to survey the field of their operations, to mature their plans, and avail themselves of the suggestions of experience. The legislature, distrustful apparently of its own act, appointed two committees, one in the House of Lords, and the other in the House of Commons, to institute an inquiry into the general and official results of the administration of the poor laws under the new regulations; and so active and minute has been the scrutiny of these committees, that the time which ought to have been devoted to carrying out the objects of the law has been engrossed in answering questions on matters of detail, and furnishing information which must in its nature be imperfect and unsatisfactory. Instead of being permitted, therefore, to explore the defects of the old system, and to apply such remedies as a careful examination of circumstances might point out, the commissioners and the assistant-commissioners have been latterly engaged in vexatious recapitulations of views already traversed and propounded, in supplying small facts illustrative of principles already acknowledged by the legislature itself, and in refuting adverse statements, for the greater part unfounded, which have been made either in the shape of petitions to parliament, or communications to the committees. With such a pressure of occupations upon their hands, it would be clearly impossible for the Poor Law Commissioners to work out the measure with all those practical benefits to the people it might be expected to produce, could they have dedicated themselves and their subordinates exclusively to the executive functions they were appointed to administer. Since these committees have been sitting (and they are sitting still), the principal employment of the commissioners has been the satisfaction of the repentant scruples of the

legislature, who sanctioned the law which they thus perplex and impede in its operation. Nor does the mischief end here. Several boards of guardians throughout the country, who originally supported the main principles of the law, and adopted them with cordiality, have been shaken in their faith by the extraordinary course taken by parliament; and interpreting the committees of inquiry into indications of doubts on the part of the legislature, have begun to entertain doubts themselves; so that a new resistance — the most dangerous of all, the resistance of luke-warmness — has been generated in quarters where it was least expected, and where it can now be least effectually combatted. Never was there a measure launched upon so turbulent a tide of opinion, or exposed in its very outset to such a combination of unpropitious influences.

Yet, notwithstanding all these hindrances and misgivings, and the formidable obstacles which, independently of these, rendered the duties of the Commissioners in the last degree arduous and dispiriting, the Poor Law has, within a less space of time than four years, been carried into operation over a considerable part of England and Wales, has borne down the clamours of the idle, the interested, and the factious, wherever it has been fairly tried, and advanced alike the moral and social improvement of the working-classes throughout all the districts into which it has been introduced. This statement does not rest upon vague assertions and partial representations, but upon documentary evidence, upon returns from the various unions, petitions, addresses, and resolutions adopted in numerous places, relative to the working and effects of the measure, reports from the schools formed under the unions, comparative tables of assessments and expenditure, accounts of the modes of distributing relief and the results ultimately produced, and a multitude of similar proofs of an authentic and indisputable character.

The public are aware that the Poor Law Commissioners are required to furnish an annual report of their proceedings to the Home Secretary, to be submitted to Parliament, tracing accurately the grounds on which they have decided in all special cases; the progress made in the formation of unions under the provisions of the statute; the peculiar difficulties overcome, or to be overcome, and all other circumstances connected with the administration of the law, which are essential to be made known. These reports are accompanied by large appendices, containing correspondence, local reports, and tabular returns, illustrating in detail the general facts and views put forward or acted upon by the Commissioners. An immense body of information, extremely valuable on account of its variety, fullness, and accuracy, is thus procured and laid before the country. No excuse, therefore, can be pleaded on the score of scanty materials, for forming an incorrect judgment as to the effects of this law as far as it has been tried. All that has been done is known: the results are accessible to every body, and, indeed, in the shape in which they are exhibited, can neither be heightened nor softened; and if any body, after perusing such statements, should persist in a blind opposition to the measure, he must be a person suffering under the same perplexity that distracted Martin Luther's communicant — morally convinced, but, by some cloven influence, unable to believe.

The Fourth Report of the Commissioners, just printed by order of the House of Commons, is now upon our table. In this Report, as in the three that preceded it, the evidences of a favourable reception of the law, in all the places where it has been some time in operation, are numerous and conclusive; but being the latest, it contains a more complete exposition,

than any of the others, of the actual working of the new system, which is of course developed with greater certainty and clearness, as time and observation discover the means of adaptation and improvement. It does not discuss general views and elementary principles, which were already laid down in former reports, but enforces and substantiates them by examples. It is literally a practical statement, showing the progress that has been made up to this time towards accomplishing the design of the legislature, and the impediments that continue to arrest its completion.

It appears by the tables furnished in this Report, that of the 14,490 parishes which comprehend the entire superficies of England and Wales, 13,427 have been united under the provisions of a Poor Law Amendment Act, leaving 1063 parishes yet ununited. The difficulties that have hitherto prevented these parishes from being drawn into the new unions, will be understood by a glance at their present distribution. Of these 1063 parishes, 283 are incorporated under a statute called Gilbert's Act, and 5 are separately administered under the same authority; 364 are incorporated under various local acts, and 11 are administered under separate local acts; the remaining 400 are governed by a capricious diversity of bodies, exercising as remarkable a diversity of powers. It must be evident that the attempt to reduce these dissimilar administrations under an harmonious system cannot be effected at once: and, considering the nature of the impediments with which the Commissioners have had to deal, the extent of their success is much greater than could have been reasonably anticipated. The Gilbert Unions especially interfere with the organisation of the country in the way contemplated by the act, and are so inconveniently disposed in reference to the townships and parishes intermixed with them, as to render the formation of judicious unions in many cases altogether impossible, and in all cases to constrain them into arrangements disadvantageous to the surrounding districts. But even this evil — formidable as it is — cannot be compared in magnitude with that which flows from the intricate varieties of constitution which distinguish the parishes incorporated or managed under local acts.

It need hardly be insisted upon, that uniformity in the administration of laws which are general in their nature, is of the first importance to the people who live under them; and that the existence of different modes of administering the same principles of law cannot fail to be attended by discrepancies and contradictions, injustice, litigation, and uncertainty. Yet, although this truth is as apparent as light or air, and although in this instance it mainly affects the immediate interests of those classes who have suffered themselves to be seduced into a rash insurrection against the Poor Law Amendment Act, which emphatically enunciates it, the incorporated parishes to which we have alluded, and for the preservation of which those classes have so sturdily contended, exhibit in full official operation every form of municipal corporation which the imagination can conceive, or the genius of *bourgeoisie* invent. In some places these corporations are self-elected, irresponsible, and hereditary; in other places the madness of popular suffrage indulges in open elections, without any qualifications of property, birthright, character, or education being demanded of the candidates, who hold their offices at the will of the multitude; and, in short, throughout these parishes there are to be found every possible gradation of government, from unmixed democracy, if we may so describe it, to pure despotism. The rules and regulations, the precedents and usages, the appellations, duties, and responsibilities of the functionaries, are every where different; and the endless confusion consequent on these discordances

entails not merely hardship, but calamities of the worst kind, upon destitute persons who migrate from one part of the country to another in search of employment, or who may happen to find themselves placed under a strange management of the peculiar organisation of which they are wholly ignorant. Now, if the Poor Law Amendment Act conferred no greater benefit upon society than the absorption of these parishes into one common system, by which the poor in all parts of the kingdom would be relieved by the same means and forms, and enabled to appeal with equal confidence, in one county as in another, for that protection which it is the intention of the law to extend to them, it ought, in our estimation, to be regarded as a measure fraught with the blessings of a wise philanthropy. But the Commissioners complain of the impracticability of grafting the various improvements which their experience suggests upon these variegated institutions, and declare that, if additional facilities be not granted to them, they cannot complete the necessary organisation of the municipal bodies. We would ask why these facilities are not granted, were we not checked in the demand by the recollection of the struggle through which this measure has already passed, and the inexplicable obstacles that have been cast in the path of the Commissioners by the legislature itself.

We might easily accumulate, from the pages of this elaborate report, a multitude of instances in proof of the efficacy of the new system, and in illustration of its most novel and important features; but, as details of that kind are rarely calculated to fix the attention of readers, who are usually impatient to arrive at final results without having the trouble of traversing a chain of evidences, we will touch briefly upon a few of the most striking points in the practical operation of the law, from which a fair estimate may be formed of its general tendency and influence.

One of the most prominent regulations adopted by the Commissioners was that of prohibiting out-door relief to able-bodied male paupers without a labour-test, — a regulation which, of course, the Commissioners reserved to themselves the discretion of relaxing according to the exigency of circumstances. The introduction of this rule was regarded by some people with undisguised apprehension; and, in many places, the guardians applied for a relaxation of it, acting under the fear that the workhouse would be speedily filled. In no part of England was the pressure of last winter felt more severely than in Kent and East Sussex, where the unfavourable results of the hop cultivation of the previous summer, and the falling off in the price of that produce, in consequence of the decrease in the consumption of beer, which is attributable to the improved habits of the labourer, precipitated an extraordinary amount of distress. A more conclusive test, therefore, could not be offered of the necessity of granting out-door relief, than the condition of these counties presented. The regulation was accordingly relaxed; and the public may see with what result by a reference to the cases of the Sheppey and Feversham Unions, which adjoin each other, and which are precisely similarly situated with respect to the occupations of the people; exhibiting, however, this difference, that the population of the former district, including the fishing-town of Queenborough, is much more poor and miserable than that of the latter. At Feversham the workhouse was soon filled, and a number of able-bodied applicants, described to be in a state of extreme destitution, were still demanding relief. But the guardians had no means of applying any labour-test, in consequence of which they granted relief to 257 heads of families, of whom 139 were in the parish of Feversham alone, amounting altogether, with their wives and children, to the number of 594 individuals. At

Sheppey many able-bodied labourers also applied for relief, but the workhouse not being full, they were ordered in, an order of which, without a single exception, they refused to avail themselves. The guardians, supposing that the reason of their refusal to enter the workhouse was their reluctance to submit to so rigid a test, and humanely desirous to relieve their necessities, offered to give them out-door relief, but at the same time provided work for them, which the facilities of the locality enabled them to procure. To the great surprise of the board, however, this offer was unanimously refused; and thus, while at Feversham no less than 549 individuals, the families of able-bodied labourers, were receiving relief, not a single able-bodied labourer at Queenborough, where distress prevailed still more extensively, found it necessary to accept the aid of the parish! At the Bridge Union, comprising twenty-two parishes, the rule was acted upon with a similar result; and at the Stamford and Peterborough Unions, contiguous to each other, and both strictly agricultural, the effects were still more conclusive. At Stamford out-door relief was prohibited; at Peterborough, the guardians were allowed to exercise the discretion of dispensing with the rule. Stamford contains 37 parishes, with a total population of 15,411. Peterborough, 39 parishes, with a population of 20,934. In Stamford, where the rule was enforced, the total number of applications from able-bodied men, during the months of January, February, and March, were 69. In Peterborough, where the rule was relaxed, the total number of similar applications, during the same period, was 357. The causes of this great difference in the number of applicants in two places, exactly similar in position and circumstances, were these:—that in Stamford the employers of labour finding, that if the men were turned off, they had no resource but to reside in the workhouse, or to seek other employers, continued to give them work, and thus enabled them to support themselves by their own labour; while in Peterborough, in consequence of the extension of out-door relief, the men were discharged during the frost, or during the period when their labour was least profitable, the farmer relying in the intermediate time upon the parish purse to enable his labourers to resume their employment when the frost abated. These facts are abundantly forcible to demonstrate the efficiency of the workhouse system as a means of enabling the guardians to discriminate between sturdy idleness and suffering industry. If the object of the Poor Laws be to relieve the aged and the helpless, and to provide those who are willing to work with the means of earning their subsistence in seasons of pressure and distress, this principle is sound and unimpeachable; but if the object be to enable the stalwart vagrant to live upon the industry of others, then by all means extend the principle of out-door relief, until the consumers of produce shall have fairly eaten up the producers.

The Commissioners appear to have devoted their earnest attention, in deference to the suggestions that have been made on the subject, to the consideration of the propriety of relaxing the prohibitory regulations in certain cases, and of authorising the guardians of unions to relieve the families of labourers by taking one or more of the children into the workhouse. But to this compromise of the principle they object upon grounds that we think are unanswerable. First, because if this experiment were adopted, it would be extremely difficult to avoid establishing a system similar to the scale system, *i. e.* a regular allowance of an addition to a labourer's earnings, depending on the rate of wages and the number of his children. Second, because relief given in aid of wages has a tendency to keep down the rate of wages, while the expectation of such relief has the effect of pre-

venting the labourer from endeavouring to obtain the highest possible earnings by increased diligence, and the employer from providing employment for the most constant and advantageous labourers. Third because such an exceptive regulation would break down the barrier between pauperism and independence, which it has been one of the objects of the Poor Law Amendment Act to establish, by placing the idle and improvident on the same footing with the industrious and prudent, which latter class would, in fact, be gradually tempted to avail themselves of the advantage of having some of their children maintained and educated at the workhouse. Fourth, because it would sanction the introduction of relief in aid of wages in parishes where it had ceased to exist, or where it had never existed; a result not only prejudicial in itself, but inconsistent with one of the express provisions (52d clause) of the act. But, impressed with the hardship accruing to a labourer applying for relief of being obliged to quit his home, with his family, and take up his abode at the workhouse, and the contingent chances of loss attached to it, the Commissioners suggest two modes, by either, or both of which, the desired relief might be obtained without risking any of the evils pointed out in these objections. These modes are either to admit the head of the family only into the workhouse, or to give him employment in the workhouse by day, or at work provided by the union, and suffer him to return home at night. The withdrawal in this way of the labourer from the labour-market, would avert the injurious consequences of the allowance system, or of relief in aid of wages; but, at the same time, so slight would be the inconvenience sustained by the labourer, by a temporary residence in the workhouse, while his wife and family remained at home, or by the simple transference of his services from his employer to the union, that neither of these modes would have the effect produced by the strict workhouse system of giving the employer a motive for retaining his men, and thereby inducing him to afford them sufficient employment during the unfavourable part of the season, which he is compelled to do wherever the workhouse system prevails, lest he should not be able to recover their services when he wanted them. For these reasons, the proposed modes—however excellent as alternatives—the Commissioners are not disposed to recommend, except in very extreme cases; as, for example, when the workhouse is nearly full, or when some contagious disorder may render it undesirable to admit persons into that establishment.

It has been generally thought, or insinuated, by the opponents of the Poor Law Amendment Act, that, although its effects might be useful in agricultural districts, it was wholly inapplicable to large manufacturing towns. This assumption may, perhaps, have been formed upon some comparison between the population and resources of a given superficies, where numbers pressed upon the springs of industry and overpowered them; and, no doubt, under a system where the poor were relieved in detached parishes, it might be found that the means of relief in such cases would be wholly inadequate under the very best management. But it is the peculiar province of the Poor Law Amendment Act to provide against such difficulties. The powers it confers enable the guardians to embrace a wider sweep of resources than could have been commanded under any system hitherto adopted throughout all the varieties of parochial administrations, and to bring them to bear in emergency upon any local point where the pressure happened to be so great, as would, under other circumstances, prove overwhelming. Instead, therefore, of being inefficacious in the manufacturing districts, the new law is specially adapted to meet the peculiar demands of a crowded population. The cases of Nottingham, Lancashire, Birmingham,

and the West Riding of Yorkshire, fully detailed in the report, exhibit the operation of the system in cases of extreme difficulty—in one instance where the infuriated populace attempted to overawe the proceedings of the magistrates and guardians, and where collision, fortunately unattended by loss of life, took place between the multitude and the military—and in another, where Messrs. Fielden and Co., extensive proprietors of cotton works, discharged all their workmen, amounting to several thousand hands, and intimidated by printed placards that they should cease altogether to afford employment to their people, until the persons who were acting as guardians should be induced to resign their offices; a threat which expended all its terrors in a week, when the Messrs. Fielden, finding their attempt at intimidation a dead failure, and that the establishment of the new union was going forward as tranquilly as if their cotton manufacture had never been in existence, prudently repented of their indiscretion, re-opened their works, and took back all their work-people, who had too much good sense to imitate the folly of their employers. In reference to Nottingham, where a long continuance of unexampled distress rendered the task of the guardians exceedingly laborious and perplexing, but where the difficulties were finally overcome by firmness and promptitude, and by the most active measures for the immediate relief of the able bodied-labourers, such as the construction of public works, and the rapid expansion of workhouse accommodation, by which they doubled in one week the original capacity of that establishment, the Commissioners observe that “in such a place and at such a time, the former method of parochial management, by means of the churchwardens and overseers of separate parishes, would not secure, unless in rare and peculiar instances, the inestimable advantage of the well considered decisions of a deliberative body, like the board of guardians, or the prompt and judicious action of skilful and instructed officers, or the means, which can only be effectually provided from the combined resources of a large district—of meeting the sudden demand for relief by large bodies of men unexpectedly thrown out of employment.” These observations apply with equal force to all the manufacturing districts, and demonstrate the important fact that the system of large unions and vigilant management, conducted by individuals who are not only above suspicion, but under control, presents the best guarantee to the public for the faithful and effective discharge of the onerous functions confided to those who are intrusted with the administration of the law.

Rate-payers are familiar with the fact, that one of the most obvious effects of this measure has been to accomplish a considerable reduction in the amount of the burthen levied for the maintenance of the poor. If this result were accompanied by an increase of pauperism, and a correspondent increase of crime and immorality, it would not yield us a subject of congratulation, but ought, on the contrary, to be very much deplored. We find, however, that while the country has been relieved by the introduction of the act from a direct annual taxation of nearly 2,300,000*l.*, pauperism has diminished in proportion, and the moral tone of the working-classes has been raised in an equal degree. These effects are mainly to be attributed to the greater attention that is given to the investigation of cases of distress, to the means that are adopted of encouraging industry and moral habits, by withdrawing the rewards that used to be held out to idleness and vice, and thus compelling the able labourer to depend upon his own exertions, and to the scrupulous, and we may justly add, pious zeal that is dedicated to the improvement of the education of pauper children. In every place where unions are established, these results have been uniformly produced. The

labourer, no longer permitted to quarter himself upon his neighbours, is forced to look out for employment—or, in other words, is forced to work. Innumerable instances are cited of men who, under the old *regime*, were found regularly billeted upon the parish books, but whose names are no longer inscribed in those registers of the destitute, and who, from being incorrigible idlers formerly, have now become converted into industrious workmen. The aged, the infirm, and the sick, are more promptly and adequately provided for, in consequence of this quittance of lusty mendicancy; and the funds that are really destined by the legislature for the support and aid of the helpless find their way at once into the channels for which they are collected.

If illustrations were necessary of the improvement that has taken place in the frugality, the morals, and the comforts of the labouring population, we might fill our pages with them. In answer to the question, "What effect has the change of system produced on the aged, the impotent, and the helpless?" which was propounded to the several boards of guardians in Somertshire, Gloucester, and Worcestershire, there is a common agreement as to these gratifying results. One board replies, "The most wholesome and beneficial; as their condition has been amended and improved in every respect:"—another, "The aged, the impotent, and the helpless, are now far better provided for in every way than before the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act:"—a third, "More contented, being more certain of their allowance:"—a fourth, "Both morally and physically an improved effect, inasmuch as their wants are better attended to, and they are more grateful for it:"—a fifth, "They have been put on a higher scale of allowance, and they appear very contented:"—a sixth, "A greater amount of relief has been given, and more uniformly distributed." With respect to the able-bodied labourers similar effects are visible. The general features of improvement are thus described:—"Their industry is restored and improved; frugal habits have been created or strengthened; the permanent demand for their labour has increased, and the increase has been such that their wages, so far from being depressed by the increased amount of labour in the market, have in general advanced; the number of improvident marriages has diminished; their discontent has been abated; and their moral and social condition has in every way improved." These results are stated in the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners of Inquiry, and verify the particular testimonies of the boards of guardians.

This great increase of industry, and consequent increase of the earnings of the labouring population, bring with them all those other social improvements that spring from well-regulated habits and prosperous circumstances. The temporal comforts of the working-classes are enlarged—their cottages are better furnished—their families are better clothed—and they stand in a more respectable relation to the farmers and occupiers of land. Another consequence of this state of things is a considerable increase in the number of benefit societies, which indicates a greater power and more active anxiety to provide for future wants and unforeseen contingencies. That the Poor Law Amendment Act has exercised a direct influence in producing this result, is testified by the parties who have interested themselves in the formation of these societies. They state, that hitherto it was of no use to belong to a benefit society, because, whatever allowance a man was entitled to was deducted, the overseer made no allowance, and therefore the claimant got less than if he did not belong to such a society, in consequence of which, it was better for him to save his money in any other way. In addition to this they observe, that "Now is the time that parties have to look to them-

selves, as they cannot receive out-door relief under the new law." In the savings' banks the same salutary results have taken place. Mr. Tidd Pratt states, that in the year 1837 the increase on the gross amount of deposits was above 900,000*l*.

These evidences, which we have summed up to avoid the tediousness of details, furnish a complete vindication of the general tendency and useful agencies of the law. It is only by looking closely into the minute working of the measure, tracing its slight and almost imperceptible advances, day by day, towards the moral regeneration of the working-classes, and comparing the changes it has wrought with the evils it has displaced, that we can truly ascertain the marvellous amount of practical good it has already produced. The opponents of this act content themselves with vague charges, loose and violent denunciations, and unworthy appeals to the morbid sensibility of the poor. But if, instead of thus labouring to acquire a discreditable popularity, they were to inform themselves upon the actual progress of the system, to witness the pains that are bestowed upon its operations, the integrity, perseverance, and sympathy that are drawn into action through its means, and to investigate the obstructions that have been vanquished in its establishment, they would discover some powerful reasons for recanting their opinions, and become, perhaps, like other converts, as enthusiastic in its defence, as they have hitherto been virulent in its defamation. We do not assert that the Poor Law Amendment Act is perfect. We know no act of Parliament that is perfect, that provides for every possible emergency, for every peculiar case, or that is even free from defects of one sort or another. That some of its clauses might be ameliorated with advantage is probable, although we have not detected them; and that others might be repealed without injury to the general principle is true, and we are not indisposed to admit that they ought to be repealed, if they cannot be carried into effect without precipitating greater mischiefs than they are intended to remedy. But Parliament ought to be careful how it legislates for the passions and the prejudices of the people, forgetful that its noblest and most exalted prerogative is to legislate for their interests. Such questions, however, are not to be decided by uproar and menace; and can be determined only upon the broad, dispassionate evidence of collected facts. That the law has been productive of signal benefits to the country is beyond dispute; and it ought to be remembered that it has not yet been long enough in existence to bear the fruit it is capable of yielding. Let its roots strike in the earth, let its branches spread and strengthen, and then we shall be enabled to judge whether the tree is goodly. Laws involving vast social changes, and infusing new blood into the arteries and veins of hundreds of civil institutions, demand time to mature their extensive reforms. The abuses which this law was designed to remedy were the growth of centuries:—they cannot be hunted down in four years. Besides, it must not be overlooked that every new system is regarded with distrust, that men have to get rid of old associations and familiar usages before they can reconcile themselves to novelties, and that the Poor Law has been destined to work against the greatest body of popular turbulence and ignorant resistance that was ever opposed to any law in this country. That it has worked against that turbulence with miraculous success, we hope we have slightly contributed to prove.

EARL GREY.

"Præsentī tibi maturos largimur honores." Hon.

"Recorded honours shall gather round his monument and thicken over him."
JUNIUS, of Lord Chatham.

A FRENCH lady, during the days of "liberty and equality" in France, seeing a Marquis of mean figure, with a comely valet, frankly observed, "*La nature n'est pas aristocrate.*" She would pronounce nature an aristocrat on seeing Lord Grey. There is that about him physical and moral, in his stature, his form, his countenance, his bearing, his private character, his public life, which would suggest the idea of a natural aristocracy of race among men — something which seems to say, "Behold a man who has a patent of nobility from nature as well as from the grace of kings." Eulogy of the living is not unreasonably suspected; but Lord Grey, retired from the stage and strife of political administration, now lives in the past — in the enjoyment of its honours; and the humblest artist who attempts to paint the moral or historic portrait of such a man may indulge himself in the use of bright tints the more freely, from the very sense of bringing his contingent, however small, to that stock of happiness and pleasure in the homage of a living generation, which Lord Grey lives to enjoy.

The names of Fox and Grey are those which reflect its chief lustre on modern whiggism. Two men so long, so closely, and so honourably united, during an epoch of excitements and distractions, which broke the ties not only of friendship but of kindred, must have been attached by strong sympathies. There are yet no two public men between whom the individualizing, or as logicians call it, "the essential difference" is more marked. Fox would cripple himself within the dimensions of whiggism. His great faculties and generous humanity never appeared to full advantage but when he forgot or disdained it. Grey, instead of lowering and lessening himself to the stature of a mere Whig, would raise whiggism to his own level. He would rather abandon than bend to it. He has never stooped from his lofty station and erect attitude to party, or to the court, or even to that idol before which the proudest spirits may bend without abasement — ambition. This is the distinctive golden vein which runs and shines through his whole life and character.

Lord Grey entered the House of Commons, at the age of twenty-two, in 1787, perhaps the most brilliant epoch of English parliamentary eloquence. Burke, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, now cultivated and advanced as an art, with still higher faculties, at least in the mass, the oratory which Walpole, Windham, Pultney, and the elder Pitt had created, but not perfected. At the same time a new race of youthful orators was germinating around them. The "maiden speech" of Mr. Grey is noticed with distinction in the Annual Register for that year.* He is described as "astonishing the House by another of those wonderful displays of oratory which had burst forth recently on every side amongst its younger members, equalling his predecessors in copiousness and elegance of diction, force of argument, and perspicuity of arrangement, and surpassing them all in grace and power of delivery."

The subject of debate was Pitt's commercial treaty of 1786 with France.

• • • By Burke, it may be presumed.

It was condemned by the Whigs — such are the fluctuations of political or party interests. A politician, however, may change his views without departing from his principles: it was so with Lord Grey: he partook the old Whig jealousy of a connection with France, cited from Virgil,

“An ulla putetis
Dona carere dolis Danaum?”

but earnestly recommended more intimate relations with the young Republic of America, and a more liberal policy in trade and government towards Ireland. “It is,” said he, “impolitic — it is unjust — it is indecent, to give to France what we have refused to Ireland; to give our natural enemies what we withhold from our fellow-subjects and friends.”

The French Revolution soon came — to agitate communities, and test politicians. Lord Grey rose with the ordeal and the occasion, in public character and political capacity. He took a signal lead, even of the great chief of the Whigs. Fox was trammelled by the obligations of a party-chief to followers parched with the thirst of years for place and power. He was personally ambitious to serve his party and his country as a minister of the crown. His ambition was flattered at the moment with distant and deceitful suggestions by a narrow-minded prince, who took the practice of deception for an exercise of mental power; and he was already menaced with defection by the Whig alarmists. Fox, accordingly, checked the ardour of the more forward reformers in the Whig Club, and withheld his name from the association of “The Friends of the People.” Grey, unfettered by party relations, or by personal ambition as dependent upon court power, uniting the freshness and fire of youth with faculties of the first order, took precedence even of Fox, as the champion of parliamentary reform.

That great cause was compromised on the one side by conceited visionaries or vulgar pretenders, who carried on an interchange of crazed fancies, fustian declamation, and bombastic compliments with the clubbists of Paris; whilst it encountered on the other the renegade hostility of Pitt, wielding not alone borough oligarchy and the court, but the House of Commons. Lord Grey, to shield and save reform from both, marshalled under the name of “The Friends of the People,” a powerful association of every class — political, literary, and commercial rank, wealth, talent, and reputation, professing the twofold purpose of “restoring the freedom of election, and a more equal representation of the people in Parliament,” and “securing to the people a more frequent exercise of their right of electing their representatives.”

The famous minister of that day despised the clubbist correspondents, and felt, if he did not fear, the strength of the “Friends of the People.” He accordingly issued “a proclamation against seditious writings and correspondences,” professedly aimed at the former, but really at the latter. The perusal of this state paper, now sunk into oblivion, would startle the present generation. It introduced secret denunciation and an arbitrary police, to the exclusion of moral confidence and known law, into the very bosom of society. A motion for an address of thanks to the king, or rather to the minister, brought it under discussion; and Lord Grey, as the head of the Reformers, took the lead in opposition.

To justify the proclamation, extracts were read from the famous work of Paine. The name and writings of that singular man were the constant theme and bugbear of the minister, and his satellites, during the crisis of 1792 and 1793. The opinions expressed by Lord Grey, upon the crisis and on Paine, may be cited as illustrative of his principles and character. “The constitution of the country,” said he, during one of the great debates of the

period, "is endangered from the proceedings, not of levellers and republicans, who are few and feeble in England, but of the minister and his adherents, who are numerous and strong, and are cutting away the constitutional safeguards of law and liberty, under the pretence of preserving them;—who either pretend to be afraid, when they well know there is nothing to fear, or who, labouring under a delusion like that of the popish plot, view jacobinism in the nineteenth century with the same horror which was inspired by popery in the seventeenth;—in short, who confound the alarm of their own imaginations with the rational perception and foresight of public danger. I have heard the name of Paine, and his pamphlets, mentioned *usque ad nauseam* in this House. To the doctrines or principles of that person I am no friend; but I am not to be deterred by, the mere odium of a name from avowing that I consider the rights of man as the foundation of every government, and those who stand out against those rights as the true conspirators—the worst conspirators—conspirators against the people."

Pitt, with his political resources and personal capacity, triumphed over reform for his hour. He was favoured not only by the schism among the Whigs, which disabled that party as such, but by the secession of five leading members from the association of the "Friends of the People." At the head of the seceders appears the signature of Lord John Russell, now Duke of Bedford.

But the organization of that society by Lord Grey is nevertheless one of the most sagacious, and even one of the most successful strokes of party statesmanship in the annals of England. To it may be traced the ultimate victory of reform.

The first manifesto of the association is an admirable piece of pleading, not alone from the force, but from the frankness of its dialectics;—it went forth with authority, as the case of the reformers; and Lord Grey presented a petition, signed exclusively by "The Friends of the People," to the House of Commons, exhibiting the statistics of its spurious representation and constituency with a force so conclusive, that—as one of those barbed arrows, pointed with truth, which ultimately, however slowly, pierce human error, and overcome human injustice, however shielded and strong—it continued fast and festering in the side of borough oligarchy, and proved fatal to it.* Four years after this memorable petition a specific plan of reform was proposed to the House of Commons by Lord Grey; and the great features of his plan of 1797 may be recognised in that of which the success in 1832 is for ever associated with his name and government.

It is among the rarest and happiest concurrences of public virtue and the course of nature, that he who in his youthful ardour struck the first

* The following summary may be cited as a curious reminiscence:—

"The patronage of which your petitioners complain is of two kinds,—that which arises from the unequal distribution of the elective franchise, and the peculiar rights of voting, by which certain places return members to serve in parliament; and that which arises from the expense attending contested elections, and the consequent degree of power acquired by wealth. By these two means a weight of parliamentary influence has been obtained by certain individuals, forbidden by the spirit of the laws, and in its consequences most dangerous to the liberties of the people of Great Britain. The operation of the first species of patronage is direct, and subject to positive proof: eighty-four individuals do by their own immediate authority send one hundred and fifty-seven of your honourable members to parliament. And this your petitioners are ready, if the fact be disputed, to prove, and to name the members and the patrons. The second species of patronage cannot be shown with equal accuracy, though it is felt with equal force. Your petitioners are convinced that, in addition to the one hundred and fifty-seven honourable members above mentioned, one hundred and fifty more, making in the whole three hundred and seven, are returned to your honourable house, not by the collective voice of those whom they appear to represent, but by the recommendation of seventy powerful individuals, added to the eighty-four before mentioned, and making the total number of patrons altogether only one hundred and fifty-four, who return a decided majority of your honourable house."

great blow for a great public cause, should conduct it to victory in the maturity of his wisdom and his age, after the lapse of forty years.

The death of Pitt opened the doors of office for a moment to the Whigs, and Lord Grey, then Lord Howick, came in with Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, as First Lord of the Admiralty.

After only a few months Mr. Fox followed his great rival to the tomb, and his place as foreign minister was taken by Lord Grey, who continued from that moment to hold divided empire with Lord Grenville, until the retirement of that eminent person from public life.

Minds of the first order comprehend each other, — and the same political accord, if not the same personal attachment, which had united Mr. Fox and Lord Grey, continued between Lords Grey and Grenville — alike honourably to both. George III., whose strength of character lay only in his antipathies, never abated his dislike of the Whigs, — or only hated them the more after they were forced upon him as ministers. He protracted the new arrangements, with the hope of detaching Lord Grenville from his new allies. That nobleman was proof against court influence and artifices, and it was upon his recommendation that Lord Grey became the successor of Mr. Fox.

One element of dissociation between Lords Grey and Grenville had fallen into a sort of abeyance — the question of reform. They were frankly of one mind upon two other questions of leading and generous policy, — the abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of the catholics. The former measure was opened by Mr. Fox, and this was the last political act of his life. It was consummated by his successors, — but the attempt to give partial relief to the catholics proved fatal to their ministry.

A bill opening the military and naval services to catholics was brought into the House of Commons by Lord Grey with the sanction of George III., and passed through the first reading, but was carried no further. The king's bigotry had been waked or played upon; and he demanded from the two ministers not only the abandonment of the bill, but a pledge never to propose that or any other measure for the relief of the catholics. They not only refused the pledge, but recorded their protest against it by a minute of council; reserved expressly their right of submitting to the king from time to time such measures as might be required by the state of Ireland; and were dismissed from office, to make way for the party which was understood to have suggested the unconstitutional pledge as the means of ousting them.*

It is obvious that Lord Grey was disqualified by his superiorities of capacity and character for the minister of a prince whose court was the focus of intrigue and duplicity. He accordingly continued out of office whilst the age and imbecility of the Duke of Portland, the petulant bigotry and subaltern accomplishments of Mr. Perceval, and the conciliating mediocrity of Lord Liverpool, successively quartered themselves on the nation through one fourth of a century.

Some incidents, however, during this period, marked his position, and brought out the traits of his character. The Whigs were not without hopes of dislodging the Portland ministry by their muster in parliament, and a

* The pledge was supposed to have been devised by Lords Eldon and Liverpool, and conveyed by them to the king through the Duke of Cumberland and two prelates. A resolution to the following effect was moved upon it by Mr. Brand (Lord Dacre) and Mr. Lamb (Lord Melbourne), and rejected: "Resolved, — That it is contrary to the first duties of the confidential servants of the crown to restrain themselves by any pledge, express or implied, from offering the king any advice which the course of circumstances might render necessary for the welfare and defence of any part of his majesty's extensive empire."

great meeting of Whig lords and commons was convened by Lord Grey; — he must, therefore, have been at this period the leader of opposition.

Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning having quarrelled, fought, and resigned, and the dissolution of the Portland cabinet having immediately followed, Mr. Perceval was installed prime minister, with authority to communicate with Lords Grenville and Grey. He did so in duplicate, requesting at the same time their immediate presence in London. Lord Grenville, who was in Cornwall, came to town, conferred with the new premier, and rejected his overtures. Lord Grey, who was in Northumberland, rejected the proposed coalition at the threshold; and treating the invitation to town as coming only from the minister, declined it. The contrast between him and Lord Grenville was called pride; — it was, perhaps, a compound of pride and sagacity: he saw that the overture was a vain, if not perfidious, mockery, — and probably disdained it.

The melancholy incapacitation of George III., and the unrestricted Regency of George Prince of Wales, were expected to introduce a Grey and Grenville ministry. To the surprise of the public, and the keen disappointment of the more eagerly expectant Whigs, Mr. Perceval proclaimed and proved himself lord of the ascendant, — until the hand of an assassin deprived him of life.

The failure of these successive ministerial negotiations with Lords Grey and Grenville, first upon the appointment of the Prince of Wales to a restricted regency, next upon the expiration of the restrictions, and thirdly, on the death of Mr. Perceval, have been ascribed to the influence and intrigues of those who constituted the prince's household, male and female; to the intriguing temper and vindictive vanity of Sheridan; to the unhappy compliances of Lord Hastings (then Lord Moira), as a courtier; in fine, to the intractable temper of Lord Grey.

But Lord Grey was not more unsuited as a minister to the character and court of George III., than of his son and successor. Unbending honour and elevated views were not more revolting to the narrow mind and despotic temper of the one, than to the reckless self-indulgence of the other; and Lord Grey had, very early in his career, offended the son by sins of personal dignity and political independence, never after, it is supposed, forgotten or forgiven. The first instance had reference to the Prince of Wales's denial of his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert through Mr. Fox; and his attempt to get over this unmanly compromise, both of Mr. Fox and of the lady, by an ambiguous disavowal. He applied with a curious infelicity of choice to Lord (then Mr.) Grey, who declined or disdained being the organ of a mean equivocation, — and the office devolved but too worthily upon Sheridan.

The next offence was remembered with still deeper resentment; it touched him in the point where he was most sensitive; his recklessness in obtaining the means of supplying his prodigalities. George IV. denied his private marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and went through the ceremony of his public marriage with Caroline of Brunswick, under the same circumstances, and from the same motives — simply to obtain money. His defection from Fox and the Whigs opened the way to a hollow reconciliation between him and his father, and he was bribed into his ill-starred marriage by a promise that his allowance should be increased and his debts liquidated. But the sanction of parliament was necessary, and Mr. Pitt introduced the subject to the Commons by a message from the Crown. Fox concurred in a tone of estrangement — other Whigs gave a cold, qualified assent: some directly opposed; and Lord Grey, as their leader, has left in the record of the pro-

ceeding to which the message gave rise, one of the most striking examples of his unbending character, and vigorous declamation.

It was one of the rhetorical artifices of Pitt to represent those who put forward the rights of the people, as invaders of the power and dignity of the throne; and the moment was one of great public distress; — “I yield not,” said Mr. Grey, “to the right honourable gentleman — I yield to no man in this house, or out of it, in respect for the due power and dignity of the Crown. I am as ready to support the real splendour of the royal family as any slave of office, or sycophant of a court; but I think there is more true dignity in showing a heart alive to the distresses of millions than in costly trappings which encumber royalty without adorning it. Is it, I ask, for the legislature, — for this house, which pretends to be the representative of the people, — to set the example of indulging and encouraging extravagance, at a moment when the prevailing fashion of prodigality among persons of fortune and station is rapidly deteriorating their character, by destroying their independence, and making them the contempt of the people by making them the tools of the court? I know,” he continued, “a refusal by this House will be felt as a mortifying privation, and I regret it; but I will not, I cannot consent, against my conviction that a refusal will operate as a salutary and just penalty for the past, a salutary lesson for the future, and above all, that it will raise the character of this House; — whether it needs raising in the estimation of the public, I will not now stop to inquire; — as a proof of considerate and proper deference to the severe privations and heavy burdens of the people.”

This could never be forgotten by a prince whose resentments were as implacable from pride of caste, as they would be in another person from the passion of revenge.

The third offence to George IV., and manifestation of what may be called the Grey stamp of character, immediately followed the cabinet negotiation already mentioned, with Lords Grey and Grenville, in 1812, and the formation of the Perceval ministry. That ministry, it was notorious, owed its existence to secret, and female influence. The late Lord Darnley frankly denounced it in the House of Lords; and Lord Grey, now a member of that house, having assailed the new cabinet, in a speech of impassioned eloquence, concluded with a passage given substantially, as follows, in the parliamentary debates: — “But all that I have hitherto stated, all that has been stated by others — all that has been urged on the ground of political capacity, character, and principles, — every other objection to the present ministers sinks into insignificance compared with one, to which, my Lords, I will frankly and undisguisedly allude — the dependence of the present cabinet for its existence upon an unseen power which lurks behind the throne — a power alien to the constitution, but now unhappily too familiar to the country: a disastrous and disgusting influence which consolidates abuse into system, establishes a demoralising prescription within the precincts of the court, and prevents either public complaint or private counsel from reaching the royal ear; an influence, my Lords, which it is the bounden duty of Parliament to censure and stigmatise with its most signal reprobation; an influence for the removal of which, it is my fixed principle and unalterable resolution, in concert with those friends who act with me in public affairs, to have a clear understanding with Parliament before we take upon us any share in the conduct of the affairs of the kingdom as ministers of the Crown.”

It is needless to remind any ordinarily informed reader of the influence alluded to, and the knowledge is so accessible to the uninformed, that it may

be dispensed with here. These sallies are cited only as illustrating the character and eloquence of the subject of this sketch. They at the same time solve the enigma in the popular government of a free people, that a statesman who will assuredly take his place in the first order of the historic personages of his country, whose life has been active, and his reputation pre-eminent, should have been minister only for a few months through a succession of years, and two reigns.

His appearances, as leader of opposition in the House of Lords, were few and isolated, from the establishment of the Liverpool or Tory dynasty to the accession of the late king. The opposition itself was divided and disorganised, when the greatest question which occupied either government or parliament since Pitt's first declaration of war with France — that of war, *ad internecionem*, with Napoleon, upon his return from Elba — was submitted to both Houses.

Lord Grenville very naturally supported the warlike policy of the administration. Mr. Grattan surprised the public — or those who did not know him — by taking the same course, and was opposed for the first time to Lord Grey. The palm of eloquence on this memorable occasion was borne by them in their respective places. Their speeches are among the most remarkable in the records of parliamentary debate — the most unlike each other in style — the most curious in reference to the issue. Mr. Grattan's speech was rhetorical and passionate, — presenting antithesis and exaggeration for fact and argument; Lord Grey's was logical, deliberative, and wise. Fortune and the event decided for the rhetorician against the statesman.

"The government of France," says the one, "is war. It is a stratocracy, elective, aggressive, and predatory. Her armies live to fight, and fight to live. Bonaparte reviewed the troops, and nothing could equal the shouts of the army, — except the silence of the people. It is a case in which the army has deposed the civil government. It is the march of a military chief over a conquered people." "I see Bonaparte," said the other, "invading France with 600 men; traversing that great kingdom, from Antibes to Paris, in advance of his troops; everywhere escorted by the people; his path thronged by multitudes as he passes. I see the throne of France abandoned to him without resistance; and now I see him, in the full assurance that the French nation is with him against the ancient dynasty, putting arms in the hands of the whole male population of France between twenty and sixty years of age."

Fools, says the adage, judge by the event; but there is an adjusting power, in the course of time, which redresses the judgments of the common herd — and the revolution of 1830, a great moral result, has re-adjusted the balance of statesmanship between Mr. Grattan and Lord Grey, — falsified for a time by the brilliant accident of the victory of Waterloo.

The next remarkable speech of Lord Grey was called forth by Lord Sidmouth's well-known circular, in 1817. That minister, like Lord Grey, lives in the past; but a past which it is his interest should be forgotten by others and by himself. He administered the home department in a troubled period, but one requiring only firmness and sagacity; he charged the statute-book, beyond all his predecessors since the Revolution, with arbitrary laws; his execution of which was at once timid and violent, imbecile and oppressive. One of his first measures was to address a circular letter to lieutenants of counties, announcing to them that any person charged on oath with "seditious or blasphemous libel," might be taken up, without more form, by warrant of a justice of peace. The boasted English liberty of the press was thus made to depend upon the conjunction of two persons, one of whom

may have the least possible stock of intellect, the other of morality — a justice and an informer. It was brought under the notice of the House of Lords by Lord Grey, in a speech, or rather a constitutional law argument, so able and sustained, that the late Lord Ellenborough, after failing to answer, had the candour to eulogize it.

That brilliant episode in the history of English administration, — the Canning government, — was attended by many curious circumstances; one of the most curious or remarkable of which was the secession of the Whigs from Lord Grey, — or of Lord Grey from the Whigs. He repudiated any share in the coalition with Mr. Canning, and refused his confidence to the newly formed ministry, by an express and formal declaration in the House of Lords.

A similar course had been taken under nearly similar circumstances by the elder Pitt. The occasion was the formation of the first ministry of Lord Rockingham, between which and that of Mr. Canning there are striking resemblances. Both ministries were partial conquests over a vicious and exclusive system of government by court intrigue; both had to contend against a powerful court cabal and a hostile bias in the mind of the sovereign; in the formation of both, there was a momentary abandonment, or compromise, of party principles, but with a view to their ultimate triumph. The analogy may be followed up between the political station and personal character of Lords Chatham and Grey; and each inflicted upon the cabinet, which was the object of his declaration, severe injury, — for each, by withholding his individual confidence, shook the confidence of the public.

The effect, however, of Lord Grey's declaration fell chiefly upon the Whig allies of Mr. Canning. The severe consistency, the uncompromising principle, the high ground, the stately solitude of the leader, gave by contrast an air of littleness, compromise, and desertion to the main body of the Whigs, who left his side to group themselves behind the new prime minister. It may be added, that Lord Grey was said to be actuated, like Lord Chatham, by jealous ambition, and impatient pride. But opinions of the day on personal and party questions are very rarely just. Those who now look back upon the secession of Lord Grey, — or rather his immobility whilst his friends seceded, — and view it without prejudice, will be more disposed to refer his conduct in that crisis to what has been noticed at the outset of this sketch — his unbending maintenance of the highest standard of public and private consistency and honour. But the surest guide in any case to the motives of Lord Grey will be found in what he has himself said. "Nothing," said he, on the occasion in question, "can be more distressing to my feelings than the paramount obligation under which I find myself to dissent from opinions delivered by noble friends with whom I have acted and thought for so many years. But although I am fully persuaded that, in taking their places, where I now behold them, they have proceeded with entire disinterestedness, I yet, from the resistless sense of a high and paramount duty, find myself compelled to remain in the place which I have occupied for twenty years. I do so, not from any desire to oppose or impede his majesty's government, but because I cannot find, in the principles on which the present government is constructed, any grounds for the confidence which I must repose in any government before I can pledge or promise my support to it. Admitting fully, as I do, that it is at all times improper to introduce the king's name, for the purpose of influencing this House, I yet cannot shut my eyes to the species of engagement under which the present ministry has been formed; and that engagement is of such a nature that I must distrust any administration of which it is the basis.

It is avowedly based on the principle of Lord Liverpool's government. Now, what was that principle but the exclusion of the Catholic claims?"

The accession of the late king opened, at last, the doors of the court and of the cabinet to Lord Grey and to reform. He came in upon the special mission of carrying that measure, — the only legislative act, since the Revolution, which can be called constitutionally historic, with the single exception of the emancipation of the Catholics. The latter was the more difficult to carry, the former much the more difficult to frame; the one was a bold abrogation of odious laws, the other was a re-organisation of the essential branch of English government.

The Reform Act is too recent and familiar to be more than barely alluded to in connection with the political genius and personal character of Lord Grey. Two observations, however, may be made: first, that Lord Grey alone had that station in the confidence of the late king, who, however honest his intentions, was neither uninfluenced nor unprejudiced; and in the confidence of that large mass of the nation in its upper ranks, which could enable a minister to carry the bill. He alone had the requisite weight of political and moral authority, from his political capacity, his long experience, his knowledge of the English constitution, and his having at hazard the highest interests of fortune, rank, and family. It may next be observed, that if that measure be in some parts defective, in others ill-judged, the provision most miscalculated, and most adverse to the main principle, when brought into action, was interpolated after the bill had left the bosom of the cabinet and the hands of the minister.

He introduced it to the House of Lords, on the 23d of October, 1831, with the solemnity and emotion of one entering upon the performance of a function all but religiously sacred. After some prefatory observations, he proceeded to say — "Thus called to form a new administration by my Sovereign, I frankly told him that I could not execute his gracious commission, or accept office as a minister of the crown, unless I were authorised to bring forward, as a cabinet measure, the plan of reform which had already been voted by the House of Commons, and received with unqualified satisfaction by the great body of the people. This condition was readily and graciously assented to by his Majesty; and having formed the administration, of which I have the honour to be the head, I thought it my duty not to lose a moment in preparing, in concert with my colleagues, the bill which is the subject of your lordships' deliberation this night. In this measure, my lords, there is no principle or provision not derived from the settled and acknowledged principles of the constitution of this country; nothing which may not be adopted with safety to all the interests and orders of the state; nothing, my lords, which is not in perfect accordance with the particular interests and privileges of that order to which, as members of this House, we belong. The measure which I am about to submit to your lordships is large and liberal, and I may say, complete. No measure of a qualified, limited, or partial nature, would be received with satisfaction by any party. It was the deliberate conclusion of my colleagues, and my own, that the best — the only advisable measure, was a frank and bold one; a measure so comprehensive, and efficient, that it should satisfy the reasonable, just, and general desires of the people, and place the true principle of constitutional reform on a safer and stronger basis than we found it."

It would have been well that Lord Grey had retired when the Reform Bill was passed, and his mission was fulfilled. A state of politics and parties the most uncongenial to him soon followed, and he appears, from his own declaration, to have sighed for repose. The scenes of management and

compromise with parties and persons on the subject of the Irish Coercion Bill shocked his uncompromising spirit and fastidious pride. He retired with dignity, but with some sacrifice of his popularity in Ireland. He found himself called the enemy of Ireland, when his whole life bore testimony to the fact of his superiority to every motive of political ambition, or personal prejudice, which could be supposed to make him hostile or indifferent to the claims of Ireland, civil and religious. The simple solution of his conduct seems to be, that he was in a false position at the head of the government from the moment when the Reform Bill passed. The members of his government were below the level of his character and views. They were raised and actuated for the moment by the great question which had led to the formation of his ministry; but that measure once carried, and the more vulgar business and interests of the administration coming into play, Lord Grey and his colleagues were no longer capable of unity in their views and modes of government. The point really at issue in the Irish Coercion Bill was, whether Ireland should be pacified by a sort of capitulation with Irish agitation, or rather with the Irish agitator; or by independent action and uncompromising defiance in the course of legislation and government. Lord Grey, as might be expected from him, chose the latter, his colleagues, or the majority of them, the former, alternative, — and a separation became inevitable.

The transient vapour has however passed away, and the retirement of Lord Grey presents itself in association only with a long public life, not only of undebased, but chivalrously sustained, public character and honour. There is not in the range of English history a statesman whose career is so free from exception, as an example and a light to his country and to posterity. Chatham, with his genius and his pride, lowered himself by mournful infirmities of conduct: there is not, perhaps, in the whole public life of Lord Grey, an act which he should wish undone, or a speech which he should wish unspoken. The sight of a mind of the first order, and the instinct of a proud honour, have been his unerring guides.

No one can glance over his career without surprise at the extent to which he has escaped, not merely censure, but the defamations and calumnies engendered by political and party strife. It would appear as if the unscrupulous and the base despaired of reaching a character so elevated, to disfigure or stain it.

When the parliamentary speeches of Lord Grey shall have been collected and embodied under his name, they will furnish a rich contribution to constitutional knowledge and parliamentary eloquence. His eloquence is essentially distinguished from that of the great contemporary orators. It would appear, from accounts of him when he began public life, that his education was directed from the earliest period with a view to politics, and that no one entered parliament at the same age with a mind so exercised, and accomplishments so various. There appears, however, even in his earliest speeches, no ambition to display the graces of literature, no parade of the acquisitions of science, no resort for effect to the play of fancy, or to artfully and elaborately turned phrases. The facts and the philosophy of history, luminous analogies and cogent applications, force of argument without the technical forms of logic, command and copiousness of language, — in fact, the natural effusion of a copious mind, not the artificial play of rhetoric, — simple dignity of expression in language, voice, and gesture, characterise his speeches. This abundant, noble, and characteristic stream of expression appears alike in matters of calm exposition and statement, and in his more animated or impassioned declamation.

But the most remarkable trait in the eloquence of Lord Grey is a certain accord between the style and tone of the speech, with not merely the delivery, but the person of the orator. An harangue of his would lose half its power delivered by another man — without the stateliness of his person, the noble expression of his countenance, and the commanding dignity of his enunciation. Of all long practised orators, he is the most free from mannerism of voice, gesture, and attitude. There is almost nothing that a mimic or a caricaturist could seize — all is graceful and expressive action, combined with a certain elevation of personal bearing. He has in his temperament that spring of excitement and emotion, without which there is, perhaps, no oratory of the first order; and he freely abandons himself to it, — but without those violences and exaggerations of gesture and intonation, into which orators under excitement so frequently run. He is, of all public speakers, the most complete master of the hearer's confidence in his good faith. You may question his views, but never the profound sincerity of his convictions. In him, the orator is not an advocate or pleader, employing rhetoric or reasoning for party interests or personal ambition, but one who delivers his opinions because he is penetrated with their truth, and thinks them useful to his country. There are speakers who harangue with fluent impetuosity, and whose tone, nevertheless, suggests the suspicion of an under-current of bad faith. The beholder's impression of Lord Grey would be, not alone that he was deeply penetrated with the convictions which he would impart, but that there is no object, however great, for which he would condescend to persuade by artifice; no audience, however exalted, for whose approbation he would deign to utter what he did not think; no quarter, however powerful, which he would not scorn to flatter.

The speeches of Lord Grey present, it has been observed, a sort of image of the man, not only in the cast of his character and genius, but in that of his person. There are several of them reported so copiously and characteristically, that it might be suspected they were revised by him; though no orator, whether his speeches be heard or read, shows so complete an absence of all trace of the labour of the pen. But even his most fully and faithfully recorded orations should be read with a constant reference to his person and delivery. The reader should imagine the orator before him, as he follows the current of the speech. This will not be a hopeless effort of fancy to the many who have heard Lord Grey; and even a person who had never heard the orator, but had seen and heard the man, might form some idea to himself of the manner in which Lord Grey would, or did deliver those passages from his speeches which have been cited in this sketch.

MODERN ITALIAN ROMANCES.

It is the fashion to call the Italians fallen and degraded; and none are more acrimonious in their censure than the Anglo-Italians—a race which, while forgetting their patriotic duties in the delights of that paradisaical climate—while availing themselves of the benevolence and courtesy of the inhabitants—and while eating the fruits of that fertile land—without care or annoyance, repay the advantages they enjoy by abusing the natives. There is a gentleness, a facility, a kindliness in the Italians which spreads an atmosphere of repose around them. Their visitors feel and enjoy this; but, far from being grateful, they blind themselves to the virtues which benefit themselves, and fix their eyes on the faults which are injurious only to the Italians. They even go further, and often rail the louder, while they imitate more grossly the vices they denounce.

Most of the defects of the Italians are those that always arise in a society debarred from active duties. An Italian has no career, and can find occupation only in intrigue and vice. The utter hopelessness that pervades their political atmosphere, the stagnation of every territorial or commercial enterprise, the discouragement cast over every improvement,—all these are checks to laudable ambition; and yet such is not entirely checked. How many Italian hearts beat high for their country. When any opening has presented itself, how many victims have rushed into the breach. Perhaps in the history of no people in the world has there appeared so tenacious a love of country and of liberty, nor so great a readiness shown to make every sacrifice to acquire independence, nor so confirmed and active an hatred for tyranny.

After various struggles, and the destruction of their best citizens by the despot, still the Italians pant for freedom, and hope to attain it. The well-educated among them feel that their chief duty is, to counteract the pernicious effects of slavery and superstition in debasing the national character. To do this, several of the most eminent have turned authors, and risked property and safety for the holy task of disseminating principles and sentiments which, in their effect, will keep alive a sense of their rights in the minds of their countrymen, and render them worthy of the liberty they hope one day to see them enjoy.

They are fortunate in one circumstance—the soil they would cultivate is rich and fertile. The thing that chiefly strikes any one conversant with the Italians, is their quick and clear understandings. In unfrequented parts of England, the people are stupid, and even savage. In France, they are still worse. They may practise the domestic virtues, but their minds are shrunk and shrivelled, or covered by so impenetrable a husk, that there are no means of having communication with them. The facilities of intercourse—for ever multiplying in this country—and the better education that subsists, has partly done away with this state of things; but in Italy, the peasant of its remotest regions is a conversable being. He has intelligence, imagination, and the power of expression. He has fewer prejudices in favour of old habits, a greater reverence for knowledge in others: it is easy, therefore, to teach him. While the same divine bounty that has gifted him with a capacity to understand, has been also extended to his instructors; and the educated men of Italy are singularly able, laborious,

and enlightened. Italians are found to excel in every province of literature. The names of their poets rank among the highest: their novelists, either tragic or comic, are unsurpassed: their historians yield only to those of the ancient world. In science, in morals, in every species of inventive or disquisitive literature, we find Italians among the foremost in desert. No wonder their rulers fear such a people, and put in action all their efforts either to crush or turn aside from any, to them injurious, purpose, the labours of their men of genius and learning. Thus Ugo Foscolo was banished; thus Monti was corrupted; the eloquent and admirable productions of the lover of liberty were proscribed; and not only were the writings of the slave impregnated with a base spirit, but his very subjects were dictated to him. To turn aside the thoughts of the men of letters from an elevated and useful aim, Monti was commanded to raise that pitiful war of words which sprung from his "Proposta." The Austrian government well understood the Italian spirit, when it excited the Royal Institute of Milan to busy itself in the reform of the national dictionary, and imposed on Monti the task of overthrowing the authority of the "*Della Crusca*," and of asserting the propriety of adopting, as the classic language of Italy, a language not wholly Tuscan, but intermingled with modes of speech peculiar to other provinces. Monti and his son-in-law, Perticari, began what they called a crusade against the "*Della Crusca*." Perticari, young and virtuous, and led by Monti, was probably innocent of any sinister motive. Monti himself entered into the views of the Austrians: he knew his countrymen, and the unfortunate prejudices in Italy, which makes one portion the rival and enemy of another. The effect of his attack was electric. As if it had been the cause of independence, each literary man arose to defend the system of his country. The Tuscans thought their territory invaded, their dearest privileges undermined: the war continued for years. At present, many of the chief combatants are no more, while the few survivors may wonder at their folly at being thus entrapped to forget the nobler uses of their talents in so puerile a question; they may feel that had one among them written a book, in which genius and power had been clothed in elegant and forcible language, drawn either from the purest Tuscan source, or mingled with modes of speech deemed less classical, yet not less true to feeling, it had been a far better answer than volumes of verbal dispute.

The Austrians, though they corrupted one of the greatest geniuses of Italy (Monti), and sent another (Foscolo) to die in a foreign land, and were successful in causing all the talents of the country to be absorbed by a war of words, yet enjoyed only a temporary success. Deeper interests were awakened among the Italians during the outbreaks and struggles which marked the years 1820-21. Since then, their writers have been thoroughly awakened to the importance of their task in enlightening their countrymen, and in teaching them either lessons of Christian virtue, or animating them to a love of liberty.

A very excellent article has appeared in the eleventh number of "*The London and Westminster Review*," written, we believe, by a peculiarly clever and well-informed Italian resident in this country, named Mazzini, which throws great light on the moving springs of Italian literature. The author has, with great judgment, divided the writers of his country into two classes, both bent on ameliorating the character of their fellow countrymen, but by different means: the one aims at fostering the, so to speak, inoffensive virtues; the other, burning with a hatred of the oppressor, and with a thirst for the deliverance of their native land, endeavours to strengthen and elevate—to teach the Italians to become patriots and citizens—to inspire,

not resignation, but hope—not merely piety and benevolence, but ardour for the dissemination of the blessings of civilisation and freedom—not simply fortitude, but active courage, without which higher virtues, they are aware that Italy can never be delivered and renovated.

Amidst the whole field of literature which Mazzini glances over, we select only one portion—its novels and romances.

When a new sort of literature was, as it were, discovered, and men of the first talent in France and England occupied themselves by the composition of romances and novels—all sorts of fictitious adventure in prose, whether belonging to past ages or modern manners—it was to be supposed that the Italians would shine also in the same career. At first, however, they did not originate any work of the sort worthy of themselves, and it grew into a common opinion that the spirit of Italy was so crushed and deadened, that their writers had fallen into a low scale. Ugo Foscolo was a mere imitator in his “*Jacopo Ortis*.” But Foscolo was strictly a didactic writer. His refined and discerning mind, his eloquent and enthusiastic spirit, which dictated his labours on Petrarch and Dante, and his poem of the “*Sepolcri*”—the most finished elegy of modern Italy, was not inventive of facts. “*Jacopo Ortis*” was a vehicle for opinions and emotions—not an epic, whose incidents and conduct were to interest and delight.

Manzoni redeemed the reputation of his country. The “*Promessi Sposi*,” translated into every European language, is a proof that the Italians are still themselves. It yields to no romance of any country in graphic descriptions—in eloquence—in touching incident and forcible reflection. It is, however, so entirely Italian in all its parts, that it can only be truly relished in its native guise. It has seized and individualised, as it were, various species of human beings, specimens of which can be found only in that soil; and thus, to a certain degree, its reputation must be local. Any one conversant with the Italian character perceives at once the truth and vividness of the picture; to others it is a fancy piece, and cannot come home in the same way to their experience and sympathies; besides that, the translation is vapid and lifeless, and incapable of communicating the spirit of the original. The excellence of this work consists, in the first place, in its admirable discrimination and representation of character. Its personages are not shadows and vague generalities, but men and women stamped with individuality. They all live and move before us—we feel as if we should recognise if we saw them—and those who have been in Italy have seen such, and perceive not portraits, but vivid resemblances. We have seen and recognise Don Abbondio, and his servant Perpetua; their modes of thinking and phraseology are all familiar to us, though graced in the work with the ideality which marks the perfection of art. The spirit and reality of such portions as may pass for episodes, the stories of Gertrude and Cristoforo, are unsurpassed in any work, in any language, for interest, truth, and beauty. The conversion of the Innominato—the riots at Milan—the progress, prevalence, and cessation of the plague, are passages of high-wrought eloquence that carry the reader along with them. They show not only the deepest knowledge of the human heart, but a vivid graphic talent, surpassing that of every modern tale-writer. The defect of the work is its whole. Admirable in parts, it wants the artifice of plot, which should make the interest rise continually. From the moment that Lucia is liberated by the Innominato, the story, such as it is, comes to a stop. Much of this arises from the character of her betrothed. She herself, gentle, resigned, and affectionate, interests us more than that sort of person in a book usually does; but Renzo is not her fitting lover. It is

true that he is nature itself, the absolute portrait of an Italian rustic. We ought to be content that Lucia, a Milanese peasant, should have for a husband a person in the same situation of life; but the sweetness and blameless simplicity of the heroine removes her from the vulgarities of her situation, while Renzo is immersed in them; the discrepancy jars on our taste, and injures the tale as a work of art.

The author of the "*Promessi Sposi*" has not aimed at inspiring ardour for liberty and hatred of the tyrant: his lessons are rather those of piety and resignation. In any other work we might blame this; but truth is so much better than declamation, and the picture he gives of the evils of misrule and ignorance is so forcible, that it stands in lieu of didactic tirades. The effect of the book being to impress the reader with a deep sense of the mischiefs that ensue from a people being kept in a state of bigotry and ignorance, and from a foreign, inert, and short-sighted government, every unprejudiced person must reap a well-founded hatred of tyrants and superstition from such worth a thousand diatribes.

This want of a generous and enlarged aim is more to be deplored for the author than the work. Manzoni is a man of first-rate genius. Besides the "*Promessi Sposi*," he has written two tragedies — poems rather than dramas, composed according to the French notion of the Athenian theatre, but interspersed with choruses. As dramas, these plays are defective — as poems, they are highly beautiful. There is, in particular, a chorus in the "*Camaledole*" on the horrors of war and the blessings of peace, which may rank among the most beautiful lyrics in the Italian language. But the want of moral energy that blinds a Milanese to the real evils that afflict his country, superstition and despotism, has fallen heavily on the poet. Manzoni has become a bigot and a slave. His life is spent in churches. His thoughts and actions are under the government of a priest, in obedience to whose dictates he has destroyed a beautiful romance on the subject of Napoleon. Thus that system of thought which teaches, "Humble thyself, pray, be resigned to thy misfortunes; heaven is thy country, the things of this world are unworthy of thy attention, knowledge is vanity, and justice here below a dream," has fallen with club-like weight on the head of this illustrious man, crushing his genius, rendering him ungrateful to his Creator for the surpassing gifts of mind lavished on him, causing him to "hide his light under a bushel;" so that, at the great account, when asked to what use he put the vast bounty of God, in giving him powers of soul superior to the multitude, he can only answer, "I disdained your gift, and regarded the telling of my beads as the chief end and aim of an intelligent being's life." Miserable, indeed, are the effects of catholicism, which causes the believer to surrender his conscience into the hands of another; which deprives man of his best privilege, that of judging by his innate sense of right and wrong; and utterly brutalises him, as he regulates his sense of duty by a fictitious code of morality, invented for the sole purpose of enslaving him, instead of resting it on the plain precepts of enlightened religion; which, while it teaches us to "love our neighbour as ourself," will also teach that the best proof a man of genius can give of his obedience to this command, is to enlighten the ignorant, and animate to virtue the demoralised — a task that can in no way be so well fulfilled as by the multiplication of works that will convince the head of the excellence of right, and warm the heart with courage to exercise it.

Next to Manzoni, as a novelist, we may rank his son-in-law, Azeglio, author of "*Hector Fieramosca*." This work has enjoyed great reputation in

Italy, and, though far below the *Promessi Sposi* in genius, possesses considerable merit.

"The Duel of Barletta" (*La Sfida di Barletta*) is naturally a favourite topic with the Italians. Being so often stigmatised as cowards, they turn with pride to this glorious achievement. Its origin is briefly as follows: — Naples had been reigned over by a branch of the house of Aragon for the space of sixty-five years, when Charles VIII., King of France, was stimulated by the treachery and ambition of a prince of Milan to bring forward the claim of the house of Anjou. He (and then first those disastrous wars began, when the French met the Spaniard on the fields of Italy) entered the Peninsula, and overran and possessed himself of Naples: but, on his return to his native kingdom, he lost his conquest as speedily as he had gained it. On his death, which soon after followed, his successor, Louis XII., prosecuted the same claim to the Neapolitan crown. Frederic, king of Naples, turned for assistance to his relative, Ferdinand of Spain, who, making the fairest promises, acted with the utmost treachery. He and Louis agreed to dispossess the reigning sovereign, and to divide the kingdom between them. Louis was to possess the Abruzzi and the Terra di Lavoro; Ferdinand, Calabria and Puglia. The Pope ratified this compact. For a time, however, it was kept secret. Louis invaded Naples, but Ferdinand promised his kinsman succour, and sent, apparently for that purpose, him whom the Spaniards name the "great captain," — Gonzalvo de Cordova. The catastrophe was soon brought about: the French overran the northern portion of the kingdom of Naples; Capua was besieged, and taken by treason; and Frederic, while he hoped to find assistance in the Spaniards, was informed of the treachery of Ferdinand. Dispossessed of his kingdom, he first retired to Ischia, and afterwards took refuge in France. The French and Spaniards, after some resistance on the part of the eldest son of Frederic, possessed themselves of the land: peace, however, was not the result. The division they had agreed upon was not made so carefully but that room was left to dispute the boundaries. At first, the rival pretensions were amicably arranged in a meeting of Louis d'Armagnac, Duc de Nemours, the French viceroy, with Gonzalvo de Cordova: but this was of short duration, and war speedily broke out. The Spanish party was weak and unprovided, and Gonzalvo, to gain time, fortified himself at Barletta, there to await the arrival of succour from Spain, and to wear out the French by a war of outposts. The Neapolitans themselves were divided: the Aragonese party adhering to Spain; the partisans of the house of Anjou, to France: the former, however, considered themselves as the real patriotic party, and treated their antagonists as traitors.

The Duc de Nemours blockaded Barletta: both generals avoided attacks and general engagements, while the numerous chivalry on both sides satisfied their martial tastes and thirst for honour by various challenges and duels. Gonzalvo reaped every advantage from this species of warfare, and in the delay that ensued. The Duc de Nemours endeavoured to draw his antagonist into battle, and failed; but, while despising an enemy who refused to fight, he marched with the utmost carelessness. The Spaniards fell on his troops, and made a great many prisoners.

Among these was Charles Hennuyer de la Motte, a French officer of distinguished bravery. He and his friends in misfortune were invited to partake of a feast given by Mendoza, his conqueror. During the conversation that took place on this occasion, Mendoza attributed his victory to the admirable manœuvring of the Italian cavalry, commanded by Prospero Colonna. The French despised the Italians; and La Motte exclaimed that, vanquished as they were on all occasions, they could not presume to compare

with the French in any species of warfare, and were only worthy to hold the stirrup to the knights of France. The good humour of the festival was not interrupted by this insult, but, on the morrow, Prospero Colonna called on La Motte to retract his words: he refused. The honour of both nations appeared to be engaged; and the generals on either side permitted the question to be decided by an appeal to arms. Thirteen Italians and thirteen Frenchmen, completely armed, agreed to meet in the lists to fight till they fell, or were made prisoners. The lists were selected midway between Barletta and the quarters of the Duc de Nemours. They were surrounded only by a furrow made by a ploughshare; but it was settled that, whoever among the combatants could be driven beyond this boundary, must surrender as vanquished. The Italians were victorious. The French having in their presumption neglected to bring with them the hundred apiece, agreed on as ransom, were led prisoners to Barletta.

Such is the history of the celebrated challenge which Azeglio has made the ornament of his tale. This work has already been translated — badly enough; but the mere English reader has probably gathered the gist of the story from the translation, as well as from any skeleton account that we can give. The first thing that strikes the Italian reader, on commencing the perusal, is the purity and elegant simplicity of the style. This merit is lost in the translation. It is more difficult, perhaps, to translate well from the Italian than any other language: for the peculiarity of its prose is a wordiness unendurable in any other; and it requires a thorough knowledge of the genius of the language, as well as considerable practice in authorship, at once to preserve the peculiar style of the author, and to produce a readable book.

The beauty of Azeglio's writing is very great: it is forcible, without exaggeration; elegant, without effort; and in this is well adapted to the characteristic of his work, which derives its merit from its story, rather than from masterly delineation of character. It is not that the plot is perfect, especially according to our ideas; but it is congruous in its parts, and deeply interesting as a whole. The ill-fated pair of lovers are presented to us in situations full of pathos: the delicacy of sentiment and heroism which they display redeems their position from its usual difficulties. A wife, disliking her husband, and loving another man, is a subject, the topics of which are so obvious, that it is rather a favourite with modern novel-writers; yet it is always infinitely displeasing. Azeglio has managed it far better than any other: the passionate, yet regulated, love of the gentle Ginevra, which she broods over in her island convent; the deep, religious devotion of Fieramosca to her and to virtue; the dark terrors that surround them, as well as the chivalric glory that adorns and gilds both themselves and all that surrounds them, sheds grace over every page; and, though these characters are rather shadowed forth than strongly marked, and others are but sketched, yet the few lines we perceive are masterly, and so much in keeping, that though the whole picture is, so to speak, presented in a subdued light, there is no obscurity, nor confusion, nor distortion. The only fault we find is in the personage Cæsar Borgia. He acts at once too subordinate and too influential a part. Kept for the most part in the background, he yet is the most important actor on the scene: — nor does his conduct seem natural: he, the most restless and fiery of men, is described as being content to remain secreted for many days in a secret chamber of his enemy's fortress, for no sufficing reason, and then, unexpectedly, the most disgusting and heinous crime is thrown in his path, which he commits, and then disappears. We may be hypercritical: it would be unnatural to place a romance in that age, and

people it with such personages, and not introduce crime in the foreground. But a romance-writer must never rest the justification of his plot on bare truth, without adding the dress of art. In real life, our acts and impulses are often almost motiveless, in our own eyes, when once past; but in fiction we ought always to feel the enchainment of events as inevitable. Azeglio wished to paint in his heroine the greatest virtue triumphing over the greatest misfortune: for this he makes her die deceived as to her lover, and believing him inconstant. We feel the heroism of her character, but recoil from the trial to which it is put, and we would fain that Donna Elvira, herself undeceived, had undeceived Ginevra, and that her last moment had been gladdened by the consciousness of Fieramosca's truth, which, if she had already forgiven her rival, would not have detracted from the height of her virtue. We scarcely know any passage in any author impregnated with a more pathetic spirit than the conclusion of the novel. The night that Fieramosca passes preceding the great duel; his endeavours to believe that all is well with Ginevra; and the unquiet emotions inspired by the scarce audible psalmody over the dead, and by the beams of the light which, in truth, was placed beside the corpse of her he loved, whom he thought living; are touched with a truth and delicacy that go to the heart. The lighter parts of the work are also admirable: the bull-fight—the feast—the characters of Fanfulla, Paredes, &c., are entertaining and sprightly; and the description of the great duel itself is brilliant and spirited. There is both pathos and humour in different portions of the tale, but there is no wit. The Italians are not a witty people, nor does their language lend itself to wit: the peculiarity before mentioned, its wordiness, is against a quality whose characteristic is brevity and terseness. Manzoni is highly humorous in *Don Abbondio*, but he is never witty; and the same with Azeglio; the same with every other Italian prose writer; the same will be found in their conversation. In this, as in almost every other quality of mind, they are in contrast with the French.

The challenge of the Barletta is so dear to the Italians, that it has been selected to adorn the pages of another novel of great merit. "The First Viceroy of Naples" (*Il Primo Vicere di Napoli*) deserves honourable mention in this account of Italian romances. It is the work of Capocci, a Neapolitan, a celebrated astronomer, and a man of profound learning. Deeming that the acknowledgment of so light a production might injure his reputation as a man of science, he has put the name of Belmonte, which was that of his mother, in the titlepage; and, with that pride in honouring those they love, which belongs to the Italians, he has dedicated it to his wife, a lady of great merit and talents.

*The warriors of Barletta are the heroes of this tale. Fieramosca and Brancalone are introduced as principal personages; and one of the first incidents is the meeting of the latter with his friend's sister, and their mutual and sudden attachment. But the spirit of the romance is in absolute contrast with Azeglio's. "Hector Fieramosca" is a tale of living, struggling humanity: it describes individuals suffering misfortune and deep sorrow, occasioned by such events as grow out of the situation of their country, and the characters of their contemporaries. It is almost too real for fiction in its disappointments, long-enduring griefs, and tragic catastrophe; while "The First Viceroy of Naples" is, as far as plot is concerned, the commonplace loves of a boy and girl, whose attachment, after a series of adventures and disasters, ends in a happy marriage. One of the chief merits of this book is its simplicity, both of style and sentiment. Wearied by the tendency to bombast now prevailing in literature, the reader is charmed by the

ease of the language, and becomes interested unawares in the tissue of incidents, artlessly but agreeably combined. The tale begins with the siege of Capua, mentioned in the sketch given above of the progress of these wars; and here an episode is introduced, which is a good specimen of the manner and power of the author, though, from its length, it must be somewhat abridged.

Antonello Caracciolo, the head of one of the noblest families of Naples, was a youth of great promise; he was courteous and gentle; and this in spite of the evil lessons of a natural brother, Raymond, who stimulated him to acts of folly and vice: his only faults were such as belonged to his few years. He became enamoured of a peasant girl, the daughter of one of his Calabrian vassals. This girl had a brother, Rocco, a man of giant force and vehement passions, a ruffian — who was only not a bandit, because he still loved his parents and his sister. Raymond perceived his brother's attachment to Constance, and conceived a plan of villany to get her into his power. A man had been assassinated near her dwelling; her brother was at a distance. Raymond accused her father of the murder, and threw him into prison; and then instigated her mother to go, accompanied by Constance, and throw herself at Antonello's feet. The conclusion may be guessed: the daughter was led away, the mother roughly dismissed, but with the intimation that her request was granted. The father was liberated, and returned; but, when he found that the ransom paid was his daughter's honour, he broke out into the fiercest imprecations; and his son suddenly at this moment returning, he threatened to curse him unless he washed out the stain on the family by some act of dire revenge. Rocco, foiled in his attempt to see Raymond, is driven by insult to assassinate several of Antonello's followers, and flies to the mountains. That same night terrible signs of his fury were visible in the vast possessions of the prince, and dreadful fires marked the fatal rise of the most famous bandit of an age in which so many flourished.

The father appealed for vengeance for his wrongs to his sovereign. Antonello had taken refuge in Naples with his peasant mistress, to whom he had become passionately attached. An order was issued that the family of Caracciolo should deliver him up to justice; and when this command was disobeyed, a party of masons were sent to raze the houses of the family, with an order to level one after the other to the ground, till Antonello should be found. On this the unfortunate youth was delivered up, and condemned to death. The tale continues: — "Then a marriage was mentioned, which at first gave rise to rejoicing; but, when the family began no longer to fear for the life of their relative, they declared that death was to be preferred to such a disgrace. Nor was there a noble to whom it did not appear excessive injustice to proceed as severely as if the two parties had been of equal rank. It seemed strange to them to give the same attention to the complaints of an injured vassal, as if he were a count or a baron. But every father and every brother, born out of the privileged class, exulted in his heart, as the chimera, which had a hundred times risen in his mind, of impartial justice in such cases, appeared on the point of being realised.

"One morning the inhabitants of the market-place saw a black scaffold elevated in the middle of the square; and immediately a vast crowd assembled, more than usually eager to witness so important an execution. The spacious circuit was soon filled, and soon the press grew so great, that the people, jammed together, appeared to lose all elasticity, and to be fused into one mass. There were people on the belfreys, at the windows in the balconies: they covered the tops of the houses, the sides of the fountains, the

cornices of the shops and palaces. The unfortunate Antonello, taken from his dungeon, was led in a cart through one of those narrow alleys of the old city of Naples, in which there were none but the cart and the guard that escorted it. When this party turned into the market-place, the vast crowd, with one voice, uttered a loud involuntary shout. The hapless youth, dismayed by the spectacle, almost lost his senses. The terrible truth presented to his sight was hidden by a delirium not less terrible. A mist is before his eyes — a ringing in his ears — a cold moisture pervades his body — his heart palpitates to bursting — trembling and tottering, every thing turns round — all seems giving way, and falling into an abyss. The vehement curiosity of the multitude at first sight of Caracciolo immediately changed to pity. Each uncovered his head at the sign of salvation that headed the sad procession, and all remained still and silent. It was a solemn spectacle, when each of so many thousands of men was so preoccupied, that you might have fancied yourself in a desert. At the sudden change the delirium of Antonello also changed: it appeared to him as if the pavement of the immense square had been taken up, and that, instead of stones, it was laid down with human heads, and that he and the executioner were alone in the empty space, while the latter stretched out his hand to seize his hair. O horror! his head is about to fall among the rest! He wished to shriek — to stop — to fly! but an irresistible force — the power of fate — prevents his moving, and carries him on towards the scaffold. The cart proceeded amidst the press, which, deaf to the signs of the attendants, opened with difficulty to the curvets and leaps of the horses of the armed men, and then closing behind, as the waves of the sea after a vessel, while it seemed to the unfortunate man that at these moments the earth was opening to swallow him. Those who were near saw clearly the internal struggles caused by these visions in the contortion of his limbs and convulsion of his features, but the violence of the agony prevented its long continuance, and he fell fainting in the arms of the priest. When they arrived at the foot of the scaffold, he came to himself, and sighed, and exclaimed, in a voice of woe, ‘My God! where am I? am I alive? where is Constance? where my mother?’ Then, opening his eyes, he looked fixedly round, till, shuddering and turning away, he cried, ‘No, no! — he is still there — No — I am not yet dead!’ Now the comforting voice of the holy minister came to his aid, and the unexpected sight of his Constance, who had arrived by another way, entirely restored his courage. Forgetting the chains that held him back, he was about to advance and embrace her. Hope returned, and he thought, ‘It cannot be true — the duchess does not hate me — how have I injured her? she has always been kind to me — I cannot forget it: at the last festival at Poggio Reale the duchess and the king were peculiarly courteous: it is a mere show, no more. What wild beast, what tiger, would be so cruel? and to one of my rank — and at my age! No, it is impossible — it is folly to imagine otherwise! Constance is all my regret: the hapless Constance, made by me the fable of her native place, and now of the whole kingdom. Unhappy girl — I suffer, and deserve it; but you, innocent creature, you, indeed, will become the wife of Antonello Caracciolo yet; so that it will seem that I am forced to marry her, while, in truth, there is nothing in the world I desire more — nothing — not even life!’ And these same thoughts passed through the minds of the spectators.

“They ascend the scaffold. The feebleness of the youth need not excite surprise — who ascends between two white-clad monks, and seems bowed by age. See you not how each step adds years to his age? That ill-omened throng of priests and monks freeze the blood, and the extreme youth of

the condemned man inspires deep pity. But the sight of the girl, who was the innocent cause of the punishment, excited a more tender emotion, and softened the hardest heart. The peril of Antonello, whom she already regarded as a beloved husband, was an insupportable torment to her. Now, pale and ghastly, she had fallen if she had not been supported — now, changing colour and blushing, she trembled and shuddered, and was convulsed as by the most acute pain. Sometimes she raised her eyes to heaven, sometimes she turned them fearfully round to find a spot where she could look without meeting the gaze of others — sometimes she covered her face with her hands, as she appeared to invoke death or the termination of her agony.

“An altar and a block were both placed on the scaffold. When the two young beings drew near to celebrate the enforced nuptials, they rushed into each other’s arms, and held each other in a long embrace. They were forcibly separated, that the rite might be fulfilled; Constance was dowered by the prince according to his rank: she received the bridal ring, and the priest blessed them. The crowd who witnessed this moving ceremony could not restrain from tears — the very agents wept; and who would not? But all did not finish here. The same priest who had pronounced the sacred words which gave rise to a new source of life, the very same chaunted forth the comforting psalms that were used to precede the death of the condemned, and to announce the violent separation of a being, guilty though he were, yet our fellow-creature, from the rest of the world. What a tremendous moment! New sprung hope had pitilessly deceived the unfortunate Antonello. Hope had given him strength to feel the spasms of agony till the last moment, as is made manifest by the accent in which he repeats the prayers. And yet he doubts; he does not abandon hope; but, alas! the executioner seizes him, and forces him to kneel beside the block.

“Already the axe is raised, when a murmur, none knows whence originating, and then a clamour, is heard among the crowd, crying, Pardon! pardon! And can it be? A horseman endeavours to make his way towards the scaffold. Room is eagerly made. Does he not bring a pardon? Profound silence returns. None can take their eyes from him, yet all desire to gaze on Antonello, and they are eager to see both at once. The officer being arrived opposite, made a sign to those on the scaffold; and in a moment the severed head of Caracciolo was seen shaking, hanging by the hair, as it was held up by the blood-stained hand of the executioner. The eyes were seen to roll, and words and blood to flow from the lips. At the same moment, a piercing shriek was heard, as it were the concentrated expression of the general horror; and the woman who gave forth that shriek fell on the ground.

“A gloomy murmur arose from the sea of heads. It moved and opened in a hundred parts, and the whole crowd, horrified and frightened, separated at once. The ill-fated Constance never rose more. Whether it were surprise, or shame, at finding herself the object of so many eyes at an ignominious spectacle — whether compassion for her lover, or whether poison had been given her, as was reported, by his relations — she died.

“The marble effigy of these unhappy lovers, placed above the arch of the steeple of St. Eligio, in the midst of the market-place, reminds the passer-by of their miserable fate.”

The account given in this work of the duel itself is peculiarly striking. The unaffected simplicity of the style rises into dignity when supported by the importance of the subject. It is, in some respects, superior to Azeglio’s, especially in the interest it excites. The duel in “Hector Fieramosca” is placed at the end of the work. The reader has been deeply affected by the

wrongs and death of Ginevra : the duel serves neither to avenge her, nor to advance any portion of the story ; and loses its natural interest from its taking place when that of the story to which it is appended has drawn to the close. In Belmonte's romance it takes place early in the tale, and the personages are full of ardour, hope, and enjoyment. We extract a portion, as a further specimen of the merits of this work ; a good translation of which we should be glad to see among our English romances.

"The Italian combatants had heard mass, and sworn to die rather than survive a defeat, and to defend each other till death. They then set forward to the appointed place. Half way they met their four judges, who told them that they had conferred with the judges of the adverse party, and fixed the conditions of the fight ; but that the French had not yet arrived. However, Hector Fieramosca, believing the hour agreed upon to be not far off, thought it right not to delay ; and, advancing slowly for the space of another mile, arrived at the field. It was a lonely spot, half way between Quarata and Andria, where even now may be seen the fragments of the monument which was erected there in memory of that glorious day, excellently adapted by nature for the purpose ; for the soil around is wavy with various irregularities ; but here it becomes completely even and plain, and, for a sufficient space, spreads itself into the form of an amphitheatre, unencumbered by any hinderance of tree or rock, while an olive wood flourishes around, forming, as it were, a thick garland. The little plain, being rather low, was covered, through the effects of rain, by a fine shingle, and offered a perfect arena for the manœuvres of the horsemen. On this occasion, the lists selected in the midst of this plain were surrounded by a furrow that enclosed about the eighth part of a mile, and was marked at intervals by large stones. Due egress was given between these to the combatants, who, defeated in the combat, were forced to surrender as vanquished. A seat was prepared for the judges at one extremity of the field, on a jutting ridge of earth, and a magnificent scarlet canopy was raised under the olives. Before and around, but lower down, stood the trumpeters and heralds, who attended on the joust.

"When the Italians arrived, they were struck by the singular aspect of the field. There was no crowd pressing to and fro without the lists — no waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs — no impatient nor welcoming cries at the appearance of the combatants — all was lonely and quiet. But this gave a more solemn aspect to the scene, as this solitude did not arise from any want of spectators, but from urgent necessity, and, so to speak, a holy reverence : for afar off, in the neighbourhood of Andria and Corato, were to be seen many companies of horsemen, who had no other object than to wait on the necessities of the combat ; and, scattered abroad through the country on the limits of the field, innumerable groups of spectators were to be seen clustered upon straw-ricks and trees, who, in a moment, could have walled in the circuit of the lists, had they been allowed to approach.

"The Italians dismounted, and, kneeling down, implored the protection of the God of Armies ; and then, while waiting for the arrival of the enemy, Hector addressed his party thus :—' Brothers and companions, I should be devoid of understanding, did I think, by my words, to inspire with courage warriors chosen by our illustrious leader as the flower of his troop. No, my friends, we know each other well. But, since the enemy have not yet made their appearance, I have thought it right in this interval to open my mind, which augurs undoubted victory. In times past, many have fought for the sake of private enmity — others to acquire wealth or power — others for the love of ladies. But you combat for honour and glory, the

most precious and noblest reward that fortune can offer to the brave. And you must also reflect, that you fight to-day, not only for your own glory, but for that of the whole Italian nation. May this inspire you, and gift you with immortal renown, making you famous examples of patriotic valour, and the enduring theme of noble recollection to posterity. Yes, my friends, this combat will be regarded with infinite anxiety by the army, by Italy, by the whole world; and the names of the valiant men who shall remain conquerors on the field will go down to the remotest posterity. I will not allude to the enemy's arrogance and injurious contempt. May Heaven avert that any of us survive to see the seal put to our shame. What more famous pass of arms than this can our descendants ever witness? In every other it is a mere game and display: this will be a fierce battle. In others, the nature of the arms, and the rules by which they are to be used, is established—in this we choose for ourselves as in war itself. In a tournament the point of the lance is blunt—the swords have no edge—it is dishonourable to wound a horse—it is felony to strike with the point. Here we wield lances, clubs, swords, and daggers; and happy is he who can plunge the blade into the heart of his adversary. Yes, happy is he who can reach the heart of him who desires to dishonour his bride, his sister, and his mother; for such is he who dares to vituperate our country, and cover it with infamy. Wherefore, war and death to the French! with every weapon, war and death! At this moment he perceived some on the opposite side appear: he became silent, and, ordering his helmet to be laced, they mounted their horses, placed their lances in the rests, and began to canter lightly, and to caricole about the field, that they might become familiar with it.

“The French now presented themselves. First came a gentleman carrying the helmet and lance of Monseigneur de la Motte; twelve other gentlemen followed, two by two, who in like manner carried the lances and helmets of their friends. Then, at fitting intervals, the six couples of combatants followed, armed and mounted as the Italians were; then came La Motte alone; behind him came his spotted charger, and, lastly, the twelve chargers, led by twelve gentlemen, two by two.

“La Motte, seeing that the Italian cavaliers were prepared, alighted from his hack, and caused his comrades to dismount also. Custom demanded that the leader, on such an occasion, should make a short harangue; but the eager La Motte, excited by the sight of the enemy, and naturally adverse to all formality, burst forth at once. ‘There they are, my friends, only thirteen—thirteen exactly, as we are! Shall we allow ourselves to be vanquished at equal arms—we, who have always seen a double and a triple number fly before us? By my faith! this is the first time we have met so exactly; and the best is that they are all alike, and there is not one Spaniard among them. Poor wretches! not another word about them; there they are—you behold them so light and airy—in a little while not one will be seen on the field. Come, let us teach them how arrogant they are to compete with the cavaliers of the King of France. But, I implore you, spare that youth on the bay, with a blue and white scarf: it belongs to me to attack that *millantatore* Pieramosca; but afterwards I have a particular engagement with that boy—reserve him for me—he challenged me, *morbleu!*—so have a care of him.’

“They then knelt, and addressed a prayer to Heaven, armed themselves, and, being in the saddle, began also with infinite delight to scour the field; and then the standards were placed at each extremity of the field, in expectation of the moment when the judges should give the signal for battle.”

The combat itself is described with great vivacity, and in particular the

encounter of La Motte and Brancalone. Brancalone is the hero of the tale, but he is a mere youth; and the author, while he wished to attribute to him the honour of vanquishing the French leader, felt that it was too much to make him fall by his hand. But he extricates himself from this difficulty admirably. They had already met and fought, and been separated in the *mêlée*, and now they met again. "The dauntless La Motte had begun to lose faith in his unvanquishable prowess; since in this species of skirmish his giant stature and immense strength were of less avail than the agility of the youth, whom with presumptuous confidence he had despised. He writhed, and foamed, and became confused through rage; his desire to conquer became a balk; and the more blindly he rushed on to wound his adversary, the more he exposed himself to his blows. So much blood flowed from his body, and he was wounded in so many places, that he no longer feared injury, since, could he strike to earth his daring adversary, he had been content to be killed by a thousand wounds. At length, among the innumerable blows dealt by La Motte, one reached its aim, and poor Brancalone also poured out a river of blood; and, on recovering from the stroke, he staggered so that his enemy thought it all over with him. Then his boldness returned; believing that his victory was secure, he turned his eyes to the other combatants, to gather the triumph of the entire conflict. And, though his companions strewed the field, yet, as he saw some among them still on horseback, fighting valiantly, he believed that, could he lend his aid, they would conquer. He therefore changed his mode of attack, and became cautious, and as avaricious of his blood as before he had been lavish. On the other side, Brancalone, who believed that the blood he spilt must inevitably occasion his death, gave, as a light that expires, the last flame, and threw himself on La Motte with inexpressible fury; while he, warding off the blows, continued to back, and waited to take advantage of some good opportunity, afforded by the other's fury, to end the great struggle by a blow with his club. But, at this crisis, he heard the cry around — 'La Motte, prisoner! Prisoner, La Motte!' Both paused: La Motte looked around — he perceived that he had passed the furrow, and was without the lists! A heavy groan burst from him, and he fell with extended arms, as if struck by a thunderbolt."

The story of this work turns on the loves of Brancalone and Giacinta, the sister of Fieramosca; the brother being at first friendly, and then adverse, to their marriage. The prince of Caracciolo, drawn on by the instigations of his bastard brother, Raymond, seeks her hand; and Hector is desirous of this alliance. The prince is assassinated under circumstances that cause poor Brancalone to be more than suspected. He is thrown into prison, and condemned; he escapes, and flies to the mountains, Giacinta being the companion of his flight. The most pleasing passages of the work are those that describe the wanderings of the lovers, and their residence at the rude but hospitable village of Picinisco. The interest is never high-drawn, but the purity of the style, and the artless simplicity of the narrative, spread a grace over the pages, very unlike the inflated and exaggerated sentiment now the fashion in French romances. The village life at Picinisco is a picture full of innocence and repose. It is disturbed by the inroads of some notorious banditti, the leader of whom is Rocco del Pizzo, brother of the unfortunate Constance, who, under the name of Gambalunga, spreads terror around; and who declared, in scoff of the guard of hunters of Picinisco, that, when they least expected it, he would appear alone among them, and carry off the prettiest girl in the village. His success in this enterprise is amusingly told:—"On the days of festival the devout inhabitants descended to the old church of Santa Maria, placed at the foot of the moun-

tain, on the top of which, at the distance of a long musket-shot, stands Picinisco. It was the last Sunday of the month, and the children of Ser Ilario had betaken themselves betimes to the church, that they might be among the first to occupy the sides of the confessional of the Canon Crolla, who was the confessor in vogue among these good girls. When they reached the sacristy, they saw, leaning against the great stone eagle which may still be seen near the great gate of the church, a strong youth, who, from his blue cloak, his black nose, and the marks of heat in his face, seemed to be a courier from San Donato. When he saw them approach, he met them with the usual salutation, *Gesu e Maria*, and, holding out a letter, said, 'Thank God! that at last I find some one who can read this paper. My master bade me be speedy; and I have been waiting half an hour here, and cannot find a soul who can read. I know it is for a certain Giannantonio, but I cannot remember his surname.'

"Celestina took the letter in her hand, saying to herself, as she tried to decipher the writing, 'How stupid the people of San Donato are! they make a long journey, and do not know to whom they are going. This fellow does not look silly; and yet he fancies some one can read among these villagers! Were it not for the signora, I had never learnt so much.'

"Her sisters proceeded to the confessional; and she read 'Gian — antonio — Ar——,' 'Arcaro — Arcaro. Now I recollect,' said the messenger. 'Well,' said the girl, 'Giannantonio Arcaro, my friend, does not live at Picinisco, but at Aia del Lupo.' 'And where is Aia del Lupo?' 'Look — there are houses — behind the hill.' — '*Cospetto!* I thought myself arrived, and I am two miles off. How shall I get back to San Donato before dinner? What shall I do? my master bade me hurry. My good girl, be charitable, show me the shortest way.' 'That before you, take that road — when you get to the fountain, turn to the left, and take the path — but it would be easier to show you the way than to make you understand it;' and, doing what she said, followed by the youth, she reached the fountain, and pointed out the lane of a cross-way which he was to take. But at this moment his eyes lighted up with a fierce expression, which made her eager to return; so she said, 'Now I have shown you the way, good bye, friend.' 'No, my dear, I do not understand; be so good as to go with me as far as the lane.' 'Really — and what do you take me for, good man! I have lost time coming so far: go, in God's name! for I must hasten to church.' 'You are right, my pretty angel, but you must sometimes do a good turn by a neighbour. I am in a greater hurry, perhaps, than you, my dear — Come — come as far as that. With so pretty a face, you must not be hard-hearted. I only ask you to go so far.' "No, no, good man; I have staid too long; good bye.' 'Well, then, I must begin already to relieve you from the trouble of walking;' and, so saying, he took her up in his arms, and, in spite of her cries and endeavours to get loose, ran off as if he were carrying a child. This was Gambalunga, the bold Gambalunga, in person. His comrades, who were waiting for him, hidden on the hill of Santa Croce, no sooner saw him than they leapt forth with joyful acclamations."

The pursuit of the villagers, with Brancalone at their head, brings on the catastrophe of the story, which, after many perils to the lovers, and romantic incidents, ends happily. The whole presents a pleasing and lively picture of the Italians — their vehement passions, which lead them right on to their object, accompanied, at the same time, by a sense of natural justice and open-hearted frankness, and adorned by unaffected and gentle manners. This, too, mixed up with so much of wickedness in the bad characters as give darker shades of interest to the tale. We think a translation of this romance would be popular in England.

[To be continued.]

NOTES OF A LOVER OF BOOKS.

No. II. POPE,

IN SOME LIGHTS IN WHICH HE IS NOT USUALLY REGARDED.

Unfaded interest of this subject, and the reasons of it. Shakspeare not equally at home with us, though more so with general humanity. Letters of Pope. A wood-engraving of a century ago. Pope with a young lady in a stage-coach:—Dining with maids of honour:—Riding to Oxford by moonlight. Loveability not dependent on shape. Insincerity not always what it is taken for. Whigs, Tories, and Catholics. Masterly exposition of the reason why people live uncomfortably together. "Rondeaulz," and a Rondeau.

THOSE who have been conversant in early life with Pope and the other wits of Queen Anne, together with the Bellendens, Herveys, Lady Suffolks, and other feminities, are never tired of hearing of them afterwards, let their subsequent studies take never so lofty a turn in the comparison. We can no more acquire a dislike to them, than we can give up a regard for the goods and chattels to which we have been accustomed in our houses, or the costume with which we associate the ideas of our uncles, and aunts, and grandfathers. And the reason is partly identical. They are authors who come within our own era of manners and customs, — within the period of coats and waistcoats, and snuff-taking, and the same kinds of eating and drinking; they have lived under the same dynasty of the Georges, speak the same unobsolete language, and inhabit the same houses; in short, are *at home* with us. Shakspeare, with all his marvellous power of coming among us, and making us laugh and weep so as none of them can, still comes (so to speak) in a doublet and beard; he is an *ancestor*, — "Master Shakspeare," — one who says yea and nay, and never heard of Pall Mall or the opera. The others are yes and no men — swearers of last Tuesday's oaths, or payers of its compliments — cousins, and aunts, and every-day acquaintances. Pope is "Mr. Pope," and comes to "tea" with us. Nobody, alas! ever drank *tea* with Shakspeare! The sympathies of a slip-slop breakfast are not his; nor of coffee, nor Brussels carpets, nor girandoles and *or moulu*; neither did he ever take snuff, or a sedan, or a "coach" to the theatre; nor behold, poor man! the coming glories of silver forks. His very localities are no longer ours except in name; whereas the Cork-streets, and St. James's-streets, and Kensingtons are still almost the identical places — in many respects really such — in which the Arbuthnots lived, and the Steeles lounged, and the maids of honour romped in the gardens at night time, to the scandal of such of the sisterhood as had become married.*

Another reason why one likes the wits and poets of that age is, that besides being contemporary with one's common-places, they have associated them with their wit and elegance. We know not how the case may be with others, but this is partly the reason why we like the houses built a century ago, with their old red brick and their seats in the windows. A portrait of the same period is the next thing to having the people with us; and we rarely see a tea-table, at which a graceful woman presides, without its reminding us of "The Rape of the Lock," hanging her person with sylphs as well as jewellery, and inclining us to use a pair of scissors with the same blissful impudence as my lord Petre. †

* Vide the "Suffolk Correspondence," vol. i. p. 333.

† The reader need scarcely be reminded that the "peer" who "spread the glittering forfex wide" was a Lord Petre, of the noble Catholic family still existing. As the poem was written in 1711,

There is a third reason, perhaps, lying sometimes underneath our self-love ; but it takes a sort of impudence in the very modesty to own it ; for who can well dare to say that he ever feels oppressed by the genius of Shakspeare and his contemporaries ! as if there could be any possibility of rivalry ! Who ventures to measure his utmost vanity with the skies ? or to say to all nature, " You really excel the existing generation ? " And yet something of oppressiveness in the shape of wonder and admiration may be allowed to turn us away at times from the contemplation of Shakspeare or the stars, and make us willing to repose in the easy chairs of Pope and one's grandmother. We confess for our own parts, that as —

" Love may venture in
Where it dare not well be seen ; "

or rather, as true, hearty, loving, vanity-forgetting love warrants us in keeping company with the greatest of the loving, so we do find ourselves in general quite at our ease in the society of Shakspeare himself, emotion apart ; being rendered so by the humanity that reconciles us to our defects, and by the wisdom which preferred love before all things. Setting hats and caps aside, and coming to pure flesh and blood, and whatsoever survives fashion and conventionalism, who can jest so heartily as he ? who so make you take " your ease at your inn ? " who talk and walk with you, feel, fancy, imagine ; be in the woods, the clouds, fairy-land, among friends, (there is no man who is so fond of drawing friends as he is), or if you want a charming woman to be in love with and live with for ever, can so paint her in a line ?

" Pretty, and witty ; wild, and yet too, gentle. "

All that the Popes and Priors could have conspired with all the Suffolks and Montagues to say of delightful womanhood, could not have out-valued the comprehensiveness of that line. *Still*, as one is accustomed to think even of the most exquisite women in connexion with some costume or other, be it no more than a slipper to her foot, modern dress insists upon clothing them to one's imagination, in preference to ancient. We cannot love them so entirely in the dresses of Arcadia, or in the ruffs and top-knots of the time of Elizabeth, as in the dear tuckers and tresses to which we have been accustomed. As they approach our own times, they partake of the warmth of our homes. " Anne Page " might have been handsomer, but we cannot take to her so heartily as " Nancy Dawson," or " Miss Lepell." Imogen there seems no matching, or dispensing with ; and yet Lady Winchelsea, when Miss Kingsmill, or Mrs. Brooke, when she was Fanny Moore the clergyman's daughter, dancing under the cherry-trees of the parsonage-garden, and " as remarkable for her gentleness and suavity of manners as for her literary talents," — we cannot but feel that the " Miss " and the " Fanny " carries us away with it, in spite of all the realities mixed up with those desuetudes of older times.

We have been led into these reflections by a volume of Pope's Letters, which we read over again the other day, and which found our regard for him as fresh as ever, notwithstanding all that we have learnt to love and admire more. We cannot live with Pope and the wits as entirely as we used to do

he must have been " Robert, seventh Baron Petre," who succeeded to the title in 1707, and died in 1713. He married the year after the writing of the poem, and died the year following ; so that his life seems to have been " short and sweet." It is pleasant to see by the peerages that the family intermarried in the present century with that of the Blounts of Mapledurham — the friends of Pope ; and that one of the sisters of the bride was named Arabella, probably after Arabella Fernor, the Belinda of the poet. A sense of the honours conferred by genius gives the finishing grace to noble families that have the luck to possess them.

when young. Circumstances have opened new worlds to us, both real and ideal, which have as much enlarged (thank heaven !) our possessions, as though to a house of the sort above-mentioned had been added the gardens of all the east, and the forests (with all their visions) of Greece and the feudal times. Still the house is there, furnished as aforesaid, and never to be given up ; and as men, after all their day-dreams, whether of poetry or of *business* (for it is little suspected how much fancy mingles even with that), are glad to be called to dinner or tea, and see the dear familiar faces about them, so, though the author we love and admire must be Shakspeare, and the two books we can least dispense with on our shelves are Spenser and the "Arabian Nights," we never quit these to look at our Pope, and our Parnell and Thomson, without a sort of household pleasure in our eyes, and a grasp of the volume as though some Mary Lepell, or Margaret Bel-leuden, or some Mary or Marianne of our own, had come into the room herself, and held out to us her cordial hand.

Here then is a volume of "Pope's Letters," complete in itself, (not one of the voluminous edition) a duodecimo, lettered as just mentioned, bound in calf (plain at the sides, but gilt and flowered at the back), and possessing a portrait with cap, open shirt-collar, and great black eyes. We are bibliomaniacs enough to like to give these details, and hope that the reader does not despise them. At the top of the first letter, there is one of those engraved head-pieces of ludicrously ill-design and execution, which used to "adorn" books a century ago, things like uncouth dreams, magnified out of all proportion, and innocent of possibility. The subject of the present is Hero and Leander. Hero, with four dots for eyes, nose, and mouth, is as tall as the tower itself, out of which she is half leaning; and Leander has had a sort of platform made for him at the side of the tower, flat on the water, and obviously on purpose to accommodate his dead body; just as though a coroner's inquest had foreseen the necessity there would be for it. But we must not be tempted at present into dwelling upon illustrations of this kind. We design some day, if a wood engraver will stand by us, to give something of an historical sketch of their progress through old romances, classics, and spelling-books, with commentaries as we proceed, and a "fetching out" of their beauties; not without an eye to those initial letters and tail-pieces, in which As and Bs, nymphs, satyrs, and dragons, &c. flourish into every species of monstrous, grotesque, and half-human exuberance.

What we would more particularly take occasion to say from the volume before us, agreeably to our design of noticing whatever has been least or not at all noticed by the biographers, is, that notwithstanding our own long intimacy with the writings of Pope, we found in it some things which we do not remember to have observed before,—little points of personal interest, which become great enough in connection with such a man to be of consequence to those who would fain know him as if they had lived with him, and which the biographers (who, in fact, seldom do more than repeat one another) have not thought it worth their while to attend to.

The first is, that whereas the personal idea of Pope, which we generally present to our minds in consequence of the best-known prints of him is that of an elderly man, we here chiefly see him as a young one, from the age of sixteen to thirty, and mostly while he lived at Binfield in Windsor Forest, and his principal fame arose from his happiest production, "The Rape of the Lock." We see him also caressed, as he deserved to be, by the ladies; and intimating, with a becoming ostentation (considering the consciousness of his personal defects which he so touchingly avows at other times), what a

very "lively young fellow" he was (to speak in the language of the day), and how pleased they were to pay him attention. The late republication of the writings of Lady Mary Wortley Montague has revived the discussion respecting her supposed, and but too probable, *brusquerie* towards him (for no man deserved greater delicacy in repulse from a woman, than one so sensitive and so unhappily formed as he). We shall here give, as a counter lump of sugar to those old bitters, a passage from a letter written when he was twenty-one, in which he describes the effect which the gaiety of his conversation had on a young lady whom he met in a stage-coach. What he says about a "sick woman" being the "worst of evils," is not quite so well. It is not in the taste of Spenser and the other great poets his superiors; yet we must not take it, in its worst sense either, but only as one of those "airs" which it was thought becoming in such "young fellows" to take in those days, when people had not properly recovered from the unsentimentalizing effects of the gallantry of the court of Charles II. For the better exhibition of these our passages of interest, rescued from the comparative obscurity occasioned by the neglect of biographers, we shall give them heads in italics.

Pope admired by a Young Lady in a Stage Coach.

"The morning after I parted from you I found myself (as I had prophecy'd) all alone, in an uneasy stage coach; a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the least hope of entertainment, but from my last resource in such cases — a book. I then began to enter into an acquaintance with the *moralists*, and had just received from them some cold consolation for the inconvenience of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs, when I perceived my vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not easy to guess at my mortification; but being so well fortified with philosophy I stood resigned, with a stoical constancy, to endure the worst of evils — a sick woman. I was, indeed, a little comforted to find by her voice and dress that she was young and a gentlewoman; but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one of the most beautiful faces I ever beheld; and to increase my surprise, I heard her salute me by my name. I never had more reason to accuse nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself; till, with a great deal of simplicity and innocence, she let me know (even before I discovered my ignorance) that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately married, who having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a new husband could do to recover her. My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me; but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe some fruit (which I happened to have in the coach), which being forbidden her by her doctors, she had the more inclination to; in short, I tempted her, and she eat; nor was I more like the devil, than she like 'Eve.' Having the good success of the aforesaid gentleman before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and in spite of my evil form, accosted her with all the gaiety I was master of, which had so good effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant, her colour returned, and she was pleased to say my prescription had wrought an immediate cure; in a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable."

We learn from this passage, by the way, that Pope's father sometimes expressed his wish to see his son a physician. The son, however, wisely avoided a profession which would have severely tried his health, and not very well have suited his personal appearance. Otherwise, there can be no doubt he would have made an excellent member of the faculty, — learned, bland, sympathetic, and entertaining.

The passage we shall extract next is better known, but we give it because "maids of honour" are again flourishing. The poet is here again at his ease with the fair sex. The "prince, with all his ladies on horseback," is George II., then prince of Wales, who is thus seen compelling his wife's maids of honour to ride out with him, whether their mistress went or not, and to go hunting "over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks!" The case,

is otherwise now; and the lovely Margaret Dillons, and Spring Rices, and Listers, have the luck to follow a gentlewoman instead of a dull brute. They can also go in carriages instead of on horseback, when they prefer it. Whether they have not still, however, occasionally to undergo that dreadful catastrophe, — “a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat,” may be made a question.

Pope Dining and Walking by Moonlight with Maids of Honour.

“I went by water to Hampton Court, unattended by all but my own virtues, which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves or me concealed; for I met the prince with all his ladies on horseback coming from hunting. Mrs. B—— (Bellenden)* and Mrs. L—— (Lepell) took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring papists), and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better — an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H—— (Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk.) We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable, and wished that every woman who envied had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simmer an hour, and catch cold in the princess’s apartment; from thence (as Shakspeare has it) “to dinner with what appetite they may;” and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and as a proof of it, I need only tell you, Mrs. L—— walked all alone with me three or four hours by moonlight; and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.”

We hope Lady Mary Wortley saw this letter; for she was jealous of the witty and beautiful Lepell, who married a flame of hers, Lord Hervey; and though she is understood to have scorned the pretensions of Pope herself, it is in the nature of dispositions like hers not to witness attentions paid even to the rejected without a pang.

Our closing extract will mount the little immortal, in his turn, upon an eminence, on which he is certainly very little contemplated in the thoughts of any body; and yet it was a masculine one to which he appears to have been accustomed; to wit, horseback. He rides in the present instance from Binfield to Oxford, a distance of thirty miles, no mean one for his delicate and ill-used frame. In a subsequent letter we find him taking the like journey, and to the same place, in company with Lintott, the bookseller, of whose overweening manners, and “eye” meanwhile “to business,” he gives a very amusing account, not omitting an intimation, that he was the better rider, and did not at all suffer under the bookseller’s cockney inexperience. But we prefer to see him journeying by himself; and there is a sweet and poetical thoughtfulness in the passage, betwixt ease and solemnity.

Pope Journeying on Horseback by Moonlight.

“Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me than my last day’s journey; for after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasure, I rode over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes, and the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth, some in a deeper, some in a softer tone, that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes,

* The old title of *Mistress*, applied to unmarried ladies, was then still struggling with that of *Miss*, and either occasionally given.

studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college hours — was rolled up in books — lay in one of the most ancient dusky parts of the university — and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain when the monks of their own order extolled their piety and abstraction; for I found myself deceived with a sort of respect which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their species, who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world."

In the letter containing this extract, is one of those touching passages we have mentioned, in which he alludes to his personal deformity.

"Here, at my Lord II——'s (Harcourt's?), I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman, (though a woman be very near as good as an angel). I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T—— as a credit to the maker of angels; she is a relation of his lordship's, and he gravely proposed her to me for a wife; being tender of her interests, and knowing that she is less indebted to fortune than I, I told him, 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind, and what I could never think of, while I had eyes to see both her and myself."

This is one of those rare occasions in which the most artificial turn of language, if gracefully put, is not unsuitable to the greatest depth of feeling, the speaker being taxed, as it were, to use his utmost address, both for his own sake and the lady's. We speak of "deformity" in reference to Pope's figure; since, undoubtedly, the term is properly applied; and one of the greatest compliments that can be paid his memory (which may be sincerely done), is to think that a woman could really have loved him. But he had wit, fancy, sensibility, fame, and the "finest eyes in the world;" and he would have worshipped her with so much gratitude, and filled her moments with so much intellectual entertainment, that we can believe a woman to have been very capable of a serious passion for him, especially if she was a very good and clever woman. As to minor faults of shape, even of his own sort, we take them to be nothing whatsoever in the way of such love. We have seen them embodying the finest minds and most generous hearts; and believe, indeed, that a woman is in luck who has the wit to discern their loveability; for it begets her a like affection, and shows that her own nature is worthy of it.

This volume of Letters is the one that was occasioned by the surreptitious collection published by Curll, and contains the correspondence with Walsh, Wycherley, Trumbal, and Cromwell, those to "several ladies," Edward Blount, and Gay, &c. The style is generally artificial, sometimes provokingly so, as in the answer to Sir William Trumbal's hearty and natural congratulations on "The Rape of the Lock." It vexes one to see so great a man make such an owl of himself with his laboured deprecations of flattery (of which there was none), and self-exaltations above the love of fame; and the honest old statesman (a delightful character by the way, and not so rare as inexperience fancies it), must have smiled at the unconscious insincerity of his little great friend. "Unconscious" we say, for it is a mistake to conclude that an insincerity of this kind may not have a great deal of truth to the writer's own mind and intentions; and Pope, at that time, had not lived long enough to become aware of his weakness in this respect; perhaps never did. On the other hand there are abundant proofs in these Letters of the best kind of sincerity, and of the most exquisite good sense. Pope's heart and purse (which he could moderately afford), were ever open to his friends, let his assertions to that effect be taken by a shallow and envious cunning in as much evidence to the contrary as it pleases. He was manifestly kind to every body in every respect, except when they provoked his wit and self-love a little too far; and then only, or chiefly, as it affected

him publicly. He had little tricks of management, we dare say; *that* must be an indulgence conceded to his little crazy body, and fear of being jostled aside by robust exaction; and we will not swear that he was never disingenuous before those whom he had attacked. *That* may have been partly owing to his very kindness, uneasy at seeing the great pain which he had given; for his satire was bred in him by *reading* satire, (Horace, Boileau, and others), and was doubtless more bent on being admired for its wit than feared for its severity; exquisitely severe as he could be, and pleased as a man of so feeble a body *must* have been at seeing his pen so formidable. He fondly loved his friends. We see by this book, that before he was six and twenty, he had painted Swift's portrait (for he dabbled in oil painting) three times; and he was always wishing Gay to come and live with him, doubtless at his expense. He said on one of these occasions, "Talk not of expenses; Homer (that is, his translation), will support his children:" and when Gay was in a bad state of health, and might be thought in want of a better air, he told him he would go with him to the south of France; a journey which, for so infirm and habitual a homester as Pope, would have been little less, than if an invalid now-a-days should propose to go and live with his friend in South America.

There are some passages in this volume so curiously applicable to the state of things now existing among us, that we are tempted to quote one or two of them: —

"I am sure (says he) if all Whigs and all Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic I know (his friend Edward Blount, to whom he is writing), it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others, and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution."

Again, in a letter to Craggs, —

"I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman empire, which is too manifest a truth to be denied, and *does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith* (he was himself a Catholic) *who are free from it.* Our silence in these points may, with some reason, make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries, *which yet, in reality, all good and sensible men despise*, though they are persuaded not to speak against them; I cannot tell why, since now it is no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood, as it might have been then, to have them smothered in silence."

Let the above be the answer to those who pretend to think that the Catholics are still as ignorant and bigoted as they were in the days of Queen Mary! — as though such enlightened Catholics as Pope, and such revolting ones as Mary herself, had never assisted to bring them to a better way of thinking.

For the exquisite good sense we have spoken of, take the following passage, which is a masterpiece: —

"Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but mere vanity: a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts."

Thousands of houses would be happy to-morrow if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantel-piece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.

We shall conclude this bunch of "Notes" with an observation or two, occasioned by a *rondeau* in the volume, not otherwise very mentionable. They are, first, that in its time, and till lately, it was almost the only ron-

deau, we believe, existing in the language, certainly the only one that had attracted notice; secondly, that it does not obey the laws of construction laid down by the example of Marot, and pleasantly set forth of late in the publication on "*Rondeaulx*," noticed in this magazine (pray pronounce the word in good honest old French, with the *aulx*, like the beating up of eggs for a pudding); third, that owing to the lesser animal spirits prevailing in this country, the larger form of the rondeau is not soon likely to obtain; fourth, that in a smaller and more off-hand shape it appears to us deserving of revival, and extremely well calculated to give effect to such an impulse as naturally inclines us to the repetition of two or three words; and fifth and last, that as love sometimes makes people imprudent, and gets them excused for it, so this perusal of Pope and his volume has tempted us to publish a rondeau of our own, which was written on a real occasion, and therefore may be presumed to have had the aforesaid impulse.

"Nelly kiss'd me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;
 Time, you thief! who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put *that* in.
 Say I'm jaundic'd, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add,
 Nelly kiss'd me."

NOVEMBER METEORS.

THE meteoric appearances which, at certain seasons of the year, are occasionally seen shooting athwart the firmament, and which have been called falling, or shooting stars, and by foreign meteorologists, *Etoiles filantes*, or spinning stars, have of late years attracted much attention from those who have felt an interest in meteorological inquiry. In comparing together the dates of the most remarkable appearances of this kind which have been from time to time recorded, it has been found that there are two epochs in the year at which they occur more frequently, and in greater numbers, than at any other times. These epochs are, first, between the 8th and 15th of August; and, secondly, between the 6th and 19th of November. So well ascertained are these meteoric periods considered to be, that the return of the meteors are now expected almost as confidently on the approach of these times as the re-appearance of the periodic comets.

If the fact of the periodicity of the phenomena be admitted, it naturally suggests a cause connected with the motion of the earth round the sun. In its annual path, the earth at the same day of the year passes always through nearly the same region of space, and hence the place of the earth in the universe being always the same when these meteors predominate, a conjecture has been made that these particular regions are occupied by some subtle fluid, which being mingled with our atmosphere, produces that evolution of heat and light, the effects of which are exhibited in falling stars.

It is evident that the confidence to which this conjecture may be entitled must depend entirely on the completeness of the induction by which the periodical appearance of those meteors at the times above stated is established.

Since the more remarkable of the two periods will occur during the present month, it may not be uninteresting to state here a few of the facts on which the induction rests. We have therefore collected together, from various sources, the dates of the most remarkable atmospheric appearances of this class from the eighth century to the present time. In the following table, the day of the month when it has been recorded is placed in the column under the month, and in the line with the year of the occurrence. Where an asterisk occurs under the month, the particular night has not been recorded, but the appearance has merely been mentioned as having occurred.

Years.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
763	*									
902	*		
1029	*				
1092	25								
1202	19		
1741	25
1777	17						
1779	9				
1781	8				
1784	27	9				
1785	27					
1798	7
1799	9	11	
1803	22						
1805	23		
1806	10				
1811	18	10				
1812	?	
1813	11	8	
1815	10				
1818	14	19	
1819	6				
1819	13				
1820	9	2	...	12	
1822	10	...	12	
1823	15				
1823	10				
1824	14				
1826	14	6	
1826	10				
1827	14				
1828	10				
1829	14				
1830	12	
1831	13	
1832	13	
1833	10	13	
1834	10	13	
1835	10	13	
1836	8	13	
1836	10				
1837	10				

There are here recorded fifty-two nights on which these appearances prevail to such a degree as to attract particular notice. Of these twenty-

six occurred between the 8th and 15th of August, and thirteen between the 6th and 19th of November: thus three-fourths of the nights recorded correspond to the epochs to which we have referred.

We have not seen any sufficiently precise account of the number of these phenomena which were observed in November, 1837, and in last July. Fewer were noticed in Paris in November than were expected; but on the night between the 15th and 16th, seventeen were seen at that place by M. Arago, within a minute and a half. At Jambly, in the department of the Seine and Loire, thirty-nine were observed on the night between the 14th and 15th; and ten were observed at Marseilles on the night between the 12th and 13th; six were observed on the same night at Geneva, and four at Montpellier.

Some disappointment was produced last year by the circumstance of an unusually small number being seen on the night between the 12th and 13th, arising from an erroneous impression that that was the night on which their periodical return should be expected. It will be seen, however, from the preceding table, that these appearances have not at all been confined to the night of the 12th; but independently of this, the night of the 12th of last November at Paris was so bright, that stars of the second magnitude were not visible, and consequently meteors—even supposing them to have existed of similar, or of inferior brightness—could not have been observed. It should also be considered, that their non-appearance at any particular place is no proof of their non-existence in our atmosphere. They may be produced during the day, or they may be produced in a part of the atmosphere not visible from the place in question. Thus, in 1833, when they were a general object of terror to the people of America, they attracted but little attention in Europe. On the other hand, they sometimes appear contemporaneously in the atmosphere on opposite sides of the globe. Last year they were observed from the French ship *Bonite*, on the other side of the globe, while on the same day, in Europe, a vast number appeared.

On the night of the 12th of November, 1836, Sir John Herschel observed these phenomena at the Cape of Good Hope. Their number was not very considerable, but their motion had a remarkable regularity; they appeared to diverge from a centre or focus, which preserved a fixed position with respect to the horizon, but had no such fixed relation to the objects on the firmament. This point, or centre, to which their common directions converged, was a point of about thirty degrees above the horizon, and sixty degrees west of north.

On the night of the 9th of August, 1837, Mr. Wartman observed these phenomena at Geneva; between 9 o'clock p. m. and midnight, eighty-two were seen in different parts of the heavens. They were most frequent about 10 o'clock, and then appeared to emanate from a centre or focus situated between the star β in the constellation of Bootes, and the star α in the constellation of the Dragon. At a quarter past ten, twenty-seven were seen and were remarkable for their bright bluish light. Other observers in the same neighbourhood, and on the same night, counted one hundred and forty-nine in one part of the heavens, between a quarter before nine and half past eleven o'clock. Of these hundred and forty-nine meteors, three had the appearance of round discs or globes, of a ruddy red colour, measuring from four to five minutes in diameter, being about one-sixth part of the Moon's diameter: twenty-six were more brilliant than the planet Venus, and of resplendent whiteness; the remainder had the appearance of stars from the first to the third magnitude, their colours varying between blue, yellow, and orange.

On the night of the 11th of November, 1832, M. Tharaud, a retired officer at Limoges, stated, that workmen, who were employed in laying the foundation of the bridge over the river Vienne, observed the firmament brilliant with meteors, which at first only amused them, but after some hours, the number and splendour of these luminous appearances was so greatly augmented, that the people were seized with panic, and so great was their terror, that they abandoned their labour and flew to their families, exclaiming that the end of the world had arrived. On the next day these people were interrogated on the subject, and their accounts varied according to the different impressions which had been produced on their imaginations: — some declared that they saw streams of blue fire; others, that they beheld bars of red iron crossing each other in all directions; others, that they beheld an immense quantity of flying rockets: all agreed that the phenomena were diffused over every part of the firmament, that they commenced at 11 o'clock, and continued till four the next morning.

Professor Brandes states, that on the night of the 10th of August, 1823, he counted, in less than two hours, one hundred and forty falling stars, whose route he distinctly traced, besides others which he did not succeed in pursuing. He adds, that the evening was calm and mild, but that the heavens, although a little clouded, were so rich in falling stars, that these phenomena attracted the attention of many persons not interested in meteorological appearances. Professor Joslin of Schenectady, New York, states, that by combining his observations made on the night of the 9th of August, 1836, he found that during a great part of the evening, the number of falling stars which he observed could not have been less than at the rate of one hundred and fifty per hour.

As no telescopic or other instrumental aid will be necessary to observe and record these appearances, all persons who take an interest in natural phenomena are competent to observe them, and if such observations be noted down at the time, they will form valuable contributions to this department of science. Those who feel disposed to direct their attention to this enquiry, should previously make themselves familiar, by land-marks, or other means, with the direction of the points of the compass: thus they should select some conspicuous objects in the direction north, south, east, and west, and others at intermediate points. When a meteor is observed, the point from which it proceeds, and the point where it disappears should be noticed, and the directions and heights of these points recorded as nearly as may be: the time of these appearances should also be stated, but if the appearances should succeed each other too rapidly for these particulars to be noticed, then at least the number of such meteors which are seen within a specified time should be recorded. The state of the atmosphere and the weather, and the heights of the barometer and thermometer, should also be mentioned.

SPAIN,

PAST AND PRESENT.

OF all countries of Europe, Spain excites the largest share of curiosity, and is the least understood. The inaccuracies of the statements put into circulation by travellers, especially of late years, since the civil war has directed so much attention to Spanish affairs, are hardly credible. Their books abound with errors of every description, historical, geographical, statistical, and social; and, as the country is so imperfectly known beyond its own limits, these errors are not always easily detected.

The causes of these misstatements, which, for the most part, are born of accident rather than design, may be traced to the difficulties of obtaining correct information in a kingdom which, by its internal subdivisions, the nature of its institutions, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants, presents formidable obstacles to a stranger. Yet, notwithstanding these considerations, there is scarcely a region under the sun which the traveller feels less hesitation in visiting, although he may not know a word of the language, and no more of the usages and character of the people than he may have picked up from the fanciful pages of Don Quixote or Gil Blas. The result is, that after a tour of some two or three months, passed chiefly between the capital and some of the principal cities of the south, the flying note-taker, imagining he has encompassed Spain "round about," produces a work of travels, in which superficial conjectures supply the place of truth, enlivened by picturesque exaggerations of scenery, costume, and national characteristics. Following the common track of former travellers, who seem to have thought that nothing concerning Spain could be faithful to the life that was not in the last degree romantic, he transports his readers into the middle of the sixteenth century, and endeavours to persuade them that every wretched priest is a Loyala; every mouldering convent the abode of wealthy monks, revelling amidst the comforts of the world, and surrounded by the *chef-d'œuvres* of art; and that every gang of robbers is an army of daring *condottieri*, defying the established authorities, levying contributions over whole provinces, and compelling the government at last to grant them peace and immunity. With the exception of a few publications, written by men who have resided for some time in the country, and who were favoured with leisure and opportunity to study its laws and usages, all the recent works upon Spain are of this description; and so implicitly has one traveller imitated the delineations of another, adopting precisely the same views of external and internal features, that Spain has at last become in the popular mind a country of convention, as unlike what it really is as an imaginary portrait of a man who never sat for his likeness, which happening to obtain currency, is minted off in a thousand spurious copies.

There is also another reason why our notions of Spain are vague and erroneous, namely, that there are many periods in the Spanish annals upon which the researches of history have not yet cast a sufficient light. Many dark and unexplained passages still perplex the enquiring politician, and embarrass the course of his investigations. But upon this point it is necessary to enter into some details.

At the end of the fifteenth century, the union of the crown of Castile

and Aragon, the glorious termination of a war which had lasted with unabated constancy during a period of seven centuries, the philosophical spirit of the age, and more than all the discovery of the new world, conferred such advantages upon Spain as gave her an European preponderance throughout the whole of the sixteenth century. This superiority was ably maintained by the first three princes of the House of Austria; but it fell away rapidly under Philip IV., and utterly vanished under the reign of the impotent Charles II. The Bourbons might have saved Spain—they sacrificed her; and while the rest of Europe was fast advancing in the career of civilisation, Spain remained stationary, gradually sunk into insignificance, and, at last, dropped from her proud place in the roll of nations. As long as she maintained her ascendancy, and preserved her weight in the balance of power, her history and laws were seriously investigated, the causes of her prosperity and decline were fully discussed, and the ablest writers were employed in commemorating events, which, although they proved of no great advantage to herself, owing to a series of vicious administrations, and the misdirection of her resources, presented salutary lessons to the rest of Europe, whose civilisation and happiness they, in no small degree, contributed to promote. But, when she was stripped of her possessions in Italy and Flanders, when, after the long and bloody war of the succession, she was reduced by the peace of Utrecht to the rank of a secondary power, when neither her arms nor her policy were felt in Europe, then her influence ceased; and the reader who turns over the history of the great powers, has a right to ask whether, after that time, there existed a nation called Spain. The rest of Europe regarded with contempt a country that became more isolated as other states became more blended in a common union, that remained still while others progressed; and although, at the period to which we allude, considerable improvements were taking place within the Peninsula,—although that spirit of amelioration, which conducts nations to prosperity and welfare, was making slow demonstrations throughout the provinces—although, through practical reforms in the administration, and a more strict adherence to the true principles of political economy, she recovered, if not her former power, at least available and substantial strength, Spain was neither studied nor described*, and she was still generally supposed, although decayed and weak, to be the same theological monarchy that had ransacked Italy and oppressed the Low Countries. Hence the ridiculous errors that have been generated by careless and hasty writers, and been so often repeated that they have at last passed into proverbs.

The Spaniards were represented as a people, if not eminently religious, at least strongly attached to the external forms of worship: we were told that both the secular and the regular clergy exercised a powerful and dangerous influence over all the classes of society, and we were taught to dread the mighty convulsions which would follow upon any attempt to reduce this formidable corporation. Yet we have seen in our days the immunities of the church annihilated, the property of the convents sold, or otherwise appropriated to the public use, the monks themselves barbarously immolated in different parts of the Peninsula; and although these measures have been accompanied with unnecessary rigour and wanton cruelty, not a single struggle has taken place, not a voice has been heard, not a word of sympathy has been spoken! Spain was said to possess a numerous aristocracy, which, degraded and reduced to the second rank

* If we except Coxe's *Memoirs on the Reign of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon*, a work written with great accuracy and erudition.

by the policy of the church, was yet expected to acquire an immediate supremacy upon the downfall of the antagonist order; and yet if we had not sufficient proofs in Spanish history to show us that both the institutions and habits of the people are eminently democratical, we might have been convinced of that fact by the conduct of the nation in 1808, when, invaded by French troops, and contemplating the establishment of a popular government, nobody ever dreamt of the aristocracy as a separate class; and again, upon a very recent occasion, when the new constitution was discussed in the representative assembly, the article bearing upon the formation of an upper house was fiercely opposed, and was allowed to pass only after a violent debate, and with considerable alterations.

Now the question is changed. Spain is become to some an object of curiosity, to others one of the deepest interest. Her heroic struggle to maintain the national independence, put her once more in evidence at the beginning of the present century: — the establishment of a free government, in 1820, and the rapid change that took place during its short duration; — the return of absolutism under the banners of the Holy Alliance; — and, above all, the civil war that now ravages her provinces, are facts which give her deep and earnest claims upon our sympathy. For who can venture to say, that in that field of battle, where some people discern nothing but a struggle between inquisition and liberty, where others acknowledge only the settlement one way or the other of a question of legitimacy, events may not take place to shake the tranquillity of Europe to its centre? And if such be the case, are we to continue estimating the country by accounts derived from ignorance or prejudice? How can we calculate the chances of the present contest, or its probable duration, or, assuming it for granted that it must speedily terminate in favour of the Queen, how can we form any conjectures as to the future destinies of Spain, if we have not the least idea of her resources, if we are comparatively, if not wholly, ignorant of the amount of her population and revenue, of the extent of her commerce, the quality and classes of her industry, and the character, manners, and education of her inhabitants?

To enter upon an elaborate exposition of these subjects would be an arduous task. In no part of Europe is information of this kind so difficult to be obtained as in Spain, where the study of the economical sciences has not only been neglected, but even treated with contempt; where so little trouble has been taken for the last forty years to ascertain the amount of the population, and the resources of the country, that it is extremely doubtful whether the individuals now at the head of the administration could tell with any degree of certainty how many square miles the kingdom embraces, or how many millions of souls it contains. This neglect of the national interests is, unfortunately, not of modern growth; it dates, like many other abuses, amongst the old historical memories. Charles V. began the work of ruin by a series of ambitious and expensive wars. Whatever might have been his talents as a politician, his domestic administration was destructive to the prosperity of the country; and while the Spanish monarchy acquired increase of territory by conquest, and a fictitious reputation abroad, it was wasted by anarchy and embarrassments at home.

Philip II., who, in steadiness of character, and talents for administration, was very superior to his father, exhibited some disposition to make atonement for his faults, and ordered a general description of his European dominions to be drawn up; but the record has perished*, except the eccle-

* This work, which is said to have cost 40,000*l.* of English money, a considerable sum for the time, was never printed. Most of it was lost in the conflagration of the library of the Escu-

siastical part. He also entrusted his chief physician, Hernandez, with a survey of his transatlantic dominions; and the work of that able statist, consisting of several volumes, and containing the natural history, as well as a statistical account of the newly-discovered countries, was deposited in the library of the Escorial. Under his successors of the house of Austria, no efforts whatever were made to obtain a knowledge of the country, a worse system of administration prevailed, poverty and depopulation made rapid strides, and agriculture and industry were paralysed. In vain petitions poured in from all parts of the kingdom, stating the increasing number of ecclesiastics, the vast augmentation of their territorial wealth and influence, the low state of agriculture and trade, the disappearance from the map of once populous towns and villages, and the frightful increase of beggars and vagabonds. The petitions were "laid upon the table!" The redress of grievances of this complicated nature could not be expected from such monarchs as the profligate Philip IV., who, surrounded by poets and sycophants, passed his time writing plays, and having them acted in his presence, or the degraded Charles II., who, as imbecile in mind as he was sickly in body, thinking himself bewitched, submitted to the exorcisms of father Florian, his confessor, and went to an auto-de-fé, where hundreds of victims perished in the flames, with the same nonchalance as he would have gone to a bull fight. Under the reign of Philip V., the national decline was in some measure arrested, and material improvements took place in the administration; he undertook a complete survey of his dominions, but the operation was so languidly conducted, that, after a reign of unusual length (fifty-four years), he died without seeing it completed. His successor Ferdinand VI., however, directed by the Marquis de la Ensenada, one of the ablest men of the time, followed up the design: new interrogatories were addressed to the provinces, and the work was at last conducted to a close, when the returns being made and published, the extent of the Spanish dominions, the amount of their population, the division of property, and the state of cultivation, were for the first time ascertained, if not with the precision to which the subsequent progress made in the science of statistics has brought these matters in other countries, at least with tolerable exactitude. Under Charles III., whose paternal administration was conducted by such men as Aranda Campomanes and Florida Blanca, a larger amount of practical good was conferred upon Spain than could reasonably have been expected after such an interval of misrule. By the force of wise but slow reforms, the immense influence hitherto exercised by the clergy was reduced within more judicious limits, the accumulation of church lands was terminated; and, by the promulgation of a law prohibiting the formation of small entails; large tracts of land formerly destined to maintain the vices of a corrupt and unproductive aristocracy were put into the hands of industrious farmers; while, by the abolition of many of the absurd privileges of the nobility, which in Spain extended to whole provinces, a middle class was, for the first time, created in a country where the occupations of commerce and trade had hitherto been regarded with the greatest indifference and contempt. A new census was executed upon an improved scale; and the returns published in 1763 show, not only a considerable increase in the population, but also a sensible augmentation of the revenues of the state. Had Spain continued to prosecute the same career of prudent reform, of slow

rial, in 1753. Part of it, however, chiefly relating to botany, has been preserved, through the intermediary of Antonio Recchio, an Italian physician, who, happening to reside at Madrid at the time, made an extract of it, which he afterwards published at Rome, in 1649, with this title, "*Rarum Medicarum Novæ Hispaniæ Thesaurus.*"

but solid progress, no doubt can be entertained that she would have soon taken amongst the powers of Europe that place which the excellence of her climate, the fitness of the soil for the most varied productions, her advantageous position for maritime commerce, and the peculiar character of her inhabitants, entitle her to assume. But the accession of the Bourbon family to the throne, and former errors committed in politics, had bound that country to the triumphal chariot of France. Spain was destined not to share in the political advantages which France obtained through her revolution; but it was her lot to be ruined by her alliance, as well as by her wars with that country. All the improvements made in the social condition of the people towards the close of the last century, all that Spain had gained by the wise administration of able and patriotic men, was foolishly sacrificed a few years afterwards to that same neighbour who rewarded her friendship with a destructive war of six years, the suppression of the national liberties, and all the evils by which her overwhelming transitions have since been accompanied.

In the present state of Spain, any information respecting her statistics ought to be highly desirable; and, with the assistance of official documents, we will venture some remarks upon this hitherto obscure inquiry.

The population of Spain, in antient times, has never been even approximatively ascertained. During the Roman domination it was thought to be very considerable, as we learn from Cicero — “*Nec numero Hispanos, nec robore Gallos, nec artibus Græcos superabimus.*” But what that number was which made the Roman orator say, that Spain was more thickly populated than the rich and prosperous Italy, shining then with all the splendour which art and civilisation could impart, and filled with citizens from the various provinces of the Roman empire, it is now impossible to determine. Some of the Spanish economists, however, have not hesitated to resolve this problem, by fixing the population of Spain, under Augustus, to forty and even seventy millions of souls. Alvarez Osorio, for instance, basing his estimates upon the narratives of Pliny, Ptolemy, and other writers, as well as upon the census made in the time of Augustus, calculates it at the highest of these numbers, but the absurdity of the computation is too manifest to refute it by entering upon details.*

Descending from the times of Roman domination to the period when the Arabs ruled as masters in the Peninsula, we meet similar, or perhaps greater difficulties, for we possess no other documents upon which to raise a calculation than the loose and exaggerated accounts of their historians and geographers, in which the prodigious number of their armies are increased by terror, or swelled by the pious zeal of the chroniclers. If we were to take for a starting point the great city of Cordova, with its 7000 mosques, its 15,000 inns, and its 3000 baths, or the armies brought into the field by the Almoravide and Muhadite princes, and which that valiant and formidable knight, St. Jago, never failed to destroy and annihilate, we run the risk of making the population of Arabic Spain no less considerable than that of the Roman. Misled by such *data*, the Spanish writers have calculated the population of Spain, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, at 30,000,000 souls, a number which, not being quite inconsistent either with

* The authors who have succeeded Osorio have more or less rejected his estimate as one of great improbability and exaggeration; but no one seems to have discovered where the error lay. That writer evidently mistook the Latin word *civitas*, and gave it the meanings of city, town, &c., while it is well known to have designated a whole district, and, at times, a large province. So, when he saw that the population of the *civitas tarraconensis* was estimated at 2,500,000, and that *Emaritu* had a garrison of 90,000 men, he proceeded on this wrong basis, and made the population of the Peninsula amount to 78,000,000 souls!!!

the notions we had formed of Arabic civilisation, or with the degree of prosperity and splendour which their empire in Spain attained at one time, was quickly admitted and adopted, without further inquiry, by almost every writer of Spanish history. But those who peruse with attention the old chronicles and the writings of the Arabs, who bear in mind the continual scenes of war, devastation, and plunder to which the Peninsula was continually exposed for a period of seven centuries, will not hesitate one moment in rejecting the said computation as being highly improbable and inconsistent with the state of society during the middle ages. Even if we reduce that number to one half, we shall still arrive at a very lamentable conclusion, namely, that in a period of 170 years, Spain lost by emigration, by wars, by the expulsion of the most industrious part of its population, and by bad government, more than half of its inhabitants; since, in 1619, La Serna * estimated it at only 6,000,000, Moncada † at 5,000,000, and the Cardinal Rapata ‡ went so far as to express a doubt whether it contained 3,000,000 at the time in which he wrote.

The causes of the depopulation of Spain are too well known to need recapitulation. They seem to have been five in number: — 1st, the banishment of the Jews under Ferdinand and Isabella; 2d, that of the Moriscos at various times, with their final expulsion in 1610; 3d, the constant emigration of the best and most useful part of the inhabitants; 4th, the increasing immunities and privileges of the nobility and clergy; 5th, the abuse of entails, and the want of good laws to encourage agriculture and trade. All the above-mentioned causes have contributed, in a greater or lesser proportion, to the decrease of the population of Spain; but as those and other abuses calculated to affect it have had more or less force, according to the times, and the character of the monarchs who occupied the throne, it will be useful to trace, from such documents as are in existence, the various fluctuations of the Spanish population.

We have estimated at 15,000,000 the number of inhabitants under Ferdinand and Isabella. In 1618, Cevallos § estimated the population at 9,000,000; we have already observed that other writers rate it as low as six, five, and even three millions. So, in fixing it at 7,500,000 which is Vztarriz's computation, we cannot be very remote from the truth.

At the death of Charles II., say it reached 8,000,000. If we suppose that Cevallos's computation was correct, the population of Spain would have decreased one million in eighty-two years; if we take that of Vztarriz, the increase of half a million in the same space of time, would only give a slow and almost imperceptible progression.

The researches made in Philip the Fifth's time, gave 1,140,103 hearths or families, which, counting six people for every house, would give a total amount of 6,840,618 individuals employed in the agriculture and mechanical arts, besides 106,000 ecclesiastics, and 625,000 nobles, the former being in a proportion of one to thirty-seven, and the latter of one in every twelve inhabitants.||

Again, in 1726, we are told that the number of inhabitants, exclusive of the two privileged classes, was 5,423,000, giving a decrease in the population of 1,413,618, a statement scarcely credible, and which only leads us

* *Apendice a la Educacion Popular.*

† *Sancho de Moncada. Restauracion Politica de España. Mad. 1619.*

‡ *Conservacion de Monarquias. Mad. 1621.*

§ *Arte Real para buen Gobierno de Principes. Toledo, 1623.*

|| *Politica de Comercio y Marina.*

to suppose that the former censuses were imperfectly executed, for the reforms introduced in Philip the Fifth's time, tended rather to the augmentation than to the decrease of the population. The operations begun under the reign of his predecessor were conducted to a close, and the returns being published, the population of the Peninsula was stated at 9,301,728, without including either the Canary Islands, or the military settlement on the coast of Africa.

In 1787, 10,143,000, giving an increase of 841,273 in eight years.

In 1803, 10,351,000, giving an increase of 208,000 in six years.

No census has been made since 1803, and indeed the anarchy to which the Peninsula has ever since been exposed, left little leisure for operations of that nature. It is said, however, that, in 1821, the population was 11,248,000, giving an augmentation of 897,000 souls in a period of eighteen years, but the assertion does not rest on any authentic authority.

In 1826, Mignano's work appeared, bearing the title of "*Diccionario Geográfico, Estadístico de España y Portugal*," and although it was not published under the immediate auspices of the government, yet the countenance given to the author by the authorities, who required the municipal corporations of Spain to subscribe for one copy each, and the grant of the free perusal of the government papers and reports, gave it a sort of semi-official character. In addition to this, the author informs us that, with the previous sanction of the government, he addressed circulars to the civil and ecclesiastical establishments, containing interrogatories upon all statistical points within their knowledge. Nor could a work of such magnitude have been undertaken by a single individual, unless he had been powerfully sustained by the government of the country: but even thus sustained, he had to contend, in the course of his investigations, with difficulties almost insurmountable; and although, for tolerably obvious motives, he has not deemed it convenient to explain the nature of these difficulties, we are able to state, that the parochial registers, being exclusively in the hands of the clergy, were found in a very defective state, and that the keepers themselves refused, in many instances, to communicate their contents, and that the clergy denied obstinately to give any information respecting their number, properties, &c.: indeed, at all times the Spaniards, accustomed for centuries to suffer under injustice, oppression, and neglect, have invariably shown the greatest mistrust whenever statistical surveys were set on foot; and it was only by the most strenuous perseverance that, in the preceding century, the municipal authorities could be prevailed upon to give an exact amount of the population and resources of the territories under their jurisdiction. This reluctance was a matter of so much notoriety, and it was felt to be so necessary to conciliate the officials, that, upon the occasion of the general census, published in 1787, under the administration of Count Florida Blanca, a circular was addressed to all the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the Spanish monarchy, containing the most solemn and formal assurances that the statistical information about to be collected was in no way directed to the establishment of new taxes, but was intended, on the contrary, to serve as a means of promoting the welfare of the inhabitants, by affording the government an exact view of the resources of the country.

In the present instance, M. Mignano tells us that none of the said reluctance existed, and that through his unwearied assiduity, and by deriving his information from the parochial clergy, whom he found most obedient to his wishes*, and from the registers kept by the police (one of the blessings

* He was unable, however, to fix the number of the clergy, or the amount of property held by them.

which the French were pleased to bestow upon Spain after their famous expedition of 1823), he was able to fix the amount of the Spanish population; and after many false and ungrounded assertions, tending to show that in the preceding *census* the population had been estimated too low, he at once acquaints us with the fact that Spain contains nearly 15,000,000 of inhabitants. As it generally happens that such statements, although entirely devoid of truth, are copied and translated with avidity, this estimate was soon disseminated throughout Europe. Maltebrun, in his *Geography*; Moreau de Yonnees, in his *Statistics*; and almost all our modern geographical dictionaries and cyclopædias, have adopted the same erroneous calculation. In Spain, however, they did not act so hastily; and upon a close examination, Mignano's work was found to contain nothing better than a mass of loose information negligently collected and badly digested. It was discovered to swarm with errors of the grossest kind, such as to confound the longitude and the latitude; to describe villages that had been deserted or burnt during the French invasion, and to omit others that had subsequently sprung up, containing a rich and increasing population. The publication was soon attacked in several pamphlets, where the most palpable mistakes were detected and made manifest; and it was further designated as the organ of a certain party, anxious to show to the world that, under the despotism of Ferdinand (which the author calls a paternal government), Spain was fast recovering her lost population, and extending her commerce; that both agriculture and trade were in a thriving state, and that the nation was once more returning to her ancient career of wealth and prosperity.

Statements like these, in which party-spirit was so visible, could not, of course, be relied upon; and it was evident that those who desired information concerning the statistics of the Peninsula, were either to look for it elsewhere, or to wait until operations, better conducted, and returns published and authenticated by government, should further illustrate the inquiry. If, in this state of the question, we were to offer an opinion as to the present population of Spain, we should say (but not without hesitation) that, considering the extent of land that has been put into cultivation since the beginning of this century, the diminution of emigration to America, the reduction of both the secular and the regular clergy*, and the change that has taken place in the prerogatives of the nobility, who used to condemn to celibacy a great part of the inhabitants, the population of Spain must have increased in a greater ratio of late years than during the period of the pacific and prosperous reign of Charles III., even allowing that foreign invasion and civil wars must have considerably checked its progress.

Supposing then that the number of 11,248,000 inhabitants given to Spain in 1821 was correct, the increasing ratio of Spanish population since 1803 would have been 4,615 individuals per million, or one in every 226 inhabitants yearly: — taking the said increase for the basis of our calculation, it would only give us a little more than 12,000,000 at the time in which Mignano wrote, 1826, and about 13,000,000 now in 1838.

The distribution of the inhabitants offers the extraordinary contrast of some provinces being as thickly populated as an English county, Guipuzcoa for instance, which has 700 inhabitants for every square mile; Valencia, which has 513; and Navarre, which has 466; while others, like the province of Cuença, Salamanca, and Estremadura, are as deserted as Russian Tartary. Another very curious phenomenon is to be observed, namely, that those provinces of Spain which, like Galicia, Biscay, and Catalonia, furnished a

* The abolition of the later body is too recent to have produced any sensible effect in the mass of the population.

greater number of emigrants to the new world, nay, which during a period of nearly two centuries almost exclusively alimanted the Spanish colonies, are precisely those which have now-a-days the greatest number of inhabitants; a fact which would tend to prove that emigration is the cause which has perhaps contributed the least to the decrease of numbers.

The scantiness of such a population spread over a surface larger by a third than that of England, has been, for a long time, and must still continue to be an obstacle to social improvement. Of course the reforms that have been lately introduced only require peace to enable their effects to be sensibly felt. The foundation is laid in wisdom — time and judicious government must do the rest: but a great many years will elapse before the traveller sees those immense wastes, that are now abandoned to the wild animals, covered with tillage and villages, and before the dormant industry of the country shall be effectually put in motion, to draw out the rich resources of the land — resources upon which Spain must ultimately depend for her regeneration. Trade, commerce, and manufactures, however productive of prosperity, are exposed to a multitude of contingencies; but the earth is enduring, and cannot be swept away. War, coming like a storm over the surface, may blast the fruits for a season; but the ploughshare restores the harvest, which again bursts forth in all its original vigour, flowering like eternal nature over the track of devastation. The productive qualities of the soil of Spain, and her genial and quickening climate, emphatically point out her agriculture as the main stay of her independence. Her vegetation is more various than that of any other country in Europe. The products of America spring indigenously from her soil. Nearly all the southern coast of Spain, from Marbella to Vera, was towards the middle of last century planted with sugar-canes, yielding a produce equal in quality to that of Havanah. At present the cultivation is very much reduced, but it is still considered profitable. Silk is grown in large quantities in Murcia, Valencia, and Aragon. Besides the hemp and the flax, which grow in the districts situated along the ocean with as much luxuriance as in the north of Europe, several other plants, capable by their filaceous nature of affording materials to the arts, are cultivated, or grow spontaneously all over Spain. The *aloe* tree in the south forms, mixed with the *cactus*, a beautiful and productive hedge; and its filaments, employed in the manufacture of ropes and cables, are known to possess an elasticity and durability superior even to that of hemp. The sedge, or *stipa tenacissima*, which grows also spontaneously, and might be cultivated any where to great advantage, is at present only used in making mats; but both the traditions of the country, where it is grown in greater abundance (near Carthagera), and the writings of the Arabs, assert that it was formerly spun and woven into fine and durable stuffs. The same might be said of the *altramuz* (*hyssopus*), with which the Arabs made their beautiful writing paper; the *urtica nivea*, or white reared nettle; the *corchorus olitorius* of Linnæus; the *sida abutilon*, or broad-leaved sida; and the *crysanthemum segetum*, observed by Bowler near Barcelona.

On the coast of Granada the land produces almost every fruit of the torrid zone, such as coffee, indigo, cochineal, tobacco, kernier; the pine and custard apple grow in the open air; cotton is plentiful enough to supply all the manufactures of the Peninsula. In fact, there is hardly a production for which adequate soil may not be found in Spain — such is the variety of the temperature, owing to the difference of levels.

Yet with all these natural advantages Spain is, no doubt, the country in Europe where agriculture has made the slowest progress. Many causes have been assigned for this fact; the first and principal is the discovery of America,

that great source of all the evils of Spain; then the spirit of fanaticism, characteristic of the time, which caused much of the wealth amassed in distant expeditions to be spent in religious objects, instead of invigorating a decayed agriculture — the rage of entails — the accumulation of property in the hands of the nobility and clergy — the privileges granted to corporations and individuals — the destruction of woods and forests — and the ravages committed by the migrating herds in their passage from one province to another. These, as well as the little encouragement afforded by government to tillage, are the causes to which the bad state of cultivation must be attributed, and not, as many travellers have observed, to the want of activity in the inhabitants; for certainly men who are seen toiling and labouring for smaller wages than any other peasantry in Europe, either on the almost inaccessible mountains of Asturias, Galicia, and Catalonia, or on the high summits of the Pyrenean range, covered with snow the greatest part of the year, or in the burning plains of Castile and Andalusia, do not deserve the epithets of indolent and idle, that are too often and too liberally bestowed on them.

Another mistake, into which travellers have often fallen, is to suppose that all the soil in Spain is equally fertile, and equally fit for cultivation; and that the smiling valleys of Andalusia are but a specimen of the rest of Spain. But this is very far from being true; for if we except the northern provinces, where the temperature is in some respects assimilated to that of England, and where, by continual falls of rain, the land is kept in a state of moisture and natural fecundity, as also a few maritime districts in the south and west, and some small valleys fertilised by mountain torrents, or which admit of artificial irrigation, the rest of Spain, comprising the whole of Aragon, Estremadura, and both Castiles, covering a surface of 9,458 square leagues, or nearly one half of the Spanish territories, resembles more a Libyan desert than a country fit for cultivation. There the farmer depends entirely on the weather; and if out of three years he collects his harvest once, he considers himself repaid. In 1758 no rain had fallen in Castile for a period of eleven months. The implements used in agriculture are of the rudest kind, and in some districts the scriptural practice of ploughing with many yoked together is still in use. If you ask a Spaniard why he does not improve his method of ploughing, or tilling the ground, he will answer you, that his father and grandfather followed the same plan, and that he has already more corn than his family can consume. In general the labourers in Spain have the strongest attachment for old practices inherited from the Arabs, whose system of agriculture, whatever may have been said of late upon their skill in that branch, was not always good. It is true, that whatever knowledge the Greeks and Romans possessed in that science, the Spanish Arabs acquired and preserved in their writings. They introduced a system of agriculture of their own, and which not only accommodated itself admirably to the nature of their soil, but also to the state of society during the middle ages, and to the habits and propensities of the people; and wherever their domination lasted any time, as for instance in Valencia, Murcia, and Andalusia, remarkable traces remain of their industry, their labour, and their activity. But their mode of cultivation, which answered very well in the charming villages on the shores of the Mediterranean, in the declivities of small hills covered with alluvial soil, or in the beds and banks of mountain torrents, was unavailable when employed on the dreary plains of Castile, or the little *Sahara*, as they called that part of the country where the capital is now placed; in one word, the Arabs were very excellent gardeners, but did not understand farming on a great scale. The Spaniards have since little, if at all, improved; and in most instances only imitate their masters. Some

of the southern districts, where irrigation is at hand, are in a high state of cultivation, and resemble a luxuriant garden; but the dry plains of the interior — which require not only a larger capital, but the introduction of recent improvements in husbandry, and more education than the low classes generally receive — are mere deserts. The system of letting land is unfavourable to the progress of agriculture. In many places the proprietors and the land-holders share in the profits; in others, the tenants are at will, and therefore have no real interest in the lands they cultivate. The taxes also are very heavy, and they are collected by such a system of oppression and injustice as scarcely to be believed. However, with all these great disadvantages, the condition of the Spanish labourer would still be enviable in time of peace, and under a tolerable administration, if the want of interior communication did not often deprive him of a market for the produce of his land; for it was not uncommon to see the interior provinces of Spain abounding in grain, while the southern districts had to import it from France and Barbary. The roads are but few in Spain, and those only date from the time of Charles III. There are several canals, but not one finished; and the works in existence have been attended with so little success, that some people are of opinion that the inequality of the soil, the declivity of the rivers, scantily provided with water during the dry season of the year, and the scarcity of rain, owing to the almost entire destruction of the woods and forests, will make the interior communication of the Peninsula by water, if not altogether impossible, at least an object of great difficulty and expense.

However, no doubt can be entertained, that since the beginning of the present century, the produce of agriculture in Spain has been almost doubled. The fact is notorious that, previously to that time, abundant supplies of corn came from the coast of Barbary, and were introduced into Spain by the ports of Malaga and Barcelona. Cabarrus in his letters to Jovellanos, estimates at one million the number of *finegas** of corn that was required for the annual consumption. In 1788, 450,000 *hectolitres* of wheat, and 2,500,000 *hectolitres* of flour, were imported from France only. During the French invasion considerable importations of corn were made, but since the peace in 1814 none, that we know of, has taken place; on the contrary, the exports of that article made in 1829, by the ports of Santander and Bilboa alone, amounted to 632,000 *hectolitres* of wheat.

Another branch of national prosperity has of late made considerable progress; we mean the mines. Since the cessation of intercourse with the American colonies, the Spaniards have turned their attention to the vast mineral riches which their country everywhere contains; and in almost every instance the working has proved highly profitable. The silver mine of Guadalcanal, in the Sierra Morena, one of the richest in the world previous to the discovery of America, and which the Romans and Arabs could not exhaust, has, after long neglect, been opened, and is now worked by a company of merchants, who pay to government a certain price for its rent. The newly discovered mines of lead and copper, in the mountains near Adra and Almeria, are in such a state of prosperity, and the ore so rich and abundant, that, although they are almost entirely worked by the manual labour of the natives, they produce the mineral at a price, with which foreigners cannot compete. As to the quicksilver mine of Almaden, it has in itself proved a treasure to Spain. It seems to be inexhaustible. Another mine of the same kind has been recently discovered near Cordova, and promises to be

* A measure of grain of about one hundred weight

as abundant as the former : of course this, as well as the first, belong exclusively to the government ; and since the beginning of the civil war its products, which have been very considerable, have been looked upon as constituting one of the main sources of the public revenue. Now-a-days it forms the principal security of the loan about to be contracted with the house of Aguado. Mines of coal of excellent quality abound in several districts of the Peninsula ; and the recent discovery of a large deposit of that mineral in the island of Mallorca, at a very short distance from the sea, promises to be a source of wealth for its inhabitants. Almost all the cobalt used in Europe comes from the extensive mines lately discovered in Galicia.

On the whole the resources of Spain will be found to be immense ; but on the other hand, the mistakes committed by different ministers have more than once tampered with these physical advantages of the country, and made unavailable the immense bounties of nature.

An attentive perusal of the history of Spain will at once convince the reader, that every act of that country's administration has tended to destroy the resources of the nation and the fortunes of individuals ; nor could it be otherwise in a country, where the study of the economical sciences was, for centuries, postponed to that of divinity and scholastic controversy. Two facts, mentioned by Sandoval in his history of Charles V., sufficiently prove what we have stated. On that monarch's accession to the throne, the Spanish manufactures were in a state of ruin, owing to errors committed under the preceding government, and during the commercial encroachments of the Dutch and French ; so, while articles of Spanish manufacture were subject to duties at their introduction into other countries of Europe — duties which almost amounted to prohibition — those of foreign produce were admitted into the Peninsula, either without any, or with very light imposts. French woollen cloth was imported in the Peninsula, while a similar article of Spanish manufacture was not allowed to cross the frontiers of France. The Aragonese and Catalan manufacturers had repeatedly remonstrated against such irregularity, and loudly demanded a reciprocity of trade, but their applications were unsuccessful. When after the battle of Pavia, the French king found himself a prisoner in Madrid, — the occasion being a favourable one to exact from him such conditions as would have insured the introduction of articles of Spanish manufacture into France — the merchants and manufacturers renewed their intreaties. What was the result ? that while the treaty of peace by which Francis bought his liberty insisted upon the resignation of his claims upon Flanders and Burgundy, a compensation of several millions of ducats, his reconciliation with his bitterest enemies, in fact, every condition that could humiliate the French monarch, and flatter the pride and ambition of Charles, not a single provision for the protection of the trade of the country was included in that memorable document !

The second fact, also recorded by Sandoval, no less characteristic of the complete ignorance of Charles and his counsellors in commercial affairs, was the adoption of a regulation, the object of which was to enjoin that every foreigner who exported wool from the Peninsula, should be obliged to import for every twelve bags of that raw material, two pieces of woollen and one of linen cloth ; and this measure, we are told by the writers of the time, was dictated with a view to check the importation of wool !! We might, perhaps, find some excuse for measures of this sort, in the imperfect knowledge of the period ; but what will be said when we point out others of recent date, equally destructive of the resources of the country ?

The rearing of silk worms, we have already stated, was thriving again in

some provinces; the Chinese worm had been tried with great success; and a considerable exportation of the raw material was made yearly for Lyons, and other manufacturing towns in France. But in order to protect a few wretched manufactories, one of which was the property of the late king, silk was charged, at its exportation, with a duty which placed it in an unfavourable comparison with that of other countries, and therefore materially checked its cultivation. The same might be said of the olive oil, which formed, a few years ago, an article of considerable exportation, the quantity grown in France not being sufficient for the consumption of the soap manufactures; and great quantities were taken from the southern districts to Marseilles, where it was purified, and then exported as French oil; but in consequence of the prohibitive system adopted by the Spanish economists, a corresponding duty has been laid on this produce, which is now sought for in the east of Europe.

The foreign commerce of Spain is at present almost exclusively carried on with France and England; the former country takes lead, oil, dry fruits, wool, cork, occasionally corn, silk, quicksilver, and other articles of minor importance. The Spanish trade with France amounted in 1834 to 27,000,227 francs. We take the greater part of the wool, nearly all the best wines of the southern coast, most of the *barilla**, fresh and dried fruits, cork, quicksilver, kid and goat skins, shumac, and sometimes corn and silk. It will be naturally asked what articles the Spaniards take in return from us, and we may answer that, ostensibly, they take none, for English goods very rarely pass through a Spanish custom-house. Indeed, all the commercial regulations bear almost entirely against the English trade, which, if properly regulated, would be most beneficial to both countries, and prove an important source of revenue to Spain, while these regulations at the same time favour the French, who profess to want nothing, and who in reality take very little of the produce of the soil in return for the manufactures which they are every day forcing into consumption in the Spanish markets. The total importations of Spanish productions into England in 1831 amounted to 3,000,000*l.* sterling, while the exportation of articles of the English manufacture only made the sum of 900,000*l.* sterling. The balance of trade between this country and Spain is in fact adjusted by the smugglers. Great cargoes of cotton goods annually leave our ports for Gibraltar, from whence they are fraudulently introduced into Spain; a great quantity is also smuggled through Portugal, and finds its way across the extensive frontiers of Estremadura, which a whole army of revenue officers could not effectually guard. Besides, smuggling, and every other act of disobedience to government, is so deeply rooted, nay it is so much to the taste of the lower classes in Spain, that nothing but a speedy removal of all temptation, by allowing the introduction of the goods now prohibited with a moderate duty, can suppress it effectually. This will explain the curious fact observed by late travellers, that smuggling is not only an open and avowed profession in Spain, but that no blame attaches to the character of the individuals engaged in it. This feeling is carried so far that in some parts of Spain, in Andalusia for instance, the smuggler is regarded as a kind of hero; and it would seem as if the spirit of chivalry, which Cervantes tried to extirpate, had been revived in that land of romance, although in a strange shape, and for a different

* *Barilla* is a plant cultivated in Spain for its ashes, from which the purest kind of mineral alkali is obtained; it is used in making glass and soap, and in bleaching linen. The plant is cut and laid in heaps, then burnt, the salts running into a hole in the ground, where they form a vitrified lump of carbonate of soda.

object. So far from discouraging these illegal practices, all the acts of the government have a direct tendency to increase them; for, instead of removing the temptation of fraud by adopting a more reasonable scale of duties, they augment them every day by new prohibitions. A decree has been lately issued prohibiting, under the most severe penalties, the exportation of objects of art, or any other objects belonging to the suppressed convents; a measure which has created a double process of smuggling in and out; for while loads of cotton goods are pouring in on every side, pictures, books, images, church ornaments of every kind and description, in fact, almost every article that could tempt the cupidity of a speculator, are daily smuggled over the frontiers in spite of the interdict of the government. Constant impunity has made smuggling so habitual, that even when the duties upon an article are low, as it happens with wool, the same system of fraud is carried on with comparatively small advantage in reference to the risk incurred.

The consequence of this system has already proved eminently injurious to Spain; and, unless the necessary modification takes place, must ultimately destroy the agriculture and trade of the country, by spreading the corruption amongst the lower classes, and encouraging their inclination for a wandering and adventurous life. At the present moment the bands of Don Carlos are chiefly composed of disappointed smugglers, not because they are anxious to defend his claims upon the throne (as certain writers affect to believe), but because they find under his banners numerous opportunities of practising their illicit trade, or gaining by plunder what they are unwilling to procure by labour and more sober habits; and it is to be feared, that when tranquillity is once more restored to the Peninsula, the government will find it extremely difficult to reduce to social order the thousands of inhabitants whom the present contest has thrown into civil commotion and excitement.

The only part of Spain, where manufactures, and those of the coarsest kind, may be said to be thriving is Catalonia, whose inhabitants are no doubt the most industrious and commercial community in the whole country. They have in their hands the entire monopoly of trade; and, by their connections with the capital, they are the masters of the commercial policy of the government, and dictate the law as their narrow interest suggests. It is obvious that no positive reform in the commercial system of the Peninsula can ever take place, as long as these local considerations are allowed to coerce the national interests. We understand that, under the Mendizabel administration, a plan was suggested for the introduction of English cotton goods and ironmongery into Spain, with a custom-house duty of twenty-five or thirty per cent., which was to be paid in London, or in the ports where the goods should be shipped, and destined to the support of the queen's army in the north. Had this arrangement been carried into effect, it would have inflicted a death-blow on the smuggling trade, and have rendered the most valuable aid for the purposes of the war, which was then languishing for want of funds. Nor would the industry of Catalonia have sustained any serious injury, considering that cotton plantations abound in the southern coasts of Spain, that labourers' wages are lower there than in our manufacturing districts, and that all the recent improvements in machinery might have been adopted and introduced. But this plan, so wise in theory, and so beneficial in practice, met at its very outset with a decided opposition from those who were interested in the continuance of abuses, and from all those who were directly or indirectly connected with smuggling. A neighbouring power, also, for reasons which will be duly appreciated, re-

sisted, with threats and intrigue, the proposed measure; and promises, menaces, and bribery, and every possible means were employed to prevent the accomplishment of a project, the consequences of which would have been fatal to its commerce. We allude to France, a nation which, by the peculiar organisation of the Basque Provinces, has had for many years a complete command of the interior commerce of Spain; and for which the present war, destructive as it is for Spain, has proved a great source of wealth. Had the intended measures been carried into execution, French goods could not have maintained a competition with those of England, and the numerous manufactories, established within these few years in the southern department of France, with the sole view of supplying the Spanish smuggler, would have met with certain failure. Of course Louis Philippe is too shrewd a politician not to perceive that the long-established political influence of France over the affairs of Spain will vanish the moment that young Isabella's authority is firmly established, and tranquillity restored to that unhappy country, for it is then to be expected that the good sense of the Spaniards will direct them to trade with whatever nation offers them the greatest advantages. Hence his labours to establish and confirm his influence in the Peninsula, to restore the political ascendancy lost by his predecessors. Hence his tergiversations, his duplicity, and the equivocations so repeatedly imputed to him on the subject of Spanish affairs; for were the queen's party to put an end to the present war, without any real and decided support from their neighbours, it is evident that the privileges enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Basque Provinces would be entirely suppressed, and that mutual intercourse and trade being firmly established between the insurgent country and the rest of Spain, the long-cherished hopes of France, as to the union of the territory on the north side of the Ebro, would for ever vanish, and her commercial interest in those parts receive a serious blow; on the contrary, if the present rebellion was to be put down, either by the intervention or the mediation of France, the conditions would in a certain measure be dictated by that country, when she would have ample opportunity to promote her own interests. To this point Louis Philippe's policy has been assiduously directed.

One of the most curious phenomena which the civil war in Spain exhibits, is no doubt that the place where it is carried on with the greatest obstinacy and vigour should be precisely that, where the love of independence is common to all classes; and that the people, who from time immemorial have been accustomed to a republican government, and who are therefore the best qualified to appreciate the blessings of liberty, should so strongly abet despotism, and struggle so hard for its establishment in the rest of the Peninsula. A glance at the history and institutions of these provinces will sufficiently explain the mystery. Until the middle of the fourteenth century, the three provinces, now known under the name of Biscay, Alava, and Guipuzcoa, and which formed part of the antient Cantabria, partially overrun by the Romans, the Goths, and the Arabs, but never completely subdued, constituted a sort of federative republic, over which presided a lord (Señor) exercising a temporary authority, and merely executive, under the control of a national assembly, composed of members from the three provinces. Any man was eligible to that office, whether he was a native of Biscay, or of any other kingdom in or out of Spain. In 1332 the deputies of these provinces offered the dignity to Alphonse XI., king of Castile, who was then at Burgos, and consented to the annexion of that title to the crown of Castile; but, before making the grant, the most formal reserves were made against the violation of their franchises and privileges,

and the king was obliged to sign a convention, or treaty, one of the clauses of which was, that the Castilian monarch should never possess on the territory of the Basque Provinces any village, fortress, or house.

These privileges, or *fueros*, as they are called in Spain, contain, amongst other minor clauses, some of the greatest importance. The Basques are free from conscription, which is extensive to all the rest of the Spanish monarchy. In case of foreign invasion they are bound to defend the limits of their own frontiers, without admitting the king's troops. However, in the war with the French republic in 1793, after a great deal of trouble and negotiation, they allowed Cuesta's army to penetrate into their territory.

Taxes they pay none, for although under the name of *alcavala*, a contribution was levied on the inhabitants of Guipuzcoa and Alava, the sum has not changed, and is nominally the same as in the fourteenth century, namely, an equivalent to about 540*l.* sterling. Biscay, however, was entirely free from this tribute, and preferred giving every four or five years, under the name of a *donativo* (gift), a much larger sum. They were also free from customs, and every article of foreign or colonial trade imported and consumed in the country, without the imposition of any duty whatsoever.

Separated from the metropolis by the dreary plains of Castile, as well as by a language which is so difficult that even a Spaniard, after several years' residence in the country, can hardly make himself understood, corruption has not reached the inhabitants of these provinces, who retain in general the dress, the simplicity of manners, and the customs and institutions of the thirteenth century. The good effects which these institutions have had in a country where the population is more dense than in any other part of Spain, and where agriculture is much more advanced, notwithstanding the sterility and barrenness of the soil, than in the rich meadows of Andalusia, exhibit visible proofs of the superiority of their system over the absolute and corrupt monarchy instituted by Charles V. on the ruins of the liberties of Castile and Aragon. Their small assemblies meet once in every two years in Biscay, once a year in Guipuzcoa, and twice in Alava. There they provide for the interior administration of their respective provinces, vote the supplies, and determine the employment of the sums granted. Their system of taxation, which is very indifferent, owing to their small expenses, is admirably suited to the state of agriculture. Their civil authorities are few in number, and are elected by the people themselves, and serve the state for a moderate remuneration. The collectors of taxes are also nominated by the public; and their financial system is so firm and complete, that just before the breaking out of the rebellion, the three per cents. of the province of Alava were quoted at ninety-three, and in Biscay and Guipuzcoa they were paying back to the contributors the excess of taxation during the French invasion. For the intervals between the sessions each *junta*, or assembly, elects a magistrate, in whose hands the executive power is placed, and who treats on equal terms with the Spanish government; the king of Spain names on his side three magistrates, *corregidores*, who reside in each of the provinces, and who can not be on any account natives of the Basque territory. These *corregidores* exercise no authority at all, and occupy the position of ambassadors at a foreign court.*

These are no doubt advantages, but on the other side the Spanish government has always used every subtlety, and put in practice every means in its

* The immunities enjoyed by the kingdom of Navarre are by no means so considerable. On its annexion to the crown of Spain, under Ferdinand and Isabella, it was a kingdom, not a republic; though the inhabitants have preserved in fact all the privileges which they enjoyed then, and of which the despotical Charles V. deprived Aragon and Catalonia.

power, to annoy the inhabitants. By establishing a line of custom-houses all along the Ebro, by making the inhabitants resort to the court of chancery at Valladolid for the decisions of their law-suits, by imposing very heavy duties upon the produce of their soil and their industry at their importation into Castile, by depriving them of any direct trade with the colonies, by considering and treating them in every respect as if they were a foreign power, the good effects which their liberal institutions are calculated to produce have been in some measure checked and counterbalanced; and there are not wanting influential people amongst them, who believe that their country would flourish more as constitutional provinces of the Spanish monarchy, than forming as it were independent states, almost estranged from a country to which they must look for the sale of their agricultural produce, and of their minerals, the richest in Spain. If we add to this that the *fueros* have been practically abolished by Don Carlos himself, who has oppressed the inhabitants with taxes, forcibly enlisted the flower of their peasantry, and substituted for their mild laws his tyranny and despotism, we have every reason to expect that the civil war will soon be at an end; indeed, as long as it lasts, there is no hope of improvement for Spain; and the efforts of the ablest men to encourage trade and agriculture, to promote the education of the lower classes, or to introduce reforms in the administration, must be wholly useless. It is like sowing corn in a desert of shifting sands.

SHYLOCK.

A CRITICAL FANCY.

AMIDST the equally innumerable and unwarrantable liberties which actors, managers, editors, and family-reading compilers have taken with Shakspeare, — each of them qualifying all misdemeanours by assuming, in Shakspeare's honour, that he knows as much of the mind and intentions of the "immortal bard," as said immortal bard did himself, — we may be permitted to amuse ourselves, as one sometimes does in a day-dream, with a harmless critical fancy. We have no impertinent notion of interpolating any scene or passage in Shakspeare, but merely intend to offer a speculation upon a striking alteration which might be made (on the stage of the imagination) in the last scene of the fourth act of the Merchant of Venice. Nor is it certain that the spirit of the scene would be injured even by its actual adoption, though of course it would be the height of presumption to attempt it — a height which has already been quite sufficiently attained by those who have *adapted* Shakspeare to the modern stage. The extent of our speculation, addressed to those who feel an interest in such subjects, is to point out an imaginary variation or expansion of the original scene, which has continually intruded itself upon us when witnessing the play.

We do not like Shakspeare's puns; not merely because they are too often introduced in the most serious scenes, but also because they are in themselves very bad puns, and yet not so excessively ultra-very-bad puns as to meet with the extreme of good ones, and so charm us by intentional extravagance. The taste of the court, however, encouraged him in this propensity, and there we will let the matter rest. But it is a thing far more

difficult to reconcile, when a tragic principle or impassioned result is made to turn upon a verbal quibble. "Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane," and Macduff not having been "born of woman," may be considered as part and parcel of the trickery of the witches and other creations of the old Highland superstitions, "who palter with us in a double sense." This verbal double-dealing, however, is not so reconcilable to the metaphysics of poetry in other instances; and we cannot help thinking, that few individuals could be found who were less likely to be made dupes and sufferers by it than the stern-minded, vulture-eyed old Shylock.

An article appeared in a magazine some time since entitled "A Lawyer's Criticism on Shakspeare," in which the writer entered a protest, half in earnest, half in jest, against the Merchant of Venice, among other plays, declaring that the distress "turns chiefly upon embarrassments with which no lawyer can seriously sympathise." Very unlucky for lawyers; thus cutting them off from the Shylock sympathies of all the rest of mankind, and making them "sadder and wiser" men than Shakspeare himself, upon the strength of knowing a thing or two in *Banco Regina*. He says — and the fact, so far as it is applicable, must be admitted in evidence against any right that the lawyers may claim in future to the enjoyment of this illegal production — that the difficulties of Antonio "arise entirely from his gross oversight in not effecting an insurance upon his various argosies. He should have opened a set of policies at once upon the Rialto, where *marine assurance* was perfectly well understood!!" &c. Now, whether, after all, it was a customary practice (for whether it was an *understood* one is little to the point) among the Venetian merchants to effect marine assurances, at the period in question, we shall not "pause" to inquire. Suffice it to acknowledge to this lucky critic, that the lawyer's remark, if "sound" in all its facts, neutralises, and almost subverts the whole play, as a matter of fact, but leaves it just where it was in the ideality of poetry and abstract truth. The critical fancy, however, which has crossed our mind, does not in the slightest degree affect any part of the plot, or the ultimate action of any of the characters. It solely relates to the conduct of a particular scene, and to the mental character of Shylock as it is there developed.

The main arguments are suffered to appear in a rough draught of measured lines, merely because that was the form in which the ideas first occurred. Let us commence where Shylock says, "I pray thee pursue sentence." The quotations are copied from the folio edition of Shakspeare, 1623.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine :
The Court awards it, and the Law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful Judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast :
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Shy. Most learned Judge, a sentence ! — come, prepare !

Por. Tarry a little — *there is something else.*
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood :
The words expressly are, "a pound of flesh."
Then take thy bond ! — take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But in the cutting it if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice !

Shy. Peace, false Judge !
There's no such thing as flesh devoid of blood !
Flesh is made up of vessels, and they're filled
With blood alone — nay, blood is liquid flesh.
Oh, thou false Judge ! — most treacherous, wicked Judge !

Send to your butcher for your daily meal —
 What will you say if he doth sell a pound
 Of skin and empty veins? Till you can show me
 Flesh that is bloodless, he't of what kind it may,
 My claim is good : one flesh alone exists,
 And that hath blood, for each includes the other.
 Doth all your wisdom in a quibble end
 Like bubbles blown by Law !

At this, the *Duke* and the *Magnificoes* look confounded ; the young *Doctor* adjusts his flowing robes with a painfully perplexed and mortified air ; and while *Antonio* and *Bassanio* exchange looks of dismay expressive of the ruin of a sudden hope, *Shylock*, in a voice of thunder, proceeds : —

Shy. This bond holds blood ! — out of your cullender wits !
 If Laws be folly, all are fooled by them.
 I am your fool in suffering these delays,
 But *he* is mine ! — if that your Laws be wise,
 He's doubly mine. A Jew may be the dog
 That's hated by a Christian's charity,
 But not the dupe of words !

Bass. O Jew, forbear !
 Lash not thyself to fury, like a beast !
Shy. Tis ye who have lash'd me thus : I'll have my bond.
 Trifle no more — there is no power in Venice
 To alter a decree establish'd ;
 Said not the Doctor so ? — then was he wise,
 But afterwards he spake as doth a fool ;
 Nay worse, he damn'd his soul with lies, to save
 That Christian beast who spat upon my beard !

The reader must here fill up the scene in his own imagination, portraying to himself the expression in the countenances of the different characters present, among which the dumb-founded loquacity and suspended animal spirits of *Gratiano* would not be the least conspicuous. The Doctor, however (i. e. *Portia*), may be supposed the first to recover, and having failed with reference to the quality of the bond, might return to the defence with the injunction as to quantity.

Por. The Jew shall have all justice ;
 Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh :
 Yet, Shylock, see thou cut not less nor more,
 But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,
 Or less, than a just pound, be it so much
 As makes it light or heavy in the substance
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple ; — nay, if the scale do turn
 But in the estimation of a hayre,
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Shy. I'll not take more : I'll take it *by degrees*.
 Be not then hasty, treacherous young Judge !
 I am not bound to take it all at once.

Bass. O villanous Jew ! thou'dst torture him to death !

Shy. If in some days, after the half be paid,
 He chance to die — that is no fault of mine :
 My bond doth say a pound ; but doth not say
 That I must take the whole immediately.
 We're not compell'd to ruin thus our debtors.
 I'll take it *by instalments* — would you jeer me ?
 Old Shylock hath his jest !

The *Doctor* might now insist that if the whole were not taken when offered, no part could subsequently be claimed.

Por. Take, then, thy pound of flesh and blood, fierce Jew ;
 But see you spill not aught that is not yours.

To this latter injunction *Shylock* would object that it was the nature of all flesh to bleed when cut, and, as nobody would take what fell, so the owner would not be robbed by the cutting. The *Doctor*, however, would argue interrogatively, "What is the use of blood when spilt? — it cannot be returned, like coin to the pocket: the owner is consequently defrauded of it — it has been illegally wasted." But *Shylock* may say that all these things should have been considered by his debtor before he signed the bond: as it is, this waste and loss can be no business of his creditor's; it is the common disadvantage and contingency of all bankruptcies. And thus might one equivocation be answered by another; — (Heaven forbid we should have to listen till they were exhausted!) After *Shylock*, however, had beaten back all their quibbles, he might be convicted, according to the Venetian law, as "an Alien who had sought the life of a Citizen," — because a pound of flesh could not be cut nearest the heart without causing immediate death. Say that this latter position is an assumption, still *Shylock* could not require them to prove the fact, because it would be laying himself open to a second charge of seeking the life of a citizen; unless, indeed, he could prevail upon some Hebrew friend to step forward upon so interesting an occasion. If he persisted in requiring them to prove that a man would die under such an operation, the Duke and the court collectively, in such an extreme and unprecedented case, might declare, that nobody could be so proper a subject for the experimental demonstration as old *Shylock* himself, *in corpore vili*. In short, it could be clearly shown that the Jew had laid a trap to catch Antonio, if possible; and that he had been guilty of foul-play in the method of baiting it. On first proposing the terms of the bond, he called it a "merrie bond;" and said, that it was only to be made in a "merrie sport:" whereas, directly it becomes due, we find him most dreadfully in earnest; and that he has inserted in the bond that the flesh shall be cut off, not merely *near*, but "*nearest* the heart;" in which proviso there is no appearance of merriment, but of murder.

That the scene is most theatrically effective as at present acted, we believe probable: that it does justice to the character of *Shylock* — which is one of the most marked and unquestionable that even Shakspeare ever drew — we venture, with great humility, to doubt. "Shakspeare," observes a critic, "never insists upon any thing but a quibble." This is amusingly true with regard to various passages in the scene in question; nevertheless it is by no means certain that Shakspeare intended that *Shylock's intellect* should be the dupe of a quibble, albeit he was unavoidably caught in the meshes of the law. *Shylock* keeps his thoughts to himself. He sees that the laws are older than his bond; that he cannot claim the forfeit, because his bond was made with a law existing against it; and his revenge thus being foiled, he wishes to get out of the affair with as good a bargain as he can. Without noticing, and probably without hearing, Gratiano's idle banter, he merely asks, "Is that *the law*?" He had previously said in answer to railings and remonstrances — "I stand here *for law*!" As the passage, however, is rendered on the stage, *Shylock* is made to appear utterly fooled by the quibble of the Doctor telling him to take his pound of flesh without blood! Another circumstance that makes it unlikely the intellect of *Shylock* should have been overwhelmed by a superficial quibble is, the fact that the Hebrews already considered the blood as the very substance of animal being — "the blood which is the life thereof." We would wish, therefore, to suggest a new reading.

In the first editions of Shakspeare, there are no stage directions for the Jew to sharpen his knife by means of long reaping sweeps across the boards.

He sharpened it upon the sole of his shoe, as is evident from a most beautiful pun, full of "soul," the "sole" pun of all the world, &c. &c., which is let off from Gratiano's mouth upon the occasion.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there !

Gra. Not on thy *soale*, but on thy *soule*, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keene.

In like manner, the dropping the scales upon the stage is a theatrical introduction. We see the passage accompanied by a display of Shylock's mental prostration before a play upon words. When Kean *did* make a mistake, it was always a 'thumper;' and in rendering this passage, we have frequently seen him give Shylock the look and appearance of one who was no less confounded by the sudden perception of an awful physical fact (*i. e.* that flesh can exist without blood, which is not a fact), than by the strangulation of his revenge by the effects of a pre-existing law. We think, however, that at the very point when the scales are dropped, it would be a more subtle-minded reading, if Shylock grasped them *close against his breast*, and manifested in his looks as much astonishment and indignation at being foiled by a mere legal quibble, as infuriate at finding his revenge snatched in a moment out of his very grasp. Our interpolations are to be considered as an attempt to portray the thoughts and sensations which flashed through Shylock's heart and brain before he clearly saw that he was caught in "that law," to which he himself had exclusively appealed, and against which it was of no use to contend, especially under the circumstances; seeing, moreover, that he was a Jew and an Alien *versus* a Christian and citizen. His next state of mind is plainly manifested.

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the Act.

For as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Judge! mark Jew, a learned Judge!

Shy. I take this offer then — pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian goe.

That the major part of the audience are disappointed, and experience the sense of unfulfilled promise, and an incomplete result, when the scales are *not* dropped upon the stage, we are much afraid; — so strong is the influence of habit; yet such *coups de théâtre* do not appear to us at all necessary, either to a correct or effective reading. We think very much the same of the start of horrible dismay at the verbal quibble; and we always fancy, when we see a fine actor represent it, that he seems to do it rather because it is his fate than his opinion. Histrionic, as well as dramatic power, depends upon something very different from mere theatrical points. Such things vary with time and place. It is the soul in Shakspeare's plays that insures their constant vitality; a fine essence of life, which makes us behold him living for ever in the remotest regions of time, whatever may become of the thousand little immortalities conferred by fashion and assumption meanwhile.

“BEFORE THE CURTAIN.”

It is a singular fact, and not less true than strange, that the artists of the Italian theatre not only pique themselves upon not being considered good actors, but even think it honourable to be reputed bad ones. Provided they sing their parts with that perfection, which they alone can attain, they are superbly indifferent about every thing else. Action, in their estimation, is only necessary to facilitate the emission of the voice, for they have not the slightest suspicion that any thing ought to be done on the stage beyond singing. The spirited and spiritual acting of Lablache appears to them a superfluity, an expense, an extravagance of looks and motions, to which he is not bound by his engagement, but with which he gratifies the spectators, over and above his bargain; they regard with alarm, and pity the access of dramatic energy which now and then seizes upon the mind of the fair and poetic Grisi; they witness these things, sometimes with consternation, sometimes with dignified and overwhelming contempt: upon the stage they are constrained to submit, but when they return behind the scenes, their indignation explodes in a volley of reproaches, they accuse her of “putting them out,” of “spoiling their parts,” of “perplexing them with her enthusiasm, which renders them incapable of knowing how to answer her, or what to do;” they say to her what a celebrated tenor remarked to Malibran one night, after she had thrown all her soul into the Italian *Desdemona*:—“My dear madam, you have almost dislocated my shoulder, by flinging yourself into my arms so vehemently; if you commit this extravagance again, I’ll abandon the theatre, and leave you to scream by yourself.”

Professing so much contempt for the display of passion in the drama, they look upon costume with still greater indifference. They consider it a most impertinent necessity, to which they submit with the worst possible grace, when they do condescend to submit at all. No remonstrance, as yet, has been able to prevail upon either Rubini, or Tamburini, to give up their monstrous and ridiculous whiskers, which they inflict upon all their personages, whether they become them or not, or whether they agree with the time, place, or age of the character committed to their hands; nor is this absurdity the only one. What Parisian of taste is not ready to laugh aloud to see Count Almaviva dressed like a rope-dancer, or Edgardo with his head nodding with feathers like a horse at a funeral in full dress? Neither need the critic be fearful of hurting the delicacy of the Italians, who are themselves the first to point out and ridicule these excesses. If he would be convinced of this, he has only to go a little earlier than usual, a little half hour before the rising of the curtain, to the saloon of the Italians in Paris, and sit down quietly by the fireside—there he will find already assembled three or four men, chatting, laughing, jesting, rallying each other, and giving vent in Italian to all the joyous nonsense that comes into their heads—there is Lablache throwing out all the ponderous conceits of his massy mirth—Tamburini, mischievous as a school-boy, leaping like a frog, twirling like a top, and laughing at every thing—even Rubini stands at ease, forgets his graver graces, and does not appear afraid of tumbling the folds of his cravat, or spoiling the set of his collar, by the haughty laughter in which he joins chorus with his companions. As for Ferlini, the buffoon of the company, grave as a Roman senator in the days of Brennus, he listens without any emotion to the mirth of his comrades, says little, and never laughs; only on grand occasions, in very trying moments of merriment, he is seen to force a smile. These little scenes of familiar chit-chat last, generally, till the first chord of the orchestra announces the commencement of business, then, each of the interlocutors, without haste, without leave-taking, quits the fire-side, enters the corridor, and quietly disappears,—three minutes afterwards the silent observer is astonished to see his group of laughers thrust into different costumes, marching tragically across the stage, and singing recitatives and cavatinas, as they only of all the world can sing them.

It happened one evening last winter—a few weeks before the destruction of the Salle Favart—that Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Ferlini, the unfortunate

Severini, Persiani, and the happy husband of the charming Tacchinandi — whose success sometimes disturbed the peace of mind, and broke the slumbers of Madame Grisi — were gathered round the fire, chatting gaily upon a thousand indifferent matters; and all the more freely as only one person was near them, a stranger, who did not appear to understand Italian. Lablache and Rubini were discussing the incidents of a rubber at whist, which had been played the evening before at the house of the illustrious Tenor: — that dismissed, they reviewed the talent and position of a poor little ragged fiddler, who had been found half frozen the night before at the door of the theatre, and to whom the porter had extended hospitality; it was now under consideration among the singers to make a small collection for the sucking brother of their art.

"I give my share most willingly," said Rubini, drawing a Napoleon from his waistcoat pocket, and depositing it in the vase.

"Eh! eh! gold!" said Tamburini laughingly, "you were then very lucky at whist last night?"

"By no means, mio caro," replied the Tenor, "but if you will give me your attention, that is, as much of it as you can, I will explain to you why I take an interest in these little vagabond musicians, who possess nothing but their courage and their violin, and have neither bed nor board." Tamburini placed himself in a comfortable listening attitude, the others drew nearer to Rubini, who began his tale as follows:—

"Some thirty years ago, a poor, wretched, half-starved family were wandering from one end of Italy to the other, without any means of gaining their bread—and black bread it was too, black as the devil—than that of giving street concerts in each of the towns they passed through. There were four persons in this family of musicians, the father, mother, and two sons. After the concert the youngest boy made the tour of the spectators with a wooden cup in his hand, which he held up as near as he could to the pockets of the delighted listeners, who frequently found it impossible to resist this appeal to their sensibility; the little lad then carried his wealth to his mother, who deposited it in the treasury, and then assisted to pack the baggage on the back of an ass, who looked as if he had fed upon nothing but music since the hour he came into the world; the father of the family took charge of the violins, the eldest boy was intrusted with the clarionet and flute, and the little brother collector was slung to a huge hunting-horn almost as long as himself. In the next large and populous street they came to, the father commanded a new halt, another concert was given, and again the little brother and his wooden cup offered themselves to the benevolent sympathies of the listeners; and thus they went on the same thing, the halt, the concert, the cup, the packing, the unpacking, to-day, to-morrow, and for ever. The receipts were not magnificent — the audience always listened to the concert, but frequently walked away at the aspect of the wooden cup, others put their hands into their pockets, but forgot to take them out again. The performers gained very little, and once to their sorrow they were even robbed — of a concert I mean, for they had nothing else to lose, and that was a part of their property — yes — strange as it may seem, they were actually robbed. A scoundrelly captain of a band of thieves thought it a good joke to demand of these poor people "a concert or your life;" they of course did not hesitate, though never did they give one with so little satisfaction to themselves, or with such an earnest desire to get to the end of it. The little collector put his wooden cup out of sight, played more than once horribly out of tune, and when the master cut-throat took hold of his chin to thank him for his music, the poor little fellow was actually afraid that he should not get it back again.

"But if there were many evil days for the wandering troubadours, there were now and then some good. There was one super-excellent — that on which Gian Batista, the little collector, was admitted to sing, with a troop of abominably bad performers, at the Theatre de Romano. The evening before the representation, the prima donna had suddenly disappeared, leaving her companions in the utmost consternation. Seduced by the cigar-smoking phrase-making graces of a French travelling clerk of a mercantile house, she had accompanied him on his return to France, and, in a few days afterwards, he repaid her in kind the trick she had played her lyrical brethren, by setting off for Paris one morning without her, before

she had left her couch. But in the meantime the unfortunate company were in the utmost distress. What was to be done? All the world was expected to assist at the representation, and the prima donna was wanting! The father of Gian Batista came to their assistance; he passed the whole night in teaching his son the part of the prima donna; and Gian, taking his courage in both hands, soon mastered all the difficulties, and the next night, dressed as a woman, sung the part, was rapturously greeted, and for the first time in his life heard the sound of that applause with which, later on, he was destined to be more familiar.

"Behold, then, the ragged boy collector transformed into a prima donna. It was no bad trade, and in the exercise of it he obtained so much success, that the manager gave two additional representations, at the last of which Gian, adorned in his feminine habits and graces, was seated in the vestibule, between two huge flambeaus, to receive the reward of his exertions, holding in his hand, not the old wooden cup, but a handsome dish of shining tin, in which he gracefully received the offerings of the faithful, which offerings, *mio caro*, amounted to fifteen francs — twelve shillings English.

"The trade of prima donna would have answered very well to Gian, but unfortunately, besides his occupation on the stage as the heroines, he was obliged between the acts to go into the orchestra to help his father to make out a band, and then return behind the scenes to sing in the chorus. Two months of this hard work nearly knocked up the poor boy, when luckily Lamberti came to Bergamo, where Gian then was, to get up an opera of his composition. He wanted another tenor to fill up a secondary part, and Gian's constant and indefatigable puffer, his father, spoke to the maestro of his son's talent, and his success at Bergamo, and finally obtained from him a promise that the prima donna should have a trial. The thing succeeded admirably. Lamberti's music was so well sung that, enchanted, he actually made the young actor a present of a crown! Thanks to this superb generosity, the ex-prima donna could afford to buy himself a pair of shoes, and had something solid to go upon."

At this last observation of Rubini, Tamburini burst into a loud laugh; but the former without losing his gravity continued his recital.

"After quitting Bergamo, poor Gian Batista had again some very wintry days; but better times were approaching, and fortune began to smile steadily upon him. Although refused as a chorus singer by the *impressario* of the theatre of Milan, who did not think his voice strong enough, he got an engagement of six hundred francs as a second tenor at Pallazzuolo. Six hundred francs! — four and twenty pounds! — what a fortune! Per Christo! Gian felt like a married man; and though he could buy something more than shoes, he thought he would buy a cloak — a cloak! — a mantle! — that noble garment for which Gian Batista had sighed from infancy; which had been the admiration of his childhood, the hope of his youth, the dream of his whole existence; he had desired it with enthusiasm, with passion, with frenzy, as he had never desired any thing since; and now he had it — this idolised garment—he could put it on—take it off—throw it on in folds, or fold it up. Happy, thrice happy Gian Batista; it was the most delicious moment of his life; he has never been half so happy since!

"To the six hundred francs succeeded an engagement of a thousand at the theatre at Brescia; to that another of two thousand to sing at Venice in *Mosè*. In a short time the poor boy became a person of importance. Fioraventi wrote an opera expressly for him. Rossini "*entreated*" him to undertake the principal part in the *Gazza Ladra*. Vienna and Paris disputed his possession; and — hark! the overture has begun; they are waiting for Gian Batista to sing in the *Sonàmbula* —"

"And Gian Batista," said poor Severini, "is now worth forty thousand pounds."

"Besides being the first singer in the world," observed Lablache.

"And that nobody plays so good a rubber at whist," said Tamburini with a twirl.

"Except me," cried Lablache, carrying off his corporation.

In the next minute the curtain drew up, and Rubini entered on the scene, singing "*Prendi l'Anel ti dano*," amid the kind smiles of his friends, and the thundering greetings of the audience.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE booksellers have the happiest knack imaginable of making people in love with new books, by every now and then stopping the supplies, it being an ascertained foible of human nature, and of book-devouring nature especially, to long for that which there appears to be no immediate prospect of being able to obtain. It is thus that a spoiled beauty sometimes coquets with one's imagination, by alternate favours and repulses, putting one into a perplexity of wishes and entreaties, that grow impatient by frustration: — and thus we peep through a latticed door in a domain-wall, and look into the green mysteries, and invent a thousand breaks in the foliage to penetrate the solitudes lying beyond, and all because we cannot get in, we fill it with the more intense delight, and come away at last wilfully tormented by a multitude of fancies and dreams of fairy-land, for there is nothing so headstrong, and passionate, and unreasonable as the poetry of disappointment. Well! — and because there have been no new books for the last month — or not enough to satisfy us — we become extortionate in our desires, and think that a new book is the most delightful thing in the world, and are possessed with an indiscriminate ardour for cutting leaves, adjusting the silver paper on the face of delicate engravings, turning over sheaves of pages, and tossing volume after volume from us with a prodigal hand, as the wanton summer showers roses into the lap of Nature. But suppose there never was to be another new book in the world, that invention was at an end, and that the art of man could never restore the enchantment, and that we were cast back upon our old books into our dim library, with its monastic windows, and shadowy recesses crowded with antique folios, and the perpetual *mirage* that fills that silent cloister of Thought with innumerable fantastic images — what would become of us then? The old books! It would be like dwelling in ancestral halls, apart from the buzz and glare, and littlenesses of the crowd — amidst a world of gallant and glorious memoirs; with the wits and lovers and court-ladies of Lely and Kneller looking down upon you from their massive frames, in the close neighbourhood of tapestries of Elizabeth, woven by her own hands; and the statesmen and warriors of the early days of chivalry, when Conquest was crowned by the hands of Romance, solemnly gazing upon you; as if a thousand incarnations of Poetry, and Wisdom, and Power, passing before you like embodied traditions, filled the chamber with the life of resuscitated ages; as if you were thrown back into the days of Charlemagne, and were permitted to hold converse with Alcuin, and to inspect with reverential eyes his illuminated Bible; as if the Norman races, invested with the historical pomp of the kingdoms they founded, and of the immortal achievements by which they will survive to the remotest posterity, moved around you in silent grandeur, and myriads of scenes, existing only in the realms of fancy, but which a fine mental superstition has idealized into truth, rose up before you, displacing with mighty visions of the Past the failing associations and unfinished projects of the Present. Old Books! Old Worlds!

There is no great chance, however, of being cast upon such retrospective pleasures. There are always new books, whether they be of the kind we like or not. It is a condition of the nature of printing that it shall go on to the end of time, accomplishing its destiny, if not always by the most

effective means, at least by that influence which comes of incessant Action. And so we find that the Books of the month, although they yield us but little opportunity for criticism, afford nevertheless a sufficing proof that the Press has not been idle.

We have already had nearly a dozen Annuals, — volumes of such rare splendour, as to set young people musing upon the singing trees and golden birds of the eastern legends, and almost to make them wonder whether Aladdin ever saw any thing so fine and beautiful! We are not quite sure, at the same time, whether the recollections hereafter of the generation just coming in, for whose entranced senses these magnificent triumphs of art are specially intended, will be half so pleasant as our own, who look back upon the time when toy-books and fables were less expensive in detail, and when a few charming wood-cuts, as rustic as the subjects they represented, suggested a multitude of unfading little romances of a natural kind to the young imagination. Robinson Crusoe was the most marvellous man of the whole earth in those miniature engravings, with a wild skin cast over his shoulders, palpably brought out in a straggling surface of starting hairs, and his gun on his arm, nearly as large as himself, and his man Friday looking up in great wonder, and a canoe, and a palm tree, and a cave — things that are never to be forgotten from the sheer force of their simplicity and directness. And who can fail to remember little Red Riding Hood approaching the bed where the treacherous wolf lay covered up, with her grandmamma's cap on his head, and his horrid eyes glaring under the ample frill, which every body could see but the little innocent girl, who had no thought of such wicked deceptions; — what pity it raised to look upon her, and what would one not have given to rescue her. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. The tiny pictures are all gone out of fashion; and we have Mirandas, and fishing smacks, and Spanish banditti, and palaces, and love-letters in watery eyes, and we know not what, instead. Art advances upon our rude enjoyments, and refines them away — and we “are nothing if not critical!”

A new species of Annual has appeared this year transcending the older series in size and costliness. Of this class we have three specimens — “The Diadem,” edited by Miss Sheridan; Finden’s “Tableaux of the Affections,” edited by Miss Mitford; and “The Amaranth,” edited by Mr. T. K. Hervey. These volumes are of equally imperial dimensions, but not of equal merit. “The Diadem,” in point of literary excellence, may perhaps be permitted to take the first place, while Finden’s “Tableaux” surpasses “The Diadem” in the beauty of its embellishments; and “The Amaranth” is inferior to both in both respects.

• Miss Sheridan’s anthology of prose and verse deserves great commendation, and not the less that its contributors are chiefly selected from the higher circles — an evidence of cordiality in the pursuit of letters that must be gratifying to the reading public. With the exception of a few puerilities and ephemeral verses that might have been spared with advantage, the pieces generally are elegant in construction, and indicative of cultivated taste. In addition to the usual variety of matter, there are some stanzas by Lord Chesterfield, now published for the first time, and a song by Congreve, both of which are strikingly characteristic of their authors; and a story of the feudal times, preserved by the late Duchess of St. Albans, as it was related by Sir Walter Scott to a party of friends on a visit at Abbotsford. These novelties considerably enhance the attractions of the volume.

It would be difficult to divine the meaning or application of the title of Miss Mitford’s Annual. If the volume were intended to suggest by en-

gravings some of those noble conceptions that are occasionally, but not often, realised by sculpture, there might be some excuse for so affected a designation; but the engravings, exquisite as they are, make no pretensions to be considered as representatives of the affections, or "womanly virtues" as they are oddly called in the second title of the book; in fact, they might as reasonably be described as the tableaux of the sun, moon, and stars, for all the separate passions that are expressed in them. But the reader will find in this volume two or three felicitous compositions that, taken alone, are worth all the literature of the rest of the *Annuals*; notwithstanding that we think, for the general purpose of such publications, Miss Sheridan has catered better. Two poems, one by Miss Barrett, and the other by Mr. Hughes, are works distinguished by poetical qualities of the highest order. They are both dipped in the hues of ballad minstrelsy. The "Romaunt of the Page," by Miss Barrett, is full of the early spirit of English poetry — quaint, simple, and pathetic: and in "The Minstrel of Provence," Mr. Hughes has given us a very perfect specimen of a style which is now but little cultivated, but which can never lose its fascination, wherever the romantic costume and high-hearted chivalry of the middle ages are regarded with enthusiasm. The rest of the pieces hardly demand special notice. The prose tales are slight, and not very striking either in subject or treatment.

Of "The Amaranth" a few words must suffice. The selection is of the average quality, brief stories and drawing-room table verse, to be read with momentary pleasure and forgotten. There is scarcely a passage in the volume to which the reader cares to return, very little that impresses a distinct train of images — a certain kind of beauty that evades description, flits through the book, and its influence vanishes with the last page. The temporary interest of this production is to be referred to the temporary character of the topics, rather than the want of skill or feeling in the writers. It is clearly impossible to elevate a trifle into importance, or endue it with a shape of permanency. A few brilliant lines here and there, some happy turn of words, are all we can look for, when the theme itself makes no demands upon reflection. From these remarks, however, we would be understood to except two or three dramatic sketches distinguished alike by beauty and power.

The "Forget Me Not," in virtue of its claim of priority, as the first annual published in this country, takes right of precedence over all the others. In this work, sixteen years ago, the first English imitation of the German Year Books appeared. To what a multitude of speculations it has given birth — what painters and engravers it has set at work — what small poets and Lilliputian novelists it has called into existence! And yet "The Forget Me Not," unmoved by the stir it has occasioned in arts and literature, still keeps its own tranquil course, as if it had the whole empire to itself. There is not a page in the present volume distinguishable by any attempt at novelty from the pages of past years. The same quiet and amiable tone, the same pretty and unpretending engravings, the same swing of verse and prose are here that we have had any time since "The Forget Me Not" was born. It seems to grow like the flowers — only not half so wild — reproducing, season after season, the self-same leaves, without undergoing any of those artificial experiments at its roots, which, in the bulbous race, are said to produce new and fantastic tints. The readers who liked the former "Forget Me Nots" must like this "Forget Me Not;" it comes from the identical light soil where the rest sprung up into the sunshine of their favour.

Not one "Oriental Annual," but two "Oriental *Annuals*." There has been a parting of the genii of the East, and the result is a double act of sorcery

in prints and descriptions. Of these, Mr. Caunter's must be admitted first to consideration, because he has had it all through the preceding series. The portfolio of the late Mr. Daniel, who touched Indian scenery with "a pencil of light," and who, better than any other artist, knew how to impart to it that luxurious and melting atmosphere, which steepens its landscapes in ineffable repose, is not yet exhausted. The specimens in the present volume are quite equal to those which preceded them; the ruins, hill-forts, palaces, woods, and waters of Hindostan are here delineated with the most refined taste and fidelity; and the legends Mr. Caunter has supplied, although we could have desired more of them, are very judiciously illustrative of the customs and superstitions of the country. These legends, two in number, have the true character of Hindoo and Mohammedan traditions, based in miracles, and crowded, like a panorama, with characteristic figures. The second Oriental, edited by Mr. Bacon, contains a variety of views, taken from drawings made by the editor, — very admirable specimens of art. If they fail, except in one or two remarkable instances, to make us feel the languor of the clime, they possess artistical merits of another kind, which will abundantly recommend them. We cannot say quite so much for the literary contents of the book, which consist of rambling descriptions, interspersed with stories of no great interest, and written on the whole in too heedless and discursive a spirit.

Jennings's "Landscape Annual" introduces us to the churches, villages, and ruins of Portugal, and, in so far as pictorial embellishment is concerned, fulfils all that can be reasonably desired within the compass of a single volume. The drawings are accurate and full of life, the subjects chosen with the fancy of an artist, who prepares himself to produce striking effects in a narrow space, and they are executed skilfully. This is the best part of the book and its most attractive feature. The chapters on Portugal, if any thing could, would go far, however, to spoil our relish for the engravings. The author, Mr. Harrison, describes a tour in Portugal, taking in occasionally a scrap of history, or picking up anecdotes by the way, and diversifying his progress with descriptions of places that have been rifled of their novelty in a hundred other books. The topics are stale, and the style is not calculated to inspire them with a fictitious freshness. Mr. Harrison does not appear to have entered on his labours with a right appreciation of the capabilities of the subject. He gives us too much of what Portugal is — desolated, divided, and poor; and not enough of what she *was* — proud, romantic, picturesque, and enterprising. We miss the poetical attributes of the land, and have nothing but its meagre realities. Such a book as this ought to have been written by Washington Irving as he has written, and nobody else could write, about the Alhambra.

Belonging to a different class, the "Friendship's Offering" recalls us to the composite order of song and narrative — *morceaux* of fiction grafted on bits of history — pleasant love-conceits worked as fine as lace — and the usual medley of varieties, into which we need not enter. There are some poems in this volume superior to the ordinary run of the annual verses, and the prose tales are better than any we have seen in contemporary publications. But the shades of excellence are not sufficiently marked to justify any closer distinction. These gay banquets are all so much alike, that although we now and then meet with something more substantial than we expect, there is not enough of it to "give us pause," and so we pass on to the next.

The "Annual of British Landscape Scenery," edited by Miss Twamley, gives us a number of views on the Wye, with some agreeable glimpses of the Severn — two of the most picturesque rivers within the girth of this kingdom.

But we are familiar with the plates, which are here either reproduced, or closely copied from originals already known to the public. Miss Twamley carries us in a lively spirit along these sparkling waters, detailing at the height of her animal spirits the adventures she passed through in a home tour from Bristol to the source of the Wye, glancing off to the most memorable spots on her route, and leaving not a single scene of interest unexplored, either in reference to its present points of attraction, or its historical claims. The volume is written in a brave temper of enjoyment, and cannot fail to command a large circle of gratified readers.

Having disposed of all the Annuals that have yet reached us, we may hope next month for subjects of more permanent interest. But, if the Annuals do not yield us a very profitable harvest of criticism, they are entitled to our acknowledgment for coming out just at an interval when there were scarcely any other books to be had. Mr. Frazer's "Travels in Persia," and a new novel, are before us; but these we must reserve for our next number.

THE WORKS OF HANDEL IN ENGLAND.

OUR CHORAL PROGRESS.

HANDEL's "Samson" is advertised for the opening of the campaign of the Exeter Hall Sacred Harmonic Society, which takes place early this month, with every prospect of renewed force and activity on the part of directors and performers. During several years of active critical service, we have strenuously advocated the principle which now seems to be adopted, viz. — the performance of works *entire*; a plan which, though it may admit some compositions of inferior merit to the average quality of selections, alone portrays the complete design of the master, sets the picture with all its lights and shades before us, and discovers its total power or weakness. The liberties taken with great compositions from time to time would make an amusing chapter in the history of human pretension and vanity: and though, by cutting an Oratorio into shreds and patches, we do not destroy the original, as we should by the excision of our favourite effects from a Raphael, a Rubens, or a Titian; yet we inflict injustice of a similar nature on the memory of the composer, when we cause him to be mis-judged by being partially judged. Handel is fortunately a man of that mould which best survives the effect of petty unfavourable accidents. He has sustained the worst of these, and yet so established himself in the public *heart*, that we shall see his genius assume from year to year an increasing magnificence of character; and, becoming more and more acquainted with what he has done, with veneration and gratitude leave the true apotheosis of his sublime spirit to be celebrated by after ages.

It would astonish those who have not much concerned themselves in observing the music submitted to public performance, in how very small and limited a circle our pleasures of this kind revolve. In an early stage of amateurism, we like to hear only that which we have tested and know to be good; as we advance — though we acquire a distaste for excessive repetition — we still shrink from the fatigue of encountering perpetual novelty. So that between the experienced and instructed listener and the newly-fledged amateur, there are, to the last, strong points of mutual sympathy, which

should engage both in mutual concessions for the advancement of music. We have now, we trust, arrived at this point.

One, and indeed the principal, reason why there remain so many untried and unheard things of Handel is the want of parts, by which the uninitiated reader is to understand copies for the individual members of the band and chorus. The possession of these by sundry members of the musical profession, and the power to let them out on hire on particular occasions, has hitherto been a very valuable source of income. Strange that a commonplace, or, perhaps, a ridiculous person, should be enabled to levy a tribute on the genius of a master, far greater in amount than any the author ever received for his own work! But this kind of property is now so well understood, and so widely shared, as no longer to provoke the lust of gain. Societies make their own stores, and encourage active and intelligent librarians of their own.

Next to the representation of the entire work of a master, the spirit of the age exhibits a stringent necessity for the purest and most authentic versions of his composition. Amateurs exhibit a strange laxity on this head, and have admitted into their scores the most ridiculously intrusive notes. These *additional orchestral accompaniments* have arisen out of that fatal love of hearing themselves, which is the destruction of a grand whole. If an amateur flute-player, for instance, wanted a part, he would, without remorse, get one made for him, or make one for himself; not once stopping to fancy the indignation of Handel. We recollect that the "Judas Maccabeus" has been particularly ill-treated in this way, and to have felt the liveliest resentment at the impertinent vanity which could introduce into the impressive dramatic chorus "Fall'n is the foe," a succession of trivial flute passages. These passages, because they happen to form the subject, might seem peculiarly appropriate to the absurd pedant who made them; but they draw off the unity of the attention, divide the simple concentrated power of the author, and so injure, if not destroy, his original design.

We are aware that M. Möser, of Berlin, has made some alteration in the scores of Handel used in Germany: but this duty has been chiefly confined to the *remplissage* of the harmony—the mere supporting and thickening of it by the aid of different instruments unknown in Handel's time, and not by venturing to add original features. Even this labour, however, is to be admitted with great caution.

Let it be conceived, then, with what horror a refined and educated musician finds all sorts of incompetent people re-instrumenting a master-work.

We are enabled to give an instance of this from personal observation. At a performance of "Don Giovanni" by a private musical society, some notes of trombones *not* in the score assailed the ear of the conductor. Inquiring into the circumstances of this eruption of big trumpets, we received the very *naïve* answer,—"Oh, they made the parts themselves!" Now, as it is well known that Mozart had a very pretty notion of the powers of the tromboni, and has used those instruments for the grave colouring of all the more solemn and awful scenes of "Don Giovanni," here was a complete example of the wilful and ignorant frustration of his purpose. For nothing is more injurious to effect than monotony of tone; and it was a principle of Mozart's composition, to reserve great means for great occasions. Had he wanted trombones, he might himself have used them; an inference, however obvious and simple, still not to be opposed to the love of making a noise.

*Such are some of those violations of the sanctity of the composer, which afford the musician, when not immediately exposed to their annoyance, a hearty laugh in his chair after dinner. We must except from this general censure the additional parts for brass instruments, which have been put to

Handel's choruses by some English musician — we believe a Mr. Kearns. These indicate no coarse and vulgar hand; they are the mere notes of the composer heard through another and more powerful medium; and it is impossible to conceive, from the judgment and delicacy with which they are introduced, but that Handel himself would be in the highest degree delighted with them. The effect of brass instruments arises wholly from the *sparing* employment of them. When we hear in the chorus, "For unto us a child is born," the trumpet and trombones become prominent for the first time in the conclusion of the last symphony, the penetrating tones of these instruments create a new interest, and form a climax so charming that rarely the work escapes an *encore*. So also in one of the most powerfully affecting choruses that Handel ever penned — "Lift up your heads," — what majesty marks the entrance of the bass trombones at the point, "He is the King of Glory!" The whole presents an elevation of human feeling so sublime, as to make the blood thrill and to draw tears. We worship the spirit that can wing itself up to the Deity in this form; and feel, in the excess of our sensations, that we must possess the benevolence of some higher than human power. These devotional sentiments are not produced by mere noise — not by the acclaim of hundreds — but by that admirable regulation of effects, in which lies the whole mystery of music. Our ears are so constituted, as speedily to adapt themselves to any degree of sound; and the loudest thunder of the organ, or the gentlest notes of the flute, become alike in their operation upon us, if we are rendered as familiar with the one as the other. Impressions of greatness in music are produced at a blow; and though power, open or concealed, has to do with them, it must be always power well applied. Thus the true master knows how to electrify his hearers by one note; and who that remembers the opening of the last chorus in "Israel in Egypt," can have forgotten the effect of the triumphant multitudinous *unison*, "I will sing unto God." Again, the subdued effect of choruses sung in harmony, but entirely in an under tone — as "He sent a thick darkness," — presents another form of majestic power, in which the poet's noble personification of might "slumbering on his own right arm," is brought vividly before us.*

The truth, that great effects are only realised to their full extent, when met with in that relative position to the principal lights or shadows of his picture which the author originally designed, is the strongest argument we know in favour of the production of *entire* works. It should also restrain the rash hands of those unthinking people, who, without knowing any thing of the philosophy of the system of effect which guides the pen of a master in the formation of a score, have yet the hardihood to make additions. Critics in painting and poetry would soon discover and hold up to public indignation the author of any liberties with a great original; — but in music (that is, in the copies used for performance), it is astonishing how many drivelling absurdities, perpetrated by the Lord knows who, have been allowed to sneak into public, affixed to master-works. This is the fly perched upon the bull's horn, and saying "We." But it is time to reduce these pretensions to their true standard. It ought to be the part of all genuine musical critics to make themselves well acquainted with the original scores of the works they hear, and to signalise any violation of their integrity and purity, except due cause be apparent. By these means they

* Great musical power — that is to say, the collection of a vast band and chorus — has this effect: it for a short time places the weakest invention on a par with the greatest. The imposition is, however, but momentary. It is by his sustained power over the various emotions of his hearers that the true master announces himself.

will become the guardians of that fame which a great master commits to the love and the discernment of posterity.

All that we can be said to know well of Handel, and with proper choral power, are the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Solomon," and the "Dettingen Te Deum." We are now to have "Samson;" and how much remains behind to make the author's bodily presence still as palpable to us, as when, not long ago, he was domiciled in Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square! Pleasant is the memory of genius, endeared is the locality which it has haunted and rendered sacred by association! That the public should have existed for seventy or eighty years upon three or four works, with some odd selections — that it should have yet to come "Deborah," the noble "Jubilate," the "Chandos Anthems," the "Funeral Anthem for Queen Caroline," &c. &c. that "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," in which Handel has not suffered by contact with the genius of Milton, are yet partially unheard — that there exist in the Royal Library, and, we believe, in the Fitz-William Museum, noble remains of the industry of the master still in MS., — afford a cheering prospect of the continued advancement of music. For it is not to be denied by any, except those who unduly appreciate the labours of such men as Mendelssohn and Spohr, that the age is destitute of any one commanding spirit; and however it is sought, by creating a factitious popularity, to place one or other of the cleverest of living musicians on the throne of choral music, the public are resolute in not being cheated of their homage. The world of music is at present a republic.

It is a singular and a suggestive fact, that the actual state of the art, in which so much of the positive magnificence of sound is enjoyed, should be so poor in the *ideal*. The genius of our country seems as if stupified and confounded at the array of its formidable orchestra; — embarrassed and oppressed with its own riches. Let us imagine, on the contrary — as was actually the fact — Handel scouring the country with his Oratorios, collecting, at most, about fifty ill-drilled voices; these accompanied by a very small orchestra and a little organ without pedals; — and, under all these disadvantages, living in a world of high thoughts and fancies which we *only* can realise. This, as far as we have been able to trace the subject, seems to be the usual fate of great musicians, — that they are rarely permitted to enjoy their designs in an equal perfection with others. The "Messiah" is even an instance of a work that has benefited by the affectionate care of posterity: the original redundancies of the work have been pruned with judgment, and the force of the whole has been improved. The liberty of omitting, which we here applaud, is very different from that of the adding we have condemned.

• The idea of Handel an auditor at present festival performances, may be indulged for mere pleasure. Fifty choristers changed into five hundred, trombones that he never heard, ponderous organ pedals bringing in the bass subjects of his fugues, — what satisfaction to his enjoying spirit! But the contemplation of the amount of pleasure received by his means, would be too much for one who had not put off earthly feelings and sympathies! His reward must be in another state of existence.

THE THEATRES.

WITH a cordiality of spirit and a "soul of goodness" in his plays, which has charmed some thousands of audiences, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, by some perplexity in the construction of his stories, generally fails in the conduct of their action. This criticism will be best understood by those who best appreciate his productions, for they will perceive at once that we allude to a fault which leaves them in full possession of all those essential excellencies which constitute the highest merits of the acting drama. In drawing out the inner life of the scene — in dialogue at once natural and idealised by a fine poetical temperament — in touching the core of the feelings — and lighting, as if by instinct, upon the most effective points of the interest, Mr. Knowles is without a rival in his own time, and may be justly said to excel all previous writers for the stage since the days of Jephson, who, in one piece at least, exhibited powers that, it is to be regretted, he did not more assiduously cultivate. Nor is it merely that Mr. Knowles has occupied with a well-earned fame this large space in our dramatic history, but that he has created for himself a peculiar form of drama that cannot be said to have existed previously. His tragedies are not strictly tragedies, whatever may be their ultimate effects; nor are his comedies strictly comedies. There is a mixed nature in both, which engages more warmly the sympathies of the spectator than if they were modelled according to the most rigorous laws of art, by which nature is too often sacrificed to conventions. In his comedies the smiles are always ready to melt into tears, and the tears in his tragedies always seem as if they might as easily be brightened into smiles: — such is the flexible and truthful character of his plays, and so closely do they, in this respect, imitate life itself. At the same time, it cannot have escaped observation that the dialogue in these pieces is occasionally over-refined, that it is built up too artificially, and that it wears out the passion or the jest before it lets it go. It is, perhaps, to the visible pains Mr. Knowles bestows upon the colouring and finishing of the parts that we are to attribute that defect in the structure of the plot as a whole to which we have alluded.

In nearly all the dramas he has produced, we find that the Action on the stage either begins earlier than it ought, or that it is expanded beyond the obvious catastrophe where the main interest closes. There is always an act too much at the beginning or the end. The catastrophe of *Virginius*, for instance, is the death of Virginia in the fourth act, and every thing that happens after that is superfluous and injurious to the grand impression. In "*The Wife*" — one of the most beautiful creations of the modern stage — the actual interest opens with the second act; the first consisting literally of nothing more than a recital of incidents that took place previously to the occurrence of the circumstances upon which the plot of the play turns. It does not diminish the force of our objection to say that these supererogatory acts are in themselves very exquisite, because the most exquisite things out of place interrupt our enjoyment even by their beauty, and because that which is more exquisite still — the body of the drama itself — is hurt by their introduction. We know nothing that surpasses in tenderness, in truth, and intense enthusiasm, the opening act of "*The Wife*:" — the description of the Swiss girl's first affection, of her indifference to the glorious

scenes that surrounded her after he, who made all other objects indifferent to her, had left her, and the depth and simplicity of her devotion, are so felicitous that, now we are accustomed to them, we should be sorry to see them removed, although they are not reconcilable with the necessity of concentrating the attention of the audience upon the main plot, and of not suffering it to be diverted by delineations which, artistically considered, are episodes to the action. We will not, of course, be understood to insist upon exploded canons, or to bind the dramatist within any restrictions that are not true to nature; but a play cannot do more than present one clear design, with the accessories that may arise out of it, or be essential to its development. If a play do more than this, then it divides our sympathy, and requires us to feel and think about more persons and events than will permit us to feel or think with sufficient sympathy about any.

We have been tempted into this stray fragment of opinion by Mr. Sheridan Knowles's new Comedy of the "Maid of Mariendorpt," recently produced at the Haymarket, which exhibits precisely the same fault that we have pointed out in his former productions. This comedy is founded on Miss Porter's novel of "The Village of Mariendorpt;" and, as the plot may be presumed to be known to our readers either through the pages of the novel, or the criticisms of the newspapers, we need not stop to describe it. In this piece, Muhldenhau, the minister of Mariendorpt, goes to Prague upon a secret mission, and being cast into prison, and his life placed in jeopardy, his daughter, Meeta, follows him. Her fruitless attempts to obtain an interview with her father occupy a principal part of the interest, but, at last, she succeeds in moving the feelings of the governor's daughter, and attains her object. Muhldenhau is permitted to see his child in the presence of the governor, and this scene, which takes place at the end of the fourth act, leads to the discovery of another daughter who, while an infant, was lost at the siege of Magdeburg, and who now, by a strange chain of circumstances, is found in the person of the supposed daughter of the governor. Here it might be supposed the deepest emotions of the play are consummated — whatever follows such an exciting situation, crowned as it is with a circumstance to which, in the nature of things, nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be deducted, must be of inferior moment, feeble in its claims upon our regard, and of no higher value than that of winding up a result which the audience already anticipates — the rescue of Muhldenhau from prison. Yet we have another act, which conducts us through the measures that are adopted to deliver the minister, whose death-warrant is signed; and, however ingeniously these scenes are managed, it is impossible to linger over them without impatience since the issue is as clearly foreseen as if it had already taken place. Of course, Muhldenhau must be set free — that condition is essential to the completion of the plot: but it would have been altogether as dignified, and much more effective, to have set him free by a full pardon at the moment when the joy was at its height, as to detain us over an additional act, which terminates in the common-place expedient of a rescue. It would give us some regret to note this objection to a drama which is crowded with minute beauties, did we not believe that the suggestion will be received in the same spirit in which it is made.

We cannot persuade ourselves that Mr. Knowles has been fortunate on this occasion in the choice of his subject. The story is evidently fitted only for the purposes of the novelist. Its fascination depends upon incidents that cannot be shown upon the stage, — the zeal, the constancy, the devotion of Meeta. To develop these characteristics truly, they must be exhibited, as the novelist only can exhibit them, in description — drawn day by day,

until the accumulation of similar acts of perseverance and confiding hope make up the total sum of that wondrous filial affection. But on the stage, where we require rapid touches and striking masses of passion, these repeated instances of love weary for want of novelty. Action is the soul of the drama — mental action is its highest and most sublime province. When the dramatist essays to produce results that belong to the region of narrative fiction, he fails in his own undertaking without carrying away any honours from the region he has attempted, unawares, to usurp. For these reasons, we think the plot of this play was not happily adopted. It languishes in its progress; and, notwithstanding the supreme charm of truthfulness that pervades its scenes, it is deficient in the requisite excitement.

The dialogue is more uniform throughout this play than that of any of its predecessors — perhaps, because there are fewer provocations to bursts of eloquence. It is quiet and domestic in the more serious parts, and full of a rich humour in the underplot, an amusing piece of passionate devotion on the part of a silly serving-man, who is in love with a towering housekeeper past her prime, but too timid to declare his passion. These comic scenes are unquestionably the most successful passages of the whole: the nature in them comes closer to real life, and makes us see the influences of every-day feelings modified by circumstances in the lowest grade, and modifying in turn, by their universal and levelling power, the salient points of individual character. Only transpose these scenes a little higher up in the scale, and the awkward fears of the lover, and the half-encouraging and half-reproving airs of the abigail will be found true to nature: the social relations produce in every rank the same manifestations, only more refined in the utterance, and more softened by convention. Mrs. Glover's performance of this piece of female inspiration verging on the matronly was perfect: not a lineament of the character was lost in the painting: her airs, her affected ridicule of her rustic lover's pretensions, her secret exultation breaking out through her mocking laughter, and her womanly sophistry through all the fluctuations of her inconsistency, were finely portrayed. Mr. Buckstone appeared at first to be posed by the unaccustomed rhythm, but as he warmed into the scenes this frigid difficulty dissolved, and when he came to talk of his honeymoon, and to reproach his wife (for this happy pair are married at last) for "gadding in the honeymoon," and for want of wine and cake, and sports and games, the rich gusto of his manner was inimitable.

The character of Meeta was played with energy, not destitute of feeling, by Miss Elphinstone; but it could scarcely be concealed that there was an effort to make something greater out of it than the materials would bear. Perhaps this apparent overtopping of the part is to be referred to a general stage manner, rather than to any particular fault in this individual performance; but whatever may be the source of it, the effect is to tarnish the genuine simplicity of the delineation by embellishments that are out of keeping. Mr. Knowles threw his own warmth and earnestness into Muhldehnau. His enthusiasm may not be strictly effective in the theatrical sense, but it is so inartificial, so individual, and so like genius spurning stage traditions and thinking for itself, that we like it all the better for its very peculiarities. In the character of the old Governor of Prague, — a hearty lover of his kind, but a disciplinarian withal — Mr. Strickland discovered considerable talent. It was not easy to reconcile the opposite qualities of a man who is one moment melted by distresses through the tenderness of his heart, and the next, inflexible to their appeal through the stern convictions of his duty; but these antagonist characteristics were admirably preserved by this clever actor. Of the play as a whole, we may

briefly add that it was represented with a success, which crowded audiences have since repeatedly confirmed.

The only remaining dramatic event of the month which we are specially required to chronicle, was the revival of the *Tempest* from the text of Shakspeare. How the *Tempest* has hitherto been treated on the stage we need not remind our readers. Of all Shakspeare's plays it has been the most abused, interpolated with audacious freedom, and fairly turned into an operatic spectacle, as if its poetry, and its intense human interest went for nothing, and there was nothing worth preserving in it but its incantations, or, as if what was preserved could not hold its ground without the help of additional scenes and musical accompaniments ! Well — we have seen “*The Tempest*” at last upon the stage, nearly as it was written, with all Dryden's introductions cut out, (except a song, for the sake, we suppose, of Purcell's music, of which we are sorry we had not more since we had so much), and with some of the musical illustrations — for such they are literally — of Purcell, Linley, and Arne. Looking back upon the fate of this play for the last two centuries, this is an event upon which the playgoer may reasonably congratulate himself, and be a little proud, too, of living in the day when it took place. Shadwell, the laureate, — the lively, versatile, and luckless Shadwell — was the first *adapter* of “*The Tempest*” to the stage after the Restoration. He was followed by his rival and mortal enemy, Dryden, who, with a wider reach of sagacity, and an infinitely higher genius, committed more mistakes in judgment than any man of his day. To Dryden we are indebted for the utter spoiling of *Miranda* and *Ferdinand*, and for a variety of other things that did dishonour to this magnificent conception. There is a long catalogue of wrongs, too, which the *Tempest* suffered at the hands of the musicians, who, in successive seasons, patched their crude and abortive fancies upon it, and expected, no doubt, like the youth who fired the Ephesian dome, to descend to posterity clinging to the immortality they assailed. But we may suffer all these memories to pass into a gracious oblivion now that we have seen the play restored, not only in all, or nearly all its original glory, but with some worthy accessories derived from kindred genius in other walks.

The performance of the drama was worthy of the taste that produced it. The *Prospero* of Mr. Macready is a thoughtful and beautiful piece of acting, and keeps us suspended between the two worlds — of spiritual existences and of human suffering — with which his nature is familiar. In the *Ariel* of Miss P. Horton, the most exquisite portion of the action, was most delicately and poetically sustained. Like the *Marie Antoinette* of Burke — only that she looked unstained by mortal experiences — she hardly seemed to touch the earth, and was more like a creature of another sphere, coming with light on her wings and music on her lips to visit our earth for a glimpse of time, than a being of the earth itself. Her impersonation of the sea-nymph was pictorially complete ; the light flowers of the sea entangled in her hair, and the shower of spray that one could fancy sparkling round her head, presented a marvellously close approach to the bodily fulfilment of the Ideal. The group of nobles round their shipwrecked king was also a striking feature — well acted throughout, and inspired with a more life-like interest than has ever before been given to that essential part of the drama. In the under-plot of *Caliban*, *Stephano*, and *Trinculo*, the humour was, perhaps, too vehement, and not sufficiently discriminated. The parts were not judiciously cast ; and, although Mr. Bennett's savage glare as he bounded upon the stage in the first instance gave fine promise of such a *Caliban* as we have rarely seen, he fell away into a very common-place monster as the

play advanced. This humour—if any thing ought to be cut down—would afford curtailment: as it is, it oppresses by its duration the finer scenes. The scenery was highly appropriate, although not altogether new. It presented a satisfactory image of an enchanted isle: its soft and radiant hues, its grotesque formations, and its wild creeping things, filled the imagination with dreams of sorcery, and it rose before us in such melting tints, that by a little aid from fancy we might be excused for expecting it to dissolve away like the vision of the spirits conjured by Prospero to show the powers of his art.

THE BAYADERES.

NEAR the Himalayan mountains, at the foot of Sewalik, in the valley of Doab, and on the borders of the Ganges, lies the town of Hurdwar, where, in the month of April, pilgrims annually assemble from all quarters for the purpose of piously bathing in the sacred river.

A recent English traveller describes with enthusiasm the wonders he witnessed at that place. He tells us that the great concourse of people these ceremonies draw to Hurdwar, united to the position of the town, which is situated near the frontiers of Hindostan, of Yadputano, and of Punjaub, renders the annual solemnity one of the most curious pictures of Anglo-Indian life. The tents and kiosks of the fair are, for the most part, placed in the middle of the Ganges itself, upon islets which the river periodically leaves dry. The fantastically painted houses of Hurdwar; the troops of wild, sacred monies running along their roofs; the crowd of oriental merchants, Armenians, Chinese, Tartars; and the half-naked bathers leaping into the stream, make this fair quite a panorama of India. There is something worthy of respect in the love of a whole people for the river, which is the source of the fertility of their country, notwithstanding the abuses of a worship so exclusively thermal. Hurdwar possesses a quay conveniently built with steps, in the form of a Roman hemicycle, on which the sick, the infirm, children, and women, who, either from modesty or fear, dare not venture into the stream, await the rise of the regenerating waves, mumbling their prayers whilst dipping their legs. The invalids of Dieppe, Baden, and Cheltenham are not more resigned. Some are brought in litters, some upon camels; the rich remain on the backs of their elephants, while the poor are content to walk into the river, at the very great risk of their limbs. The Rajahs of the north enter it in magnificent style. Very lately the *Begum Sumrow*, that celebrated dowager, presented herself there with a pompous escort of a 1000 horsemen, and a guard of 500. At this oriental congress appeared also the Rajah of Belaspour, to whom the English government of India have left as a consolation a nominal title, and the splendour of riches which he expends in costume and equipages, not being able to employ them any longer in the support of his power. Mounted upon an elephant covered with massive plates of silver, seated under a purple dais glittering with jewels, the Rajah displayed upon the front of his pointed turban the two largest pearls in the world, which the descendants of Aureng-Zebe bequeathed to him with the sceptre he had so ill defended; while large diamonds hung ostentatiously from his ears, suspended by thick rings of gold. But these are not the most striking features of the picturesque scene. At night fall the Bayadères of Delhi, and of Kutchmere, run about the streets of Hurdwar, and dance at the thresholds of the

doors, as well as within the house, whilst magic illuminations, reflecting their fire in the mirror of the Ganges, are every where lighted up on the spires of the mosques, and the domes of the bazaars, and spread in flames of a thousand colours to the second step of the Himalaya.

Such is the theatre needed for the Bayadères! We have contemplated them on that which they have come so far to seek. Poor girls! A narrow stage; two yards of painted cloth, behind which burns some spirits of wine; three or four palm trees also of painted cloth; these form the stage they have found in Paris and London, in these the greatest cities of Europe, in these centres of knowledge and civilisation! Poor girls! *Tillé*, *Saoundirounn*, *Ranghoun*, *Amany*, and *Yey-doun*, are priestesses, and women of the god *Peronmala*, daughters of the caste of *Modeli*, and Bayadères of the pagoda of *Tirouvendi*, six leagues from *Pondicherry*, accompanied by *Saravanin*, *Dévenaygoun*, and *Ramalingan*, musicians of the same pagoda, are now exhibiting at the Adelphi Theatre. The musicians are said to be of the caste of *Velaja*, very inferior to that of the women. *Saravanin*, the player of the sacred horn, is remarkable for his beauty. He realizes the oriental comparison of man to a palm tree.

We have been so long in doubt respecting the Bayadères, that we cannot now too distinctly acknowledge their identity: they are certainly Bayadères. We have seen the graceful shawl, the long piece of white muslin, or crimson silk, which, enveloping the figure, and passing closely over the bosom, forms an elegant, but thin drapery about the loins; and in beautiful folds descends to the ankle, displaying one leg whilst concealing the other. But the Hindoo shawl has been a little modified to adapt it to European propriety; it is more chaste, without losing the richness of its drapery: trowsers of rose coloured satin, embroidered with gold and silver, have been added to the costume. Their glossy and perfumed hair is thrown back, and gathered in a knot; the jewelled head-dress, the symmetrical hands, the sparkling feet, the rings and bracelets covering the arm nearly to the elbow, and the leg almost to the calf; the rings of filigree gold upon the toes, the ear and nose rings, are unquestionable evidences of reality.

We have heard the low, monotonous harmony of the sacred music, whose measure was marked only by the silvery sounds of a kind of castanets; we have heard the rhythm of the psalmody which describes the steps danced by the Bayadères; we have seen these women with their full, deep, bright, liquid eyes, their round figure, their elastic motions, the muscles round and flexible, the soft expressive countenance, reflecting the energy of the African with the effeminacy of the Asiatic; we have witnessed the indescribable contortions of a pantomime, resembling that of the deaf and dumb when they endeavour to express their thoughts in gesture; we have seen an incredible naïveté in the voluptuous attitude, the ardent look, and the gently panting breast; we have seen the primitive dance of a people who believe that dancing is the holiest of actions; we have heard and witnessed these things with our own ears and eyes. But the animated luxury of the mid-day festival, when the mandolin, the song, words, and actions, are at once plunged into a burning furnace of excitement and desire; the sprightly grace, the aerial lightness, the lively coquetry, the exquisite carelessness, and the chaste elegance that impart its peculiar character to this intoxicating dance,—of these we saw nothing.

The amorous fable of the Doves which the Bayadères imitate as they whirl round as if upon a pivot, the fearful mythos of the poniards, affected us in some degree; but they resemble too much the vulgar tricks so often exhibited in our public places to satisfy the demands of the imagination—to give us palpable images of this dream of Indian poetry.

How wonderful a place is London! It is the general repository of every prodigy of every climate: to it are brought beings from every region; Chinese, Osages, the prince of Oude, the Bayadères, monuments of Sesostris, books of every religion and every philosophy, the dead of Egypt, the riches of antiquity. For London, the seas, the globe, time, have no secrets, no mysteries; it subsists upon all that has existed before it, and upon every nation that lives with it! What a place is London! Fortunate is that traveller who devotes his life to exploring its treasures. Without quitting his city, the inhabitant of London is master of the entire world! Yet,

amidst this opulence, philosophy cannot protect itself against some feelings of grief, and perplexity !

We meet a man, who, for the sordid love of gain, has snatched from their native soil and climate, from their beloved Ganges, four helpless women and a child, and these, for a very trifle, he exhibits, like the monkeys of the Zoological Gardens, to the gaze of a multitude, who comprehend neither them nor their dance, and who gaze with vague wonder upon performances which, in such a circumscribed space, are shorn of all their appropriate accessories, and which, to be rendered intelligible, ought to be presented in saloons resplendent with gold and light : and these poor Indians, too, while they are thus engaged in administering to the cupidity of their European master, live like solitary beings consecrated to pious offices, faithful to their religion and customs, and wholly ignorant of the great world of strangers by which they are surrounded. Thus immured throughout the day, and emerging only at night to dazzle the senses of the audience, they will have traversed Europe without seeing it, without learning any thing of its usages or resources, and they will suffer themselves to be dragged from theatre to theatre, scarcely knowing whether they please or displease, and ultimately carrying back to their native clime frames enfeebled by exertion, and minds perplexed by a whirl of sights, but uninstructed by experience !

A distinguished lady, very far advanced in years, amused by the surprise we expressed at the performances of the Bayadères, surprised us still more by the following curious communication : — “ I will give you,” she observed, “ an account of a Bayadère at Paris in 1768. I, who am speaking to you, was there at the time. Listen, then, attentively, and hear the strange account. *Tillé, Amany, Veydoun, Saoundiroun, and Ranghoun*, are not the first Bayadères that have visited and danced in Europe. So far back as 1768, a *Déviadies* astonished, if not all Paris, at least all the Court, and produced by her fantastical costume, her *malapau*, her strange gestures, and gazelle-like agility, a deep and singular impression, like that which now drives all the world to the Adelphi, to hear the tambourine of *Derenaygoun*, the flute of *Saravanin*, and the psalmody of *Ramalingan*.”

Here follows the narrative closely set down as it was related to us : —

The captain of a French vessel, on the point of setting sail from India on his return to France, captured three Bayadères, and conveyed them by force on board his ship. The delight of the celebrated Madame Dubarry in a little negro, her page, who had been presented to her by the Duchess of Lavauguyon, assured him that such a present would be graciously received by her. Unfortunately the voyage was long and perilous. The poor Indian girls soon sunk under the fatigues of the passage, the disorders consequent upon the change of climate, and more than all from the grief occasioned by their constant contact with the profane inmates of the ship, who, deriding their superstitions, deprived them of the nourishment prescribed by the religion of Vishnoo, and took cruel pleasure in interrupting their forms of worship. One of them, eighteen years of age, pined to death ; and the second, fifteen, precipitated herself into the sea, with the corpse of her companion. *Bebaiourn*, the youngest, was but six years old ; the carelessness and gaiety of her age preserved her, and she arrived safe and well in France. The captain hastened with her to Paris, and solicited Madame Dubarry's permission to present to her the singular gift of the daughter of a Rajah, for he judged it best to ennoble the origin of the little girl, and to exhibit her, not as a dancer by profession, but as the daughter of a powerful Indian chief. The favourite, too happy in finding a means of dispelling the *ennui* which oppressed the aged monarch, eagerly granted the audience which the captain sought, and, in the presence of the assembled court, the little Indian was introduced in her red silk trowsers and gilt band ; the upper part of her figure was uncovered, and diamond rings were passed through her nose. She sang, and, bounding with wonderful agility, did her best to give an idea of the dances of her companions : then, at the recollection of her two sisters, whose deaths on board the vessel she had witnessed, she suddenly burst into tears.

The caresses lavished upon her soon soothed this brief emotion, and she resumed her playfulness. Thus the evening was passed ; till the moment when the captain, munificently recompensed by Louis XV., made signs for her to prepare to follow him ; for Madame Dubarry, apprehensive of exciting the jealousy of her negro,

Zamora, had not accepted the gift of the little *Bayadère*. *Bebaiourn* replied to the command of her master by the strongest manifestations of fear, and threw herself into the arms of a young princess, who in particular, had displayed for her much compassion and kindness. This princess was Madame Louise Marie de France, the youngest daughter of Louis and Queen Maria Leckzinska. Nothing could induce *Bebaiourn* to quit the protectress she had chosen; she clung to her dress, uttered cries of despair, and wept bitterly, till Madame Louise Marie declared she would receive her, and requested the captain to leave the little Indian in her care. He readily acquiesced in the wish of the princess, whom the child followed to her own apartment. Her extreme intelligence and earnest desire to give pleasure to her new mistress, soon enabled the young *Bayadère* to express herself in French with tolerable correctness. The earliest care of Madame Louise was to avail herself of this progress to instruct her pupil in Catholicism, and in one year from her arrival in France, *Bebaiourn*, receiving the name of Louise, was baptised by the Archbishop of Paris.

In the mean time, the mind of the young Christian developed itself with the active precocity natural to the Eastern temperament. She spoke the language with extraordinary accuracy, and wrote it so correctly as to merit the highest approbation of her masters; finally, she became the secretary, confidante, and intimate friend of the princess. When the daughter of Louis XV., renouncing the world, quitted the court to take the veil in a Carmelite convent, and consecrate the rest of her life to solitude and prayer, Louise* also bade farewell to the world, and followed her mistress, resolved, like her, to embrace a religious life. In short, on the 11th of April, 1770, all the court assembled in the Carmelite convent of St. Denis, and witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a Princess Royal and a *Bayadère* kneeling side by side at the altar, to receive the veil of the novitiate from the hands of Marie Antoinette, who then was only Madame la Dauphine de France.

A year after, La Contesse de Provence invested the two nuns with the black veil. Then each commenced the penitent and laborious life of the Carmelites; with feet naked, body covered with sackcloth, watching and praying at night, and restricted to the most rigorous fasts. Yes: the daughter of Louis XV., and the child born in a pagoda on the borders of the Ganges; the princess educated for the throne, and the *Déviadée* destined to the voluptuous existence of the *Bayadères*; she who, in the presence of the king, should have bounded amid the intoxicating transports of the luxurious Indians, passed seventeen years of their lives in the solitude of a cloister. Madame Louise, now become sister Thérèse, was the first to sink under these austerities. The ill health of the poor *Bayadère* occasioned by her grief for the loss of the only being in the world who loved her, obliged the superior of the Carmelites to remove the Indian nun to a purer air than the humid atmosphere of the convent, and to remit austerities beyond her strength.

Sister Louise obeyed with reluctance, for to her death seemed a deliverance: she was sent to Saint Germain, to Madame la Princesse de Beauveaux, who welcomed her as the friend of the daughter of Louis XV.

• The superiority of her manners, the elegance of her mind, her extensive knowledge, charmed the new protectress of sister Louise. She expressed herself with fluency in the most select terms; her pronunciation was remarkable for its harmonious purity, and she spoke Italian with almost as much correctness as French. When she went to reside with Madame de Beauveaux, she had scarcely attained her twenty-ninth year: her features, regular and expressive of much sweetness, formed a contour remarkable for its ingenuousness and vivacity. Her nostrils still bore the scars of the rings she wore on her first arrival in France, and the holes in her ears were much larger than those occasioned by the rings worn by Europeans. In short, there remained, in the expression of her large black eyes, in the outline of her slight and supple figure, in the softness of her whole bearing, a strange character of voluptuousness which recalled to us the *Bayadère*, and which

A dispensation was granted to the young Indian on account of her age.

a residence of twenty years in France, and the mortifications of the cloister, had not been able to efface.

By a singular chance, there was then at the house of Madame de Beauveaux a young negress, named *Ouricha*, celebrated in a little romance of Ducas. *Ouricha*, according to her biographer, possessed of an extreme intelligence and sensibility, had received an injudicious education, and ill corresponding to her position in society, which excited ideas that rendered her the most unhappy of women. She felt in her heart the ambition of a high born lady, but found herself confined to the rank of femme-de-chambre, and only tolerated in the drawing-room of her mistress! In vain her wit and talents surpassed all around her; in vain did her sweet voice, improved by culture, attract universal admiration and applause; in vain her painting was such as to excite the envy of Madame Lebrun herself: the dark hue of her complexion which separated her from the society into which she was thrown, made her the unhappiest of women. Madame Louise fully comprehended that grief, from which religion alone had preserved herself. A close intimacy soon sprung up between the exiles of India and Africa, and *Ouricha*, converted to piety, breathed her last sigh upon the bosom of her friend.

Thus a second time bereaved of the object of her love, sister Louise found herself plunged into fresh adversities. The revolution broke out, and the poor Indian, deprived of her protectress, was reduced to the necessity of toiling for her existence. She supported courageously this new trial; and having established a *penitentiary* at Saint Germain, she succeeded not only in securing a competency, but even amassed a little wealth. Thus she lived till the year 1806, when she expired surrounded by the friends procured by the elevation of her mind, and the sweetness and rare equanimity of her character.

These details are minutely exact. They have been written under the dictation of a lady distinguished by wit and genius, the celebrity of whose name is widely extended. Often thrown by chance into the company of the Bayadère Carmelite, she collected from her own lips the principal facts contained in this narrative; and she never speaks without emotion of the beautiful and unhappy Indian, who supported so nobly one of the severest afflictions that can befall us upon earth — isolation.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

NOTES ON THE MONTH. — The ancients placed this month of November under the protection of Diana, under her name of Vengeance (Pessinuntica), for in that character she was the spouse of Ge-nus, the Renovator of the Earth, according to a *mythos* which we need not stop to relate. Mercury is the Lucifer of the early days, and then becomes "the star that bids the shepherd fold;" but Venus is the morning star of the whole month. The first day of the month is the morrow of All Saints, all hallowtide. The day was not originally the first day, but Augustus, in order to add to his own month of August, or to December, borrowed twenty-four hours from November; which he imperially neglected to repay. This was a great day with the Druids on account of the position of the sun: the Pantheon at Rome was dedicated on this day. The last swallow in the most favoured season quits us now; and the day was marked, in the year 1755, by the great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon, and (historical anticlimax!) raised the waters in *Pozzuoli* Pool. On this day, in 1290, the Jews were banished from England, and their estates confiscated; how many of the descendants of these persecutors will go to-morrow evening in admiration to the New Synagogue? On this day, in the year 980, St. Harold, King of Denmark, died in his palace; and on the same day, in 1793, Lord George Gordon, the mob leader, died in Newgate. At Florence, in 1570, Benvenuto Cellini paid the debt of nature: "*Pittore, scultore e Intagliatore.*" He is to be considered as pope Clement VII., regarded him, "*non soltanto come un famoso artefice, ma come un uomo sommo.*"

On the second of the month Michaelmas term commences, and the moon is at the full. This day is the tenth anniversary of the distressing death of Sir Samuel Romilly.

The third day is dedicated to St. Winefride, a virgin martyr, who distilled the odour of sanctity from the waters of Holywell, in Wales, about the middle of the seventh century. She is one of the twenty-six saints who are still commemorated by the church of Rome in the month of November. Huss, the Huguenot, was tried at Constance some centuries after, 1414, for resembling the virgin martyr in his truth, and zeal, and courage. Halley had the fortune to live still later, and escape burning, although he did see on this night the great comet of 1680, and predicted its return in 1836. Wolsey was this day impeached (1549) before the parliament of which Sir Thomas More was chancellor; and on this day, in 1580, Drake returned to Plymouth, having "fetched a compass round about the globe."

On the 4th of November, in 1534, assembled that parliament which declared Henry VIII. supreme head of the church of England. On the 5th, Lewis Galvani discovered the existence of a power, which, perhaps, before this day in the present year, will have been practically applied to purposes of locomotion, in a sense very different from that in which he would have understood the word, while discussing the incident of the frog's legs. Guy Fawkes would have tried his *shocking experiment* on the same day had he been permitted. We owe to his deserts the *non nobis Domine* which so often accompanies *ours*, for that air was composed in honour of his great quell. It was on this day that William of Orange landed at Torbay, in 1688, to save us from the Tories, and the horrors of popery, and all that sort of thing; since when the pack has been cut and shuffled, and the suits run differently.

The 6th was Noah's birthday. It was the evening (B. C. 63.) on which Catiline assembled the conspirators; but Cicero, armed with consular power, exploded the conspiracy, and denounced in deathless words the traitor and his treason. Michaelmas term began to-day in the old style, and in 1593 the term was held at Hertford on account of the plague which then raged in London as it had done ten years before. On this day, in 644, the Caliph Omar was assassinated; in 1612, Henry Stuart, Prince of Wales, died unexpectedly; in 1793, the father of the present king of France perished on the scaffold, the just punishment of his offences; and, in 1817, the whole of England was plunged into the most profound grief by the sudden death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

On the 7th, in 1665, during the great plague, the court was at Oxford, and the first *gazette* (afterwards called the London) was published. In the *Monthly Chronicle* for November 1729, a very curious volume, we find among the new books, "*The Hibernian Patriot*," which is the English title of Swift's Drapier's letters.

The 8th, according to the *Laily's Directory* for the present year, the indulgence granted by the church, which begins on the 28th of October, is at an end. It was on this day that the "subtle doctor" John Duns died at Cologne, in 1308; but with us the day should be sacred to the memory of John Milton, whose funeral was attended by all the learned, and many of the mean estate, on this day, in the year 1674. He sleeps in St. John's church, Cripplegate.

The 9th is now memorable for the Queen's visit to Guildhall, 'a modern instance' which eclipses all the facts of further date: it would be invidious to institute comparisons, or to

speak irreverently of Lord Mayor's day. On the 10th Mahomet was born, in 570; and on the same day, in 1433, Martin Luther. The 11th is Martinmas day; in 1213, King John summoned a parliament of four discreet knights to consult with him *de negotiis regni*. If Cowper had not commenced his Homer on the 12th at Olney, in 1784, we should have found it a *dies non*, we have nothing else to record in this diurnal. The 13th, on the contrary, is a busy day; it is the festival of St. Brice, on which, in 1003, the Danes were massacred by the English, whom they regarded as the planters in our colonies regard the negroes. Edward I. attained his 50th year to-day, in 1362, and, at the jubilee which celebrated that event, gave a boon to his faithful English, by banishing from all law proceedings, and all contracts, the hitherto obligatory use of the French language; and on this day, in 1553, the lady Jane Grey was arraigned at the Guildhall. On the 14th, in the year 2255, the great comet, whose course is 575 years, will again be visible. In 1318, the greatest earthquake ever felt in England occurred on this day, and the first recorded appearance of the Aurora Borealis bears the same date in the year 1574. On this day, in 1532, Henry VIII. and Anna Boleyn landed at Dover, and Catharine Howard was conducted to the monastery at Sion House which became her prison. On the 15th Glück died at Vienna, in 1787. The 16th was, according to a grave authority, the day on which the rainbow first appeared. A'Becket was tried again on this day, in 1538, and declared no saint, but a rebel and a traitor, a good excuse for the plunder of his shrine. Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne on the 17th, which the Templars celebrate as their grand day. The 18th was the day of the nativity according to St. Clement; by the way, the society of Clement's Inn, who adopt the emblematical cognizance of their patron saint, an anchor, add the motto, "*Lex Anchora Regni*;" the Mahomedan fast of Ramadan begins to-day. On the 19th the wearer of the iron mask died; and, in the year 1665, Nicolas Poussin quitted this world, *un genio felice, unito ad un perpetuo lavoro*." On the 20th Lambert was burned for heresy, in 1548; the 21st was the Bacchic feast of the Liberalia at Rome; the 22d is St. Cecilia's day; the 23d, St. Clement's; on the 24th the saints give way; it is the day of the new moon; in 1639, the transit of Venus over the sun's disk was first perceived on this day; and, A. D. 30, the great eclipse of the sun which, in Syria, occasioned a short period of almost total darkness, occurred according to calculation on this 24th of November. On the 25th, in 1560, the first duty on malt liquors was imposed by Act of Parliament; on the 26th we shall have less than eight hours of day light; it was the day of the great storm in 1703, in which the old lighthouse at the Eddystone was overthrown, with its architect. It was on the 27th that the great Pacific Ocean was discovered in 1519; on the 28th the election of Julius de Medici to the papedom disappointed the hopes, and probably broke the spirit, of Wolsey; on the 29th Roger Mortimer, earl of March, was hanged at Tyburn Elms. On the 30th, in 1663, the Royal Society held its first meeting for the election of officers, each fellow wearing on the crown of his hat a cross of riband in honour of their patron St. Andrew; on the same day this year the successor of the Duke of Sussex will be chosen. This is a fortunate day according to the Mahometan calendar, and we conclude with the christian wish that it may prove so to our readers.

THE COURT OF BANKRUPTCY AS IT IS, AND AS IT WILL BE. — Sydney Smith has suggested to the large-minded and the imaginative a fertile field for speculation, as to the number of commissionerships at present in existence, by intimating — what we are all conscious of now and then — that on meeting an acquaintance or a stranger, the question with us is, not whether he is a commissioner, but under what commission he holds office. Now there is one commissionership which, under the existing system, a man of delicate feelings would be slow to regard his acquaintance, or even a stranger, as the possessor; we allude to a commissionership in the Bankruptcy Court. The said Sydney, moreover, is of opinion that in these days it is not the commissioner who is called upon to establish his official character, but the non-commissioner who is bound to show that he is placeless — on him the *onus probandi* lies. Now it requires — or at all events it will require — an enormous quantity of the *onus* to induce any gentleman in his senses to prove himself a Bankrupt Commissioner.

The Commissioner in the Bankruptcy Court is a judge *per se*. He is subject to all the obligations of maintaining the dignity of the bench, without the means, while in his official wig and gown, of maintaining the ordinary dignity of an undignified barrister. He may be insulted in the very seat of superiority which he fills, by the smallest and meanest of the brawlers that crowd his court, but he must not resent. Any man may "bite his thumb" at him, and still have the "law on his side." The Commissioner who decides the case is completely at the mercy of dividend-hunter and debtor, of examiner and witness, of the pompous assignee and the exasperated creditor, who is generally savage and surly in proportion to the smallness of the sum he loses. Each has his redress if wronged; the counsel can crush the refractory bankrupt; the attorney can anatomise the moral nature of the impertinent witness; but the judge, whose daily punishment it is (for what particular sin?) to sit and hear them all, is without protection from insult, without redress for injuries, however grievous.

Should there be a doubt, let the sceptic turn to the published reports of proceedings in the Bankruptcy Court. Even within the month he will find it recorded how one attorney replied to the arguments of another—in open court—in broad day-light—with the eyes of Europe and Mr. Commissioner—upon him, by a knock-down blow in the face. The Commissioner, so far from having power to punish the outrage committed in a court of justice, went home doubtless felicitating himself upon his escape; it was a lucky day for him. Upon another occasion, the Commissioner had the happiness to sit very quietly upon the judgment-seat, while a defeated suitor denounced the decree which had been given, and revenged himself upon the administrator of the law, in these terms:—“*Of course* I shall appeal from your contemptible opinion.” The “*of course*” adds peculiar significance to the contempt. “*Of course* I shall appeal!” The Commissioner was obliged to keep his seat—and his temper. He had no power to commit, and to complain would have been worse than ridiculous. He had the dignity of the bench to maintain, and he maintained it by pocketing the daring and disgraceful affront in silence. It is, we own, extraordinary that an office so anomalous should ever have been instituted with the sanction of the legislature; but it is far more wonderful that those who fill it—gentlemen of learning and high character—should be exposed, year after year, to the vulgar insults of the most vulgar people, without the smallest atom of self-protection, or power to save the name of justice from contempt. Certain it is, that should the presiding officers of this court be longer denied the privileges of magistrates, and thus of repressing scenes that would put a “bear-garden” to the blush, they must be chosen from another and a totally different class of persons. We must expect to see—if we would see justice enforcing respect—a Mr. Commissioner Cribb taking his seat in court. In the meantime we may very reasonably make up our minds to be witnesses of such a scene as that we now sketch, and which we may fairly designate as follows:—

Anticipated Report of Proceedings in the Bankruptcy Court, 1839. — Case of Abraham Levi.

The Commissioner asked whether Rebecca Oppenheim, the bankrupt’s sister-in-law, was in attendance, and prepared to prove the consideration for which the bankrupt had assigned to her his interest in thirty-eight lodging-houses, situated in Homer Street, Cato Street, Munster Street, York Square, Dorset and Somerset Places, and other quarters bearing less classical or patrician names.

Mr. Dolphin, for the bankrupt—“I should not advise my client to gratify vulgar curiosity by exposing family arrangements. Mother—I mean Mistress Oppenheim, has enough to do without coming into the city for the purpose of listening to ‘contemptible opinions.’”

The Commissioner—“But I don’t see the bankrupt either.”

Mr. Daniel Schacherbach, the bankrupt’s solicitor—“Don’t you wish you may procure him?”—(Great laughter.)

Mr. Dolphin would content himself with remarking that the Commissioner’s observations were neither here nor there, and concluded by an application that a sum of 1612*l.* 7*s.* which had been laid hold of by the official assignee, might be instantly restored for the bankrupt’s use, as he did not choose to apply any of his other funds to defray travelling expenses.—(Cries of “No gammon!—fork out the blunt, old fellow!”)

The Commissioner expressed his amazement at such an application, when Aby Belasco (with whom were two lads, greatly resembling Master Bates and the Artful Dodger) stepped forward, and said he was retained for the bankrupt as well as Mr. Dolphin, and was most particularly blessed if he’d stand the nonsense any longer. Would the sham beak give up the money quietly, or stand a polishing of his (Aby’s)?

The Commissioner—“Whatever may be the defectiveness of the law, I will submit to any of the usual outrages rather than depart from the line of duty which —”

Here Aby Belasco rushed forward, and by two very scientific hits (which excited the admiration of the assembly generally), closed up one eye of the Commissioner, and split a fair portion of his lip. The youths who attended Aby did nearly as well for the Deputy Registrar, and the Crier of the Court; and the party retired in good humour.

Our Register adds, that on the following day the Commissioner applied to Mr. Rooms, the police magistrate, for a warrant against all the parties.

Mr. Rooms said that he understood Commissioners of Bankruptcy to be things *fera natura*, and that it must have been Lord Brougham’s intention, when Chancellor, that they should be liable to summary punishment on doing any thing distasteful to parties in their several courts. The legislature had confirmed what Lord Brougham proposed in that view, and the duty of the magistrate was to see that the spirit of the law was not checked. No doubt the sort of discipline to which the Commissioner now before him had been subjected was considered in his grant of salary. If the assault had been committed out of the taboed buildings in Basinghall Street, he would, of course, have granted the warrant; perhaps he might do so now in respect of the Deputy Registrar and the Crier; but for the Commissioner nothing could be done; and he was “sorry to see a gentleman in such a situation.”—Warrant refused.

THE GENIUS OF MONEY-MAKING.—Notwithstanding the daring and unwearied flights that female genius has taken in past ages, but in the present especially, some writers have put their ingenuity to the rack to prove that no woman ever outstripped man in any one of the greatest and most glorious pursuits of life. In the whole world of women there never was such a thing, says somebody, as a Sir Isaac Newton, or a Lord Bacon, or a William Shakspeare, or a Michael Angelo. True; nor was there ever in man's world a Countess Branitska, "niece of Potemkin." Of the myriads who have passed through life, unconscious that it holds out any other lesson or duty than the art of making money, who never conceived that their fellow-creatures were placed here for any other purpose than to be out-tripped in the way to get rich; where is *he* whose genius ever hit upon the felicitous and original expedients which dignified the Countess Branitska's! "That *man's* heart of thine," exclaims the hero of the Robbers, "never conceived the sublime project." It was reserved for a woman to find out the short-cut to a gold-mine, and an easy entrance into the valley of diamonds. The theory, that man is superior to his mate in all grand and first-rate exploits, is no longer perfect and unimpugnable. What the Countess may have been designated in the Russian or Polish tongue we know not, but in English she would have been styled No. 1. A. She died lately, at fourscore, leaving a fortune that would have inspired Cræsus or Coultts with "wonder and astonishment"—as Shakspeare inspired Milton. "The sum of 1,000,000 sterling in specie was found in her chateau; she had 60,000,000 of roubles lodged in the bank of Russia, and on her estates were 130,000 peasants or slaves. It seems she made money in every way: she lent it out on mortgages; and there are very few landed proprietors in the empire who are not her debtors. She discounted bills, sold gold, and disposed herself of the immense produce of her lands."

All this promises well; the 130,000 peasants or slaves are so many living witnesses at once of the wealth and the way to it. But in all this the Countess simply condescended to dig for the root of all evil in the ordinary paths of the world—herein she simply kept the herd of money-growers in countenance, and encouraged the less gifted graspers to get what they could in any way, and as fast as possible. Genius is ever benevolent, and prodigal of its valuable moral lessons. But at times her vast and soaring spirit would start off into an unapproachable region of invention, and discover expedients that mere common-place cur-mudgeons can but reverence at a distance, without daring to dream of imitation. Take an example in the following fact:—

"It is even said," says the chronicler of her death, "that having visited France some years since, and finding human hair so valuable an article in that country, she had, on her return to Russia, caused the heads of all her female slaves to be shaved, and shipped a cargo of *chevelures* to France, where they fetched her a handsome return!"

While the slaves themselves had a "handsome return" (of the crop) the next year, and again yielded a hair-harvest to the edge of the razor! What are the golden locks of the poets to this annual crop of curls, carried to market by this matchless money-maker! What was the strength of Sampson, had he still remained unshorn, to that which a weak woman thus acquired by clipping off the hair of her slaves. By leaving these bare-headed for a season, she could compel monarchs to be uncovered before her. The "purple hair" itself was never half so magical. And then the humanity of the expedient. How few slave proprietors have been content with simply shaving their living property. Some countesses there have been who would have caused not the hair, but the heads, of a few thousands of feminine curl-cultivators to be taken off upon far less profitable pretences. The Countess's deeper genius saw that humanity was the best policy—she took the hair and left the head, that it might yield its harvests hereafter. She held it to be unfeeling to kill the goose—it was contrary to her principles—the golden eggs contented her, and she spared the producer!

ALDERMANIC ANSTEMIOUSNESS.—How short-sighted, or long-eared, must they be who suppose, in spite of novelties starting up without number, that there is nothing new under the sun! All that was old yesterday is new to-day, so rapid and universal are the changes that are for ever working around us. Human character is not the same two moons together, but varies even faster than the planet that rules it. The professor of corruption at morning is a disciple of reform after dinner, and neither one nor the other by supper-time. The particular friend whom we pick up at one table is an utter stranger to us at another—our familiar in Fleet-street doesn't know us in Pall-mall;—

"Friendly at Hackney—faithless at Whitehall,"

is as applicable to our experiences as ever. The man who is most himself is sure to be somebody else occasionally. How can we lay the flattering unction to our souls, that we are acquainted with the habits of an individual, because he has been our companion through life—that we can scan the characteristics of a class because we belong to it, and believe our eyes to be wide open—that we really know any thing on earth respecting any one matter or thing merely by description, or what we flatter ourselves to be experience! 'Man never continueth in one stay.' The transformations of Charles Mathews,

and his successes in the legerdemain of coat-changing, are, as compared with the transformations of real life, as the old York waggon to a first-class train on the Great Western. What can better exemplify this truth than the secret which has just turned up into notoriety, touching the real character of the individual yclept the Alderman. How positive has the world been up to this moment, or thereabouts, that the alderman was the habitual and unvarying possessor of an appetite unappeasable—the victim at last of a dozen instantaneous apoplexies condensed into one! And how mistaken has the world been all this time. In how new a garb—how altered a shape—how narrowed a compass comes the Alderman now. We ourselves, enlightened but an instant since by Sir Peter Laurie himself, sketched the Alderman thus only the other day:—"The Alderman's favourite maxim is the exact reverse of the ancient axiom, 'A contented mind is a continual feast.' With him, a continual feast is the only source of a contented mind. His experience furnishes a contradiction to another venerable dogma, that 'one swallow makes not a summer;' for *his* summer is but one swallow. In his philosophy, good living constitutes a good life. He thinks that the way to 'pursue' happiness is to tuck your feet under the table. He cannot understand why so many thousands annually starve; if they are hungry, why don't they dine?—if thirsty, why do they abstain from the bottle? King Solomon, he observes ought to have married that French princess, who inquired, when the people complained of the want of bread, why they didn't eat buns! A stout man embodies his idea of a great man. He believes in the possibility of perfect bliss to all—by the institution of a Universal College of Cookery. He looks upon a table as the only thing pre-ordained to groan. He wishes that apoplexy could be abolished by act of parliament, and that man could eat himself down to the bare table-cloth. Yet, as it is, he contrives to be as happy as a 'turtle'—a creature justly associated with human felicity. He does not know what excess means. He never had too much, at home or abroad; though when twelve are to dine, he orders covers for two dozen. He thinks that government ought to offer rewards for the invention of a new meal. Though famous for 'mixing' a good deal in society, he is not one of those toppers who *lose time* in walking from tavern to tavern. He sits still and fulfils his destiny—which is, to dine and die." And now, our matter of fact is changed into wild fiction—our portrait into a travesty. The Alderman, instead of being apoplectic, is actually abstemious. Sir Peter Laurie, at a recent meeting of the Aldermanic Court, declared, with the air of a man who really meant what he said, that "neither he nor the other aldermen cared one straw about the Lord Mayor's dinner!" Think of that!

"There were twenty-six members of that court, and he would say, whatever might be the reports to the contrary, that twenty-six more abstemious men could not be found. There was not, in fact, one atom of gout in the court. (*Great laughter.*) It was the gratification of the eye, and not of the palate, they sought. Those who went to the Guildhall dinner in the expectation of a delicious feast, were mistaken; *they were obliged to put up with cold meat.*"

And Sir William Heygate added to this—

"It was quite unnecessary to say that they did not care a pin about the dinner. (*Hear, hear.*) The great object in giving the entertainment at all, was to keep up the ancient custom by a festival, which a former President of the Royal Society (Mr. Davis Gilbert) told him was the only memorial of hospitality now in existence, with the exception of the coronation."

There! the *sole* object of the civic feast is to follow the fashion of the city's forefathers. Aldermen eat, to evince their reverence for antiquity, not to indulge in the delights of a dinner. They simply conform to a custom—they do not seek the gratification of an original propensity. The point is now settled. Aldermen have been voted voracious—they are invariably abstemious; they have been deemed gluttons—they are injured angels, all abstinence; they have been registered the children of apoplexy—they are in fact the sons of starvation. They eat nothing—it is the public who exhibit a preposterousness of swallow! Every Alderman is, within the confines of his ward, surnamed "The Thin."

MORALITY IN AMERICA. The *late* Madame Vestris has made her appearance at the Park theatre, in New York, and been rewarded for a voyage across the Atlantic by a rapturous welcome. Similar greeting doubtless awaits her every where, as it ought; but, according to an account of the Park theatre, which we have just observed in one of the American papers, the audience at that house is of a kind that precludes the possibility of any apprehension of a different result—and some such idle apprehensions had been expressed—except on the score of extreme grossness and insubordination. There is nothing to fear from an over niceness of feeling, if we are to judge from the statement of a writer whose style is as "mighty fine" as his sentiment. The paragraph is addressed to the "Ladies of New York," who are informed, that the newspaper moralist himself counted up eighty-three ladies, not absolutely spotless, "entering at the same door, and for a time mixing indiscriminately with sixty-three virtuous and respectable ladies!" What they thus "mixed" is, not distinctly stated, but we can guess, from the announcement that "poison, filthy poison, under the name of wine, brandy, &c., was served out plentifully to men and women." We cannot with propriety follow the paragraph through all the niceness of its

details, but we are bound to say that it does not place the manager much higher on the moral scale, than his patrons, the playgoers of the Park theatre. One incident, however, our admiration of the very style would impel us to quote: — "One drunken rascal," says the susceptible spectator of 'profligacy as abandoned as ever disgraced a theatre,' "one drunken rascal, well-dressed, who was reeling about with the abandoned women, shouted 'fire.' The house was crammed. Oh! God, what an awful moment was that! The hearts of the stoutest were struck as with a paralysis. Then the wretched creatures rushed from the *third tier*; many rushed from the *second tier*, and had the panic become general, many lives would have been lost." Who will refuse to exclaim with our moralist, "What an awful moment was that!" Who can hesitate to pour out all his soul in admiration of the strictly moral feeling, the nice and most seemingly sense of delicacy, the instinctive veneration for pure virtue, which breathe in his parting adjuration to the "men of New York," not to take their wives and daughters to the Park theatre, "until Mr. Simpson constructs a separate entrance" for the other feminine frequenters! Oh! most ingenious and immaculate of moralisers! Thanks warm from the heart are his due for this latest exposition of the state of affairs in American theatres; the more acceptable, inasmuch as one of his countrymen, not many months ago, published in a goodly volume to all Europe and America the (by us simple purblind people), unwitnessed fact, that some of the gentlemen in the boxes of Covent Garden sit without their coats, and hang them over the front of the tier, while others regale themselves, during the play, with potations similar to those of the Parkists themselves — disgracefully similar — that these things occur openly, and are nightly witnessed! By the way, "facts" must be rather scarce in America, if it is found profitable to import such facts as this. We thought our friends there had the faculty of continually inventing capital incredibilities of the same stamp — millions a minute.

"IMPROVED PRISON DISCIPLINE." — Under this definition, we have been favoured with the hint of a plan which it is proposed to put in operation for the better administration of justice in gaols, and the more effectual encouragement of the susceptibilities of prisoners. The project itself we would not presumptuously attempt to describe, and, therefore, copy the allusion to it which a Sussex paper has made: —

"At the quarter sessions for the eastern division of Sussex, last week, a conversation took place relative to a recommendation of the previous sessions, that every prisoner should be allowed to wear a linen mask, to be provided by the gaoler. Mr. Donovan opposed the plan, which he thought would take away from punishment one of its greatest stings, and throw over the proceeding an air of ridicule which would turn the whole into burlesque. Mr. Hazlewood was in favour of the mask; for many a prisoner who had formed a determination to amend his life would, if not allowed to cover his face, be *liable to be recognised by some of his fellow-prisoners*, in consequence of which his resolution of amendment would be rendered nugatory. Finally it was agreed that application should be made to the Home Secretary, requesting that he would grant permission to use the linen mask in the gaol."

Every new proposition is sure to be treated with ridicule — nothing is so easy, or so tempting — and nobody could be surprised therefore to find a morning paper exclaiming, — "Why not a *fan*, if only the delicate sensibility of criminals is to be consulted? A fan is the more fashionable screen of the two. If, however, the object is to substitute one criminal for another, or an innocent, but poor man, who, for a consideration, is willing to undergo the imprisonment to which a rich criminal has been sentenced, then the linen mask hardly affords screen enough, and we recommend by all means the addition of a *domino*. The figure as well as the face might possibly be recognised." — What refinement of humanity is not open to the shafts and jeers of the callous! We could, of course, find fault with the plan, as unnecessary to protect a prisoner from being "recognised" by his fellow-prisoners, inasmuch as all being culprits alike, one could not put the other to the blush. Or it might be objected to as unavailable, because the face of the offender would be seen by probably a larger number of persons on the days of his examination and trial, than during the whole term of his imprisonment. But then the answer would be, why not extend the use of the mask even to those occasions? Why not apprehend every offender in a linen mask, examine him in a linen mask, and try him in a linen mask! Privacy is then ensured, and the objection falls to the ground. But the name — the name, when it once transpires, betrays the identity of the party to all who know him, and thus "renders resolutions of amendment nugatory." Well, the *alias* system might receive legal sanction. A criminal of delicate sensibility might be apprehended and tried under the name of his neighbour, and never be known at all. The plan would require, of course, some slight modification of the forms of speech in our courts. Thus we must say of a criminal, "You may see his guilt in his *mask* —" or "the linen upon his countenance at once betrays him." But all these small changes would soon become a habit. It would be difficult to be sure for witnesses to recognise the accused in a mask; but then this would only tend to create in their breasts a still fuller measure of sympathy and consideration for him, and teach them to "carry out" the principle of privacy, by keeping his offence a profound secret from the judge and jury. We do not pretend to decide upon the project; but we do protest against the silly and insufferable practice of objecting

to an expedient simply because it is superfluous, and of refusing to put it in practice, merely because it is impossible.

LEGISLATION ON BEHALF OF LOBSTERS. — The principle laid down by the great teacher, who seems to have understood what was going on in the bosom of a beetle as well as in the heart of man, respecting the corporal sufferings of that solemn-looking insect when about to depart this life, is too apt to be lost sight of by our professors of humanity. The pang of the giant, brute though he be, is never witnessed with unconcern; the harpooned whale, or the rhinoceros, with a ball in the vicinity of his brain, is an object to excite emotion, and strikes a spark or two of sympathy from a heart of flint; but our souls are too mighty to contract and adapt themselves to the agonies of an atom. Thus the kind creatures who devote their subscriptions and sympathies to aid the societies for the prevention of cruelty to "animals," seem to measure an animal's capability to endure solely by its bulk. Oxen, horses, donkeys, dogs — cruelty to these is abominable, and to be suppressed; but the legs of larks, and the bills of sparrows, may be blown away without mercy, and in mere sport: — the spectacle of cruelty is on a small scale, and produces no effect. Who that shudders to see the pointed stick driven into the hide of a bullock, cares for the tortures of a frog in the hands of a young scoundrel, just released from the moral lessons of school? How delightful then must it be to find a community of persons discarding such prejudices, and soaring far above the sphere of all half-hearted philanthropists — perhaps we ought rather to say penetrating far below it — by voluntarily and simultaneously extending their sympathies even to the piscatory tribe — to the very lobster — to the mere crab! And such a community, resolved to "go the whole animal" when suppression of cruelty was in question, appeared to have sprung up in the island of Guernsey; "but however!" as the gentleman in the new farce at the Haymarket conclusively observes — but however — which means in this case that we must not judge of things by their appearance. Let us record what these kind souls have been doing, according to the account that has been published in the papers, bearing the touching title of "*Cruelty to Lobsters.*"

"In consequence of the representations made to the Royal Court of Guernsey, that the practice of securing the claws of lobsters and large crabs, by means of wooden pegs, was an act of inhumanity, AND THAT IT TENDED TO INJURE THE QUALITY OF THE FISH, the Court, on Tuesday last, after hearing the conclusions of the Crown lawyers, enacted an ordinance, whereby persons are forbidden to follow that practice in future, on pain of incurring a penalty of ten livres tournois (14s. 3½d.). The ordinance has been published and posted up at the accustomed places, so as to give due notice thereof to the public."

Alas! this only proves that humanity, like the crab about which it is concerned, is travelling backwards. It is of course most elevating, and as a Tory orator lately observed, "redolent of glorious prospects," to find the Royal Court of Guernsey concerning itself about the claws of crabs and lobsters — listening to the Crown lawyers pro and con — deliberating upon the wooden peg question, and finally determining to forbid the further employment of pegs on pain of forfeiting a sum that is really no trifle, considering what the corporal pangs of crabs and lobsters are thought of out of Guernsey!

It is, we admit, most edifying and most exhilarating to find Legislation taking this turn at last, and devoting the wisdom, the justice, and the benevolence that should be its inspiring powers, to a subject worthy of their free and liberal exercise. It is encouraging, beyond all that the "pleasures of hope" had previously realised to us, to see such an example set by the gentle-hearted lawyers of Guernsey to the Legislature here — to the House of Commons, which exhibits such a lamentable reluctance to legislate on little matters, and which stands in need, whenever it is sitting, of lessons in the art of relieving crabs' claws and suppressing wooden pegs. But what a gloom mingles with our satisfaction — what regrets dull the edge of our joy, as we peruse the announcement, incidentally made, just as though it had nothing whatever to do with the motive, that the practice thus denounced as an act of humanity "tends to injure the quality of the fish!" As there is a soul of goodness in things evil, there is a soul of evil in things good. What profound selfishness is in this humanity of the Crown lawyers and the Royal Court! What an intensity of epicurean appreciation of the sweetness that resides in the lobster's claw — of the exquisite delicacy of flavour that distinguishes that precious portion of the crab! What a keen and ardent relish of a dainty! What a sharp and sensitive appetite for a luxury in its most delicious condition! And all this is merged in a humane horror of an act of cruelty, a horror such as his was who declared that none but a barbarian would ever touch an oyster with his teeth, for he might hurt a thing in which life was perhaps not extinct, and besides he would be sure to sacrifice the fineness and purity of the flavour. "*Cruelty to lobsters!*" "*Cruelty to lobster-eaters!*" Of that indeed the Crown lawyers and the Royal Court of Guernsey seem to have entertained a hearty abhorrence. Their ordinance no one will deem insignificant, who observes how inimitably it exemplifies the system of legislating nominally for one class, but virtually for another — shows us how an exquisite sympathy may be assumed by the rankest selfishness, and expresses the hopeful truth, that even the oppressed and helpless obtain relief, whenever their sufferings become impediments to the pleasures of the oppressor. *Wooden pegs are abolished when they spoil the lobster's claws!*

GRACE DARLING, AND MISS EDEN, THE MAID OF HONOUR.—Grace Darling's name is now as well known throughout the island as Queen Anne's; and to tell people of the decrease of the one is about as necessary as to warn them of the living glory of the other. Grace is the admired of all admirers, and far is it from us to wish her grace diminished in men's eyes, or herself less a darling than she is at present. But the enthusiasm of gratitude and idolatry is becoming somewhat alarming. We know not how the persons who, principally by her intrepidity, were saved from the wreck of "The Forfarshire," may feel towards their "good angel in the hour of fate," but every body else seems to think of her as one to whom they owe the life of some being related to themselves by blood, and inestimably prized by affection. The universal feeling in this case shows us how truly

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

All feel individually grateful to Grace Darling; and not a stranger that talks of her but knows her intimately. But as we have said, the expression of this feeling of love and reverence is assuming an awkward character. It has taken, it appears, the shape, or shapes, of infinite demands upon her generosity in a minor way—of countless and incalculable requests addressed to her by admirers of *heliism* who never stirred but of their arm-chairs but to accommodate themselves, and trumpeters of intrepidity who would have fainted at the bare idea of getting wet-footed, that she will be so exceedingly self-devoted and munificent as to clip from her noble head a curl—just one—as a token by which her name and nature may be identified and treasured up; just one ringlet—one a-piece, for upwards of ten thousand applicants scattered over various parts of the kingdom, but all linked together by a common sentiment. The last report is (we quote the newspapers), that Grace is nearly bald; that lock after lock has gone, each finding its way into ring, brooch, or locket, until

"The Darling of life's crew"

discovers, like Cæsar, that a laurel crown may be worn for use as well as ornament—may hide as well as adorn. Really, a lock at a time is an extravagance—a hair should suffice; for if ever it could be said that

"Beauty draws us by a single hair,"

it may be said of the moral beauty of Grace Darling.

It is impossible to guard ourselves against the tendencies to an enthusiastic devotion for the living Life-preserver, because the very name is a provocative. Were two such words ever before combined to form a name?—the one expressing the natural quality of the bearer of it; and the other defining what her deeds have made her in the regard of others. But Grace is not the first lady in these our days whose generosity and daring have won the homage of the brave and fair; nor is hers the only sweet name that is associated with an act of glorious courage and disregard of self. Unworthy to admire Grace would he be who had forgotten the achievement of Miss Eden, (*Eden*!) who, in addition to this delicious name, had the pride and happiness to rank as a "Maid of Honour" (such in the rarest sense she was and is) to Queen Adelaide. Miss Eden, while walking amidst the lovely scenes of Virginia Water, saw a little boy, the child of a neighbouring cottager, fall into the stream. It was running rapidly; he was carried far out, and was sinking. In she rushed—the beautiful Maid of Honour—and borne up by her brave impulse, succeeded in catching the child—but only to find, at the same instant, her effort vain, and herself carried down the current with a rapidity that afforded not the least hope of a rescue. But the Maid of Honour was happily saved; and so also was the infant for whom she had so nobly risked, and so nearly sacrificed, her own life.

The name of Eden, then, should be remembered, with that of her sister spirit Grace; and her curls may be mercilessly clipped also, for her head is laurelled. She, it is certain, would have "done the same thing were she in the same place," and have saved a hundred from the rock, if risking her life could have saved them. And we refer to this incident, not simply for the pleasure of mentioning such charming names in connection with each other, or of showing that even Grace Darling has her counterpart, but of suggesting to the reflection of the reader whether he does not feel assured and convinced that Darlings and Maids of Honour are abundant in the world, however wanting in opportunities of signalising their courage and humanity as these have done. For ourselves we devoutly believe there are thousands and thousands of women who would dare all that these dared, if occasions presented themselves—"village" Edens, "inglorious" Graces, who require not even the virtuous and exciting example which has thus been set them, and who are taught only by their own generous self-sacrificing instincts to succour and save wherever peril may present itself; no less honour and admiration, on this account, to those who have proved their nobleness in acts—who have been tried, and have triumphed—who have won their right to say "I have not lived in vain." Their names are inscribed on the register of public gratitude, and so sweetly poetical and full of moral associations these names are, that we can almost find it in our hearts to wish (but this they would deem ungrateful and barbarous!) that they may never be induced to change them.

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THERE is no subject of equal social interest upon which there exists so few written authorities as insanity. With the exception of the works of Pinel and Esquirol, in France (and these by no means to be considered as works of investigation), and of Prichard, Connolly, Burrows, Seymour, and Ellis, in England, and one or two brief treatises in America, this department of medical literature is illustrated by scarcely any elementary or practical publications. A multitude of essays, metaphysical and physiological, bearing indirectly upon the general inquiry, are extant in German, French, and English; but they are comparatively valueless to the student, being, for the greater part, purely speculative and theoretical. From the mass of these numerous productions, however, must be distinguished a short but profound essay, published a few years ago by Dr. Mayo, in which the inquiry is carried into a form of insanity which had previously been either wholly overlooked, or ill understood: and which Dr. Mayo designates as *moral* insanity, or the derangement of the *moral*, contra-distinguished from the *mental* faculties; a form of malady the most difficult to detect and deal with, and the most injurious in its effects both to the individual and society at large. Mr. Brown's book on Asylums, recently published, may also be adverted to as a curious and useful volume, containing much matter for reflection, but taking no higher range, for the greater part, than that of a compilation, not very lucid in arrangement, and somewhat extravagant in style. From none of these works, however, nor from them all collectively, is the inquirer enabled to deduce any general principles. The statistics of insanity have been so strangely neglected that the ablest treatise on the subject can hardly be regarded as presenting any higher claims to consideration than it derives from the single experience of the author, modified and corrected by such scanty information as he could procure from the few sources thrown open to him by others similarly circumstanced. In the absence of the requisite *data* to proceed upon, the results arrived at, even by the most careful investigator, would be, at least, but partial truths; for, it is scarcely necessary to observe, an inquiry of this nature cannot be conducted to safe conclusions, unless it be founded upon an extensive basis of well-authenticated facts. From a comparison of the tables of M. Esquirol, of the returns from the county and district asylums of Great Britain and Ireland, from Salpêtrière, Bicêtre, Charenten, and other establishments, and the fragmentary statements elicited, from time to time, before the parliamentary committees, a few general inferences may be derived that are valuable as far as they go: but

unfortunately none of these tables, returns, or statements, have been drawn up, with such analytical reference to the various unsettled points upon which it is essential to follow out the inquiry, as to remove them out of that wide field of conjecture in which they are still permitted to remain. It is ascertained with tolerable exactitude, for example, that the probabilities of recovery diminish with age and the duration of the malady; but not even a remote approach has been made, by a record of observations, to the determination of any of the causes of insanity, upon the special treatment of which recovery depends.

Under these circumstances it will not appear very surprising that the most startling differences of opinion should exist, both metaphysical and medical, as to what insanity is. Not only is the disease itself of a mixed and complicated nature, infinitely varied in its development, and of a perplexingly fluctuating character in its progress, but the very difficulties which lie on the threshold of the attempt to penetrate its mysteries are increased by the confusion that unavoidably arises, in the present state of our knowledge, from the substitution of speculation for accumulated evidences of fact. It had long been held in England as a popular definition of insanity, that it was "reasoning rightly from wrong principles;" but it would be quite as accurate to say, that it was "reasoning wrongly from right principles," or that it was "reasoning without any principles," or that it was "reasoning wrongly on a particular topic," or that it was "incapacity to reason, rightly or wrongly," or that it was any other description of non-reasonableness or unreasonableness—the simple truth being that insanity is so diversified in its phenomena, so full of apparent contradictions, so dissimilar in different cases, so variable, and evasive, that it cannot be reduced within the limits of any single definition whatever. The utterance, attributed, we hope erroneously, to Dr. Johnson, and the general reception of so vague an antithesis, may be referred to as evidence of the extraordinary ignorance which not many years ago prevailed upon this subject, for it is impossible to suppose, that any community could seriously entertain such a test of insanity, and possess at the same time any clear ideas of the malady to which it was applied. Out of that ignorance has sprung a marvellous chaos of fantastic notions, leading to impressions equally ridiculous and unscientific; and it must be confessed, that the labours of medical philosophers in this bewildering branch of investigation have not contributed much to dispel the crude and fallacious notions of the public at large. Urged, no doubt, by the purest motives, and an earnest desire to assist the interests of suffering humanity, the authors who have devoted so much close and anxious attention to insanity, have given an inconsiderate impulse to a very dangerous species of speculation, by showing how much they differ amongst themselves in their interpretation of that disease. It would be impossible to point out two writers who entirely agree in their definitions; for those who assent in common to certain generalisations invariably run off into controversy upon particular points, which, could they be completely traced and determined, might be found to be as important in a practical point of view, as the generic propositions upon which no difference exists. The fault of this is not in the unskillfulness of the writers, for some of them have discovered talents of the highest order, and an intimate acquaintance with the malady in its numerous manifestations, but in the grand error of endeavouring to describe technically and arbitrarily a multiform calamity which is perpetually taking new shapes, and disclosing new suggestions to research, and which cannot, by the very condition of its inexplicable versatility, be

embraced by any definition, however elaborate or comprehensive. Except for the purpose of general classification, all such descriptions of insanity are idle and delusive; and even for that purpose they are loose, and subject to endless revision. We know that there is derangement somewhere, we know that there is exaggerated sensibility, or nervous excitement, or a confusion of images, or a torture of imaginary voices, or some capricious fancy, which, entering into the mind, discolours and distorts all the objects of desire, or wild passion, or oblivious melancholy, frantic violence, or lethargic inertia; and we know that certain symptoms are generally indicative of certain causes, and that they generally induce certain consequences; and we can ordinarily classify these various instances so as to bring them into a species of speculative arrangement. But the fact of to-day ceases to be fact to-morrow, and when we come a week hence to test the accuracy of our classification, we shall find how much we have been at fault in the fruitless calculations with which theory attempts to regulate the inconstant phenomena of mental disorganisation. Idiocy is easily distinguishable from fatuity, and fatuity from monomania, and monomania from mania; but when we affect to subdivide these main divisions, as they have been subdivided, into such varieties as "phrenitic," "incoherent," "whimsical," "impulsive," "scheming,"* &c. or to draw palpable differences between "violence of the passions," and "violence of the will and the propensities,"† or such distinctions as are implied by "vain," "proud," "timid," "imaginative,"‡ &c., we lose ourselves in exquisite refinements which may be very imposing upon paper, but which dissolve into mere words in practical application. That all these diversities exist is unquestionable, and a great many more than were ever set down in a catalogue: but experience exposes the fallacy of thus delineating them with a design of acting upon them in treatment (without which design the delineation is useless and deceptive), since the complications, transitions, and combinations of insanity are so wonderful as to render the formation of any system of treatment upon such minute and illusive particulars utterly impossible. To undertake the management of the insane upon principles such as these subdivisions dimly imply, would be about as practicable as to undertake the control of a dream.

If differences of so remarkable a kind be found in the opinions of the most eminent professional men and the most distinguished ethical writers, who have brought so much knowledge and such great intellectual powers to the investigation, it can hardly be expected that the public generally — the masses who take up such subjects upon instinct, and who possess no opportunities whatever of forming a practical judgment concerning them — should fall into grave errors, arising partly from sympathies hastily excited, but chiefly from the want of that sort of information by which public opinion is, upon more accessible questions, guided to useful results. If, after ages of patient inquiry, the nature of mind itself be an unresolved problem — if it have hitherto baffled the most profound psychological research — it is not too much to require, that when such a subject as the treatment of insanity is brought under consideration, it should be submitted to some thoughtful and responsible tribunal, instead of being left to be decided, like the Ballot or the Elective Franchise, by popular sentiment. The feelings of the people, in such cases, take the right side by the influence of that generous zeal on behalf of the unfortunate which is characteristic of large bodies; but public zeal is frequently indiscriminate and injurious in its

* Arnold's Table.

† Heinroth's Division.

‡ Brown's Arrangement, who quotes the former authorities.

operations, especially when the object to which it happens to be directed is one that ought to be approached with peculiar caution, delicacy, and intelligence.

Two or three circumstances have recently drawn public attention with unusual earnestness to the constitution of our lunacy* laws, and the management of insane patients in our private asylums; and, although in the discussions that have ensued some fallacious statements have been hazarded, and not a few erroneous theoretical opinions have been advanced, yet great good must be ultimately anticipated from the agitation of the subject. Upon the particular cases in which these discussions originated we will not venture to offer any commentary. We do not, in fact, possess the means. The loose reports that have appeared do not afford the kind of data that is necessary to the formation of accurate conclusions; and our space will be more usefully occupied in the consideration of the general questions which these cases have accidentally opened, than in a supposititious debate, upon which neither we nor the public are fully prepared to enter.

The time is within the memory of many of our readers, when the insane were treated in our asylums with worse rigours than the laws would permit to be exercised towards criminals. According to the ancient law, persons who were deprived of their reason might be confined until they recovered their senses, without waiting for the forms of a commission, or other authority from the crown.† But during the period of their confinement (which was considered requisite for the safety of society rather than for their own restoration) they appear to have been placed out of the pale of legal protection, and to have been regarded as individuals cut off from worldly intercourse, incapable of acute feelings, and insensible to privations. The whole object that seems to have been aimed at by those to whom their charge was confided might be comprised in the single word — coercion. Confinement, chains, stripes, the whirling chair, and other cruelties of an agonising and almost incredible description, constituted the entire system of treatment. The influence of kindness, of moral restraint, of gentle stratagems to win back the wandering mind into the associations of life, were never dreamt of. If it could subserve any useful end to recur in detail to these melancholy proofs of defective legislation and callous barbarity, a picture of such horrors might be drawn as would make the reader shudder. In some instances the insane were confined by rings in the wall in damp cells, where, for the want of muscular action, the limbs became cramped, and the whole frame enfeebled and decrepit. In other cases they were kept in outhouses under circumstances still more appalling. Sometimes they were imprisoned in cages, never allowed to see the light, nor to hear the voices of their fellow men, receiving their daily allowance of food in silence through the bars; and it is upon record that in one large establishment, it was the custom for the keepers to make holiday on Sundays, which they were enabled to do by locking up the patients on Saturday night, leaving them enough of food for twenty-four hours, (which was, of course, eaten by the poor sufferers the moment it was given to them) and returning on Monday morning to resume their charge. These, and a thousand similar atrocities — such as forcing food by excruciating processes, tying the violent maniac and lashing him into stillness, attempting to correct delusions by harsh threats, and carrying into effect a variety of punishments by way of a remedial

* This term lingers in our statutes, notwithstanding its obvious absurdity, and we must be understood to employ it merely for its conventional convenience.

† Blackstone.

course — might be exhibited as illustrations of the system that was formerly acted upon in the management of insanity: but the amplest narrative of these revolting practices could only lead, by a more distressing route, to that conviction which the mere indication of them must sufficiently establish, namely, that when those modes of treatment (if treatment it can be called) were permitted to be employed, the disease had not engaged the attention of the medical profession, was generally considered to be incurable, and was, therefore, passed over with comparative indifference, if, indeed, it were not entirely neglected, by the legislature. The most conclusive proof of the truth of this assertion is the fact that there was no qualification whatever required on the part of the persons who kept houses for the reception of the insane; that medical men had not, as they have subsequently done, taken up insanity as a distinct branch of study and practice; that the asylum keepers were generally uneducated persons; and that there was no check upon their authority, and no responsibility attached to their acts. Previously to the establishment of private asylums under the sanction of Parliament, the only method of releasing an individual from confinement was by *habeas corpus*, a proceeding too troublesome to be often resorted to, and one which, for a variety of reasons (the difficulty of access to the invalid for the purpose of concerting such a measure, amongst the rest) was seldom carried into operation.

This most ignorant and heartless system was not confined to England. All over the continent of Europe the same mode of treating the insane was every where adopted. The asylums in France and Italy were literally prisons of the worst description, dark, dreary, confined, and presenting all the repulsive features and accessories of penal institutions. In some places maniacs were kept in chains in old ruins — sometimes they were destined to a whole life of dismal solitary confinement — and it was not uncommon to inflict upon them daily chastisement, perhaps out of some strange expectation that the mind could thus be reached through physical pain. That such cruelties were practised must not be wholly attributed to a wanton spirit of inhumanity. The very fact of their universality goes a great way to show that the nature of the malady was misconceived, and that the practicability of alleviating it by moral remedies was really unknown. The writers who satisfy themselves with the expression of their horror at the recapitulation of those scenes, do not seem to have entered upon the subject in a philosophical spirit, but rather to have taken it upon the surface, and given way to their first impressions of indignation, instead of seeking out the real sources of the evil with a view to its correction. If these severities were traceable only to isolated instances, the language of indignation would be appropriate; but when we find them pervading the whole of Europe, we must surely refer them to some deeper and more general cause than that of a mere brutal exercise of power. There can be no reasonable ground for doubting that the rigorous punishments and dreadful system of incarceration applied to the insane, originated in positive want of knowledge of the means of recovery, and in a sort of superstitious belief that madness was irremediable. That all these terrible agencies of the convent and the bastille became, in the course of time, aggravated by custom and impunity, and that what commenced in ignorance settled down at last into pure tyranny and caprice, is probable enough. But we have ample evidences in the chronicles, histories, romances, and dramas of the last two or three centuries, (through which the feelings of communities may be said to be interpreted) that insanity was popularly regarded as a hopeless blight of

the faculties from which all men turned away in despair. The language of madness in the most celebrated plays (excepting only some of Shakspeare's) is that of incoherent phrensy, without a gleam or interval of reason, and, as if to mark still more strikingly the vulgar notion of its fatal character, it is invariably made to terminate in some tragical catastrophe. On the continent of Europe, until the first enlightened crusade of a monk, St. Vincent de Paul, on behalf of the insane, mad men were cast out from all social communion with their fellow men, as if they were lepers or criminals, and in an inconceivable temper of bigotry and fanaticism they were frequently burnt as sorcerers! We need look no farther for proofs of the ignorance that prevailed amongst mankind upon this subject; nor can we be much surprised that the knowledge of mental disease (which is still so limited) should have made such a tardy progress, when we recollect how very recent are some of our most important discoveries of a much more tangible kind, particularly the circulation of the blood, which might naturally be expected to have been one of the earliest acquisitions of science.

The utility of placing this retrospect of abrogated barbarities in this light must be obvious. It helps to show how much depends upon scientific inquiry and improved views of disease; and, by clearing off the mists of angry, but doubtless excusable sensibility, it discovers to us the value of earnest investigation into the nature of insanity itself, as the only means of attaining the desiderated success in its treatment. It ought never to be lost sight of, that the question is one of medical and metaphysical science, as well as of philanthropy, and that the humane designs of the benevolent can never be effectually accomplished except through an enlarged knowledge of the malady, which is the only certain foundation for remedial measures.

The first grand effort that was made to liberate the human mind from the slavery of the miserable fallacies which had, up to that period, been entertained on the subject of lunacy, took place in 1782, when the amiable and courageous Pinel was appointed physician to the Bicêtre. Pinel is entitled to all the honour of having been the discoverer of a new system of treatment, of having abolished the old modes of harsh and superfluous coercion, and of having demonstrated to the world the practicability of controlling and restoring the insane by a *government of love*. His first act in the great establishment he was appointed to superintend was to strike off the chains of eighty lunatics, who had previously been considered too violent to be allowed their liberty. The result of this bold and merciful proceeding fully vindicated the discretion and benevolence of its author. Relieved from the irritation and despondency consequent upon their melancholy imprisonment, the poor patients entered gratefully upon the enjoyment of freedom, and became, if not restored to sanity, at least conscious of the improvement in their condition, and tranquil under its effects. The admirable example of Pinel — his firmness, patience, and moderation, — led to immediate ameliorations of the system. The ancient penalties were gradually relaxed, and wherever there existed these qualities of mind and heart which are requisite to carry such enlightened principles into action, a vast change speedily became perceptible. The importance of moral treatment was universally recognised; and, although the hand sometimes trembled by which it was administered, and old habits sometimes returned and interrupted the regular progress of amendment, yet it was felt that an impulse had been given to society, under which former prejudices were destined to vanish at no distant day, and which was ultimately to produce a complete

revolution both in theory and practice. Pinel was followed in his labours by Esquirol, who worthily pursued the same course of benevolent superintendence, and who proved the efficacy of gentleness as a restorative amongst patients of a higher class than are usually received at the Bicêtre. These movements in France produced a strong sensation in England; and the first evidence of their influence was the establishment of the Retreat, at York*, an institution where the system of moral treatment has been acted upon with most gratifying results.

When attention was thus forcibly drawn to the subject of Insanity, and a new light had broken in upon the legislature and the medical profession, strict inquiries were instituted into the modes of management adopted in our county and private asylums. At different intervals several parliamentary committees collected evidence, and directed rigorous investigations into the various houses, more especially the public foundations, under the immediate control of government. The facts thus discovered were of the most appalling kind; and will be found detailed in the pages of the parliamentary documents, from whence they have seldom been extracted, except in fleeting papers in periodical publications, and as occasional illustrations in works exclusively dedicated to Insanity. With the express and minute features of the cruelties practised in these establishments—the monstrous progeny of ignorance and irresponsibility—the public at large have but an imperfect acquaintance; nor is it now desirable to revive a tale of misery that belongs to past offences against our common humanity.

The issue of these inquiries was an extensive alteration in the law for the regulation of asylums. Under the old *régime* the College of Physicians possessed certain exclusive privileges, but the surveillance of that corporation was utterly inefficient for the purpose it was intended to effect. Previously to the alteration of the law there were within the jurisdiction of the college thirty-five houses, containing 2000 patients, while the number of gentlemen nominated as commissioners to visit and inspect these establishments were only five, all medical men in the highest practice, whose professional avocations were so onerous and extensive as to preclude the possibility of their giving that attention to their duties as commissioners which the nature of the office imperatively demanded. To remedy the obvious defectiveness of this commission, Mr. Peel, in 1828, brought a bill into parliament for the regulation of private asylums, and the provision of a more complete check and control over their management. This bill has been subsequently continued and improved from time to time; and the principal act of parliament which now regulates the care and treatment of insane persons in England is, the 2 & 3 Will. IV. cap. 107., partially amended by the 3 & 4 Will. IV. cap. 64., and continued in force to the end of the present session by 5 & 6 Will. IV. cap. 22. There are also two other acts in operation relative to the insane; one respecting the erection and regulation of county lunatic asylums, and the other the issuing writs *de lunatico inquirendo*; but these do not form any part of the law concerning the control and management of private asylums.

By the 2 & 3 Will. IV. c. 107. the Lord Chancellor is empowered to appoint annually not less than fifteen, nor more than twenty persons, to be commissioners for licensing and visiting houses for the reception of the insane, within a jurisdiction embracing the cities of London and Westminster, and seven miles thereof, and the county of Middlesex; four or five of which commissioners to be physicians, and two barristers. This board,

* See Tuke, *passim*.

entitled the "Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy*," exercise within their jurisdiction a complete surveillance over the asylums; and before a license is granted under the act, a plan of the house must be submitted to the commissioners, and approved of. They have also the right of visiting the houses at all times during the day, and even at night, when there is any ground, upon accredited testimony, to suspect malpractices. They can refuse to grant a license or to renew a license, and have the further power of recommending licenses already granted to be revoked, in all cases where they discover sufficient reason for doing so. In all other parts of England similar powers are delegated to the justices in general or quarter sessions of granting licenses and appointing visitors; and notices of all such licenses are forwarded and lodged in the office of the Metropolitan Commissioners, so that a central point is established, where a complete record of all the asylums in the kingdom is regularly preserved.†

We may here observe, *par parenthèse*, that the office of the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy contains within itself all the requisite machinery for the collection of statistical returns, the importance of which we have already pointed out. As the law is at present framed, it certainly forms no part of the duties of the commissioners to collect information of that kind; but the omission must be regarded as a serious defect in the original constitution of the board. The means of communication which the commissioners possess with all the licensed establishments for the insane throughout the kingdom, might, without much increase of labour, be rendered available to the production of such a body of facts as would clear up the obscurity in which the laws of this disease are involved, and ultimately lead, not only to more certain modes of treatment, but, perhaps, to the discovery of the means of removing the predisposing causes altogether. The considerations embraced in this branch of the inquiry are of paramount interest in a scientific point of view, and demand a full and separate investigation, which, upon some future occasion, we may take an opportunity of bestowing upon them.

From the outline we have given of the surveillance exercised, and the powers wielded by the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy, it will be seen that the control of the asylums, within their jurisdiction, is as completely provided for as the nature of such a superintending body can well admit. The proprietor of an asylum is compelled to deposit, in the office of the commissioners, a plan of his house and grounds, carefully drawn, for their approval, before his license is granted; and also to submit, from time to time, such alterations as circumstances may render it necessary for him to make; and he is also required to keep a copy of the plan hung up in some conspicuous situation in his establishment.‡ By these stringent provi-

* We believe the following is a correct list of the present commissioners in lunacy:—

Lord Seymour, Lord Ashley, J. A. Smith, Esq., Robert Gordon, Esq., R. V. Smith, Esq., Col. Clitherow, Lt.-Col. Sykes, Lt.-Col. Clive, E. Halswell, Esq., G. Acklom, Esq., Rev. G. Shepherd, D. D., James W. Mylne, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Bryan W. Proctor, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, T. Turner, M. D., J. Bright, M. D., Henry H. Southey, M. D., J. R. Hume, M. D., E. J. Seymour, M. D. *Secretary*, E. Du Bois, Esq.

† The same regulations that govern the asylums under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Commissioners apply also to the establishments in all other parts of the kingdom; the only difference being that the authority exercised by the commissioners within their jurisdiction is elsewhere exercised by visitors appointed by the justices assembled at general or quarter sessions. Our observations throughout, however, will be understood to be addressed more especially to the jurisdiction of the commissioners, where the surveillance is more regular, certain, and effective than that which is in operation in the country districts.

‡ Independently of the other checks secured by the exhibition of the plan of the asylum before the granting of the license, it is attended with this obvious advantage, that it enables the commis-

sions, every apartment, closet, passage, yard, and foot of ground is revealed to the commissioners, so that any attempt at concealment, or subterfuge, is effectually prevented. The whole interior of the asylum is, at it were, thrown open to inspection, and the commissioners have the means of ascertaining exactly how the patients are accommodated, and whether the accommodation they receive is, in all respects, regulated by a fair and judicious appropriation of the capabilities of the establishment. When a new patient is received into the house, a notice to that effect must be immediately transmitted to the commissioners, accompanied by copies of the order, and medical certificates, upon the authority of which the patient is admitted. A register of the patients, of their ages, professions, and residences, of the dates of their admission, the authority under which they were received, and the dates and signatures of the medical certificates, must be kept in the asylum for the inspection of the visitors; as also a medical journal and weekly statement of the health of the patients, regularly authenticated by the visiting surgeon or physician of the establishment, who is required to signify, in writing, his approbation or disapprobation of any restraint that may have been resorted to in the treatment of any of the invalids. By these regulations a record is preserved of the internal management of the house; and in a book, especially provided for the purpose, the commissioners make such observations upon the general state of the asylum, and its domestic arrangements, as, upon each visitation, may appear to be called for—either of approbation or censure. A constant and vigilant superintendence is thus created, and the record of visitations of the different members of the board present an accurate and continuous commentary upon the character and conduct of the establishment.

In addition to these immediate checks upon the management of lunatic asylums, the law holds the proprietors and superintendants, and all other persons who may become concerned in the detention of an individual declared or supposed to be insane, responsible in severe consequences upon various grounds specified by the act. For example, proprietors or superintendants of asylums are liable to be indicted for a misdemeanour if they omit to give a full and complete plan of their houses, in the first instance, or of any alterations they may subsequently contemplate in them; or if they keep a house for receiving two or more insane persons without a license; or if they receive persons without the legal order and certificate; or if they omit to make the proper entry in their register of the patients as they are admitted; or if they neglect to transmit a notice of the reception of new patients to the commissioners, or of the death or removal of patients; or if they conceal any of their rooms or patients from the sight, knowledge, or inspection of the visitors. Medical men are also exposed to indictment for misdemeanour under certain circumstances, such as signing a certificate with a wilful intention to deceive, or signing a certificate to send a patient to a particular asylum in which they happen to be partners, or of which they are the regular professional attendants, or which are kept by relations of their own. The general design and final tendency of these penal clauses may be briefly summed up in the spirit of exaction which they evince respecting the fulfilment of all the legal forms that are required for the consignment of patients to the charge of the superintendants of lunatic

sioners to decide upon the number of patients which the house can conveniently entertain, and to restrict the proprietor expressly in the license within such limits as the extent of his establishment may appear to require.

asylums. The law demands that certain preliminary proceedings shall take place, that a certificate shall be signed by two disinterested medical practitioners, who shall have separately examined the patient within seven days before his admission into the asylum*, and that an order, signed by a responsible relation or friend, shall also be produced before the patient shall be received: and these provisions, intended to protect the subject against fraud and collusion, are fenced round by safeguards of a still more strict nature, which have the effect of visiting the neglect or violation of the law with severe penalties. So far as it is possible to ensure obedience to those obligatory provisions, by a machinery of carefully considered liabilities, these safeguards appear to be sufficiently rigid, and to be calculated to meet all possible contingencies; and the only question, therefore, to be considered in reference to this part of the subject, is whether the provisions themselves are sufficiently comprehensive to prevent the liberty of the subject from being wantonly or maliciously perilled. This, indeed, is the question in which the public is most directly interested, and best competent upon a broad scale to decide.

The liberty of the subject is, in England, a point upon which every man is more or less sensitive, and although the various civil relations of society, and the obligations dependent upon them, render it much more complicated in its practical developement than most people appear to be aware of, it is, nevertheless, entitled to be regarded with the utmost latitude of construction, consistent with the well-being of the community at large. We take it for granted that what is held, in the freest interpretation of the phrase, to constitute the liberty of individuals, is amply provided for by the laws, or that whatever imperfections may be found to exist in the laws are open to that species of discussion — in itself the solid foundation of all liberty — which must ultimately procure the appropriate remedies. The jealousy, however, with which we are apt to approach the consideration of every circumstance that affects the theory of our personal rights, frequently leads us to overlook all the other considerations by which our personal rights sometimes become merged in the public good. "A man," says the Duke of Newcastle, "has a right to do what he likes with his own;" but this right, like all other rights, is only to be admitted with exceptions, else there would be an end at once to national liberty in the establishment of a wild license of individual desires and caprices. The Duke of Newcastle may grow corn upon his land, and the corn so grown is undoubtedly his own; yet the Duke of Newcastle, hard as he may think it, may not distil that corn into a fermented liquor, unless he submit to the conditions of the law, and take out an excise license for the purpose: therefore it is pretty clear that the Duke of Newcastle may not do what he likes with his own corn. In like manner, were we to pursue the exposition of this fallacy through a series of obvious illustrations, it might be shown that, with the utmost respect for the protection of all those rights which men ought to be secured in, the theory of the liberty of the subject is in reality the declaration of a relative and not an absolute liberty, and that it is measured, in all civilised communities, not by the immediate convenience of the individual, but by the general interests of the society of which he is a member. It is unnecessary to observe

* As it is not possible, in all cases, from the cunning evasion of the patient, or other circumstances, to procure opportunities within seven days for the separate examination and signatures of two medical men, the law, upon satisfactory reasons being shown, allows the patient to be received in an asylum upon one certificate, but requires that a second certificate shall be signed within seven days after.

that it is, in a great part, upon this principle that the law proceeds which deprives the insane of their freedom; but it ought to be carefully noted that, in such cases, this principle is blended with a tenderness for the insane themselves, which may possibly escape attention at first sight. Apart from the value of a course of lenient and judicious treatment, and of seclusion from the temptations and excitements of the world which his retirement secures for the invalid, it removes him from the risk of violating the laws, and relieves him from the responsibility to which he would otherwise be exposed in their violation. It is essential, therefore, to guard ourselves against being misled by any abstract notions of the liberty of the subject in reference to cases of incipient or presumptive insanity, since that which we might be disposed on the surface to consider as an infringement of personal freedom, may in truth be an act of real benevolence to the person it implicates.

The law is abundantly explicit as to what constitutes lunacy — however difficult it may be to determine the application of its declarations. A competent authority* says, that if a man be, from any cause, delirium, insanity, idiocy, or any other mental aberration whatever, incapable of guiding his own actions, he is *non compos*, a lunatic, legally unfitted to manage his own affairs, and exempt from responsibility as regards the consequences of his conduct. This is sufficiently clear, and it only remains to see whether the tests employed to ascertain whether an individual comes within this description yield a satisfactory guarantee that the results arrived at shall, in all cases, be in conformity with the spirit and intent of the law.

A variety of objections have been urged against the system at present in practice. It is assumed that a certificate signed by two medical men does not afford an evidence of insanity altogether free from suspicion; and a more full and deliberate examination of the lunatic is demanded before he shall be deemed to come within the operation of our sanatory code. One writer goes so far as to require that a jury of twelve men shall be empannelled to try the question, the issue to rest upon their verdict. Now, were we to strain for perfection in this matter, it might be considered advisable that before the jury should be allowed to sit, each jurymen should undergo a similar ordeal, with a view to determine whether he was not insane himself, or whether he was a person qualified by knowledge and experience to pronounce an opinion upon a question of such a nature; for, as the study of insanity does not ordinarily enter into the pursuits of the population, it would be desirable to ascertain if the persons thus taken indiscriminately to adjudicate upon it were prepared to undertake the investigation with a reasonable prospect of arriving at a sound conclusion. Otherwise it is not at all unlikely that the few acquisitions of certainty which science and experience have already made upon this malady might be rendered null and void by a few novel doctrines of a popular kind which it might take another century of philosophical demonstration to extirpate. But, independently of this consideration, there are many practical obstacles in the way of this suggestion, which present insuperable objections to its adoption. In the first place, it would not always be very easy to bring a lunatic before such a jury: It is found to be, at all times, a delicate and by no means an easy matter to obtain the requisite opportunities for the separate examination of the invalid by two medical men. But medical men can repeat their visits until they succeed in satisfying their scruples. A jury cannot be thus convened from day to day, from hour to hour; and unless some provision were made to enforce the attendance of the individual — which would be a sort

* Mr. Chitty.

of condemnation beforehand, and a palpable invasion of his rights — it would be in most cases extremely difficult, and, in some cases, actually impossible, to carry the plan into effect. Then it must be recollected that the feelings of others are to be consulted as well as those of the invalid. Such a verdict of insanity — which would be unavoidably to a certain extent a matter of publicity — would inflict a painful and superfluous wound upon the relatives and friends of the individual cited before the jury; an infliction which, for the sake of all those associations that are most dear to domestic life, ought to be scrupulously avoided. On the other hand, suppose the verdict should be to the effect that the individual was not insane, or that it was a qualified verdict, as it would be in a multitude of instances, which pronounced him to be merely a person of strange or eccentric habits, but not in a state of mind to justify restraint or removal from society, can any man undertake to calculate the consequences which the whole proceeding would entail upon his subsequent life — how far the humiliation of being subjected to such a trial might depress his spirits, or affect his imagination — or what heart-burnings and feuds it might produce in families, to the utter annihilation of all those consecrated affections out of which spring the holiest emotions and aspirations of our common nature? Such propositions, we suspect, are thrown out in haste at moments of excitement by well-meaning people, who, in the ardour of their desire to suggest a remedy for something which they believe to be imperfect, do not allow themselves time to reflect upon the whole bearings of the subject.

Medical men, as a class, are unquestionably the only persons to whom such a decision can be safely entrusted. They are habitually observant of the phenomena of disease; and their acquaintance with the arcana of our nervous organization, not only gives them a facility in detecting latent symptoms which are a total mystery to non-professional men, but enables them to trace many of the physical causes from which mental indisposition frequently arises. And they are, for other reasons, the fittest persons to be consulted on enquiries of so delicate and responsible a character. With them the private calamity is sacred. They are family advisers — the depositaries of a thousand secrets which could not be revealed to others — and, in this sense, and often in a more extended and generous signification, they are anxious, unwearying, and confidential friends. Whatever alterations, therefore, it may be found desirable to make in the law, it would be in the last degree imprudent and dangerous to place in any other hands the determination of a question which they alone can resolve with judgment and propriety.

But it has been maintained that the certificate of two medical men, and an order signed by a relative or connection of the lunatic, do not afford an adequate protection against corrupt practices: — that is to say, that an individual, under the law as it now stands, may, while in the possession of his perfect faculties, and without having committed any acts of extravagance, inconsistency, or wickedness, that might excite reasonable doubts of his sanity, may be trepanned into a lunatic asylum. A brief glance at the combination of circumstances that must take place before such a plot could be consummated, will show how much easier it is to contemplate an outrage of this kind than to carry it into execution.

In the first instance, the relative, or connection — the father, brother, husband, wife, mother, son, or near friend of the supposed lunatic — who signs an order or authority for the detention of the individual, must not only be a person destitute of honour and morality, unnatural, treacherous,

and base, but he or she must possess a rare boldness of character to risk the legal consequences attached to such a proceeding. That there are such persons, however, must not be questioned, since we know that there are persons in society ready to lend themselves to still more desperate and atrocious acts. But fortunately it does not depend upon the will of this designing and daring individual to accomplish the object. He must prevail upon two medical men to enter into his plans, and, either by bribery or some other means, induce them to sign a certificate of the insanity of an individual whom they know or believe to be sane. Granting for a moment that two medical men could be found who would thus, for a consideration, put their reputation in jeopardy, and destroy for ever their professional respectability, is it likely that, however little they might care about their character, they could be readily drawn into an act, the commission of which would subject them to be indicted for a misdemeanour? Our own impression is, that medical men are too well aware of the responsibility of their position to allow themselves to be led into any such dilemma, and still less to become participators wilfully in such a fraud; but, for the sake of argument, let it be assumed that the wicked relation has succeeded in procuring two abandoned instruments to assist him in his nefarious project. What follows? The supposed lunatic is carried to an asylum. Now, the proprietor of the asylum, or the regular medical attendant of the asylum, must also be drawn into the plot, or it fails just at the point when its completion is nearly effected. The ingenuity, therefore, and the corrupt influence of the chief mover of this complicated drama must be fairly irresistible if he can succeed in gaining over this new adherent, without whose aid all that he has previously effected goes for nothing. But here again — to give the utmost latitude to circumstances — let us suppose that he has gained his ends, that he has borne down the scruples of two professional men, and of the proprietor or medical attendant of an asylum, and induced them all to place themselves in a situation of serious danger, for the sole purpose of helping him to effect his iniquitous object; he has yet to overcome the greatest difficulty of all. After he has gained over the medical men to sign a false certificate, and then prevailed upon the proprietor or medical superintendant of an asylum to receive and detain the individual against their conviction of his sanity, he must get three commissioners in lunacy (not even having the power of selecting them, as the case must be decided in the order of visitation, of which he cannot, by any means in his power, acquire any previous knowledge) to sanction the unhallowed transaction! In order, therefore, to accomplish such a purpose, it is absolutely necessary to organise a conspiracy of seven individuals, four of whom ought to be respectable, and three of whom may be at least considered to be beyond suspicion. While we believe that there are people in the world who, to promote sinister ends, are capable of embarking in such a plot as this, we must be excused if we are so incredulous as to doubt the possibility of carrying it finally into execution. We do not live in the days of Cornelius Agrippa or Albertus Magnus, and we really know of no process short of sorcery by which so many persons, moving in different circles, and so peculiarly amenable in their several avocations to public opinion, could be deluded into so extraordinary a league against a single individual.

To any man who has given much attention to the subject, it must be evident that, instead of there being a laxity of securities for the protection of the liberty of individuals, there is, in fact, a laxity of securities for the

protection of society itself. This assertion may, perhaps, startle some of our readers; but let us look at it in its application to the occurrences of every day life. There is scarcely a single newspaper published in the United Kingdom that does not contain some melancholy proof of the fatal consequences of neglecting to make early and cautious provisions for insanity. Of the numerous inquests that are held throughout the country, the great majority terminate in verdicts of "temporary insanity." Familiarity with these words has probably rendered the public indifferent to the grave considerations they suggest, and from being accustomed to pass them over without reflection, we come at last to treat them as a mere matter of course. But the frequency of these verdicts unfortunately betrays a state of opinion in reference to insanity, which is to be deplored for the sake of the community at large, as well as for the sake of the unhappy individuals who are thus permitted to destroy themselves or others in fits of aberration, which previous circumstances ought to have led their friends to foresee and guard against. The reluctance to resort to restraint until some fierce outbreak has rendered it imperative and unavoidable, and the erroneous delicacy which suffers this insidious malady to attain such a height that its cure becomes tedious and difficult, if it be not too late to cure it at all, have the effect of producing a multitude of calamities, which a more practical and judicious view of insanity would altogether avert. Preventatives in all other diseases are preferred to remedies; but in this disease, to which that salutary principle has a most beneficial application, popular feeling delays even remedies, until they lose half their efficacy. Take the following cases, as examples, to enforce and illustrate the description of facts to which we allude. They are adopted in a very condensed shape, from a variety of similar instances, which will be found within the compass of a few weeks, in the "Times" newspaper. We give the dates of the papers, but omit the names of individuals.

An inquest was held at the Charing Cross Hospital on the body of a youth aged twenty-three, who threw himself out of a window in King William Street, Strand. He was a pupil of an engraver, and had complained for about a week before of a violent pain in his back, and got worse until the Tuesday before his death. A surgeon deposed that his complaint was smallpox, and that he had been delirious previously, but did not appear so on the day he destroyed himself. His aunt stated that he laboured under an impression that he could not survive. — *October 5.*

An inquest was held at the Greenwich workhouse on the body of an inmate who had cut his throat with a razor. He had superintended the oakum picking, and about five weeks previously he told the master that his head was so bad he could not attend the picking. He was sent to the sick ward, but was missed soon afterwards, and nothing more was heard of him until his body was found. It was deposed by the witnesses that for five or six weeks previously he appeared very much dejected, and that about three weeks before his body was found he had been seen to speak to his son, and heard to say, weeping, "I shall never see you again." — *October 11.*

A tradesman residing in the Edgeware Road drowned himself in the Paddington canal. He had been in a dejected state of mind ever since the death of his wife, to whom he was greatly attached. — *October 19.*

An inquest was held in North Street, Fitzroy Square, on the body of a man who had hanged himself. It was deposed in evidence that his father was considered mad, that his mother had died mad two years before, that he had a brother an idiot, and a sister considered of unsound mind. — *October 22.*

A cabinet and musical instrument maker of William Street, Hampstead Road, cut his throat; and it appeared upon the inquest that he had been in low spirits for the last three months, in consequence of having been discharged from his employment. — *October 25.*

A police constable drowned himself in the serpentine river, and it was deposed that for several days before he was very ill with pains in his head. — *October 27.*

A person who had formerly been an extensive Staffordshire warehouseman destroyed himself by taking prussic acid. A letter was found upon him, written very incoherently,

and it was proved that he had been for some time in a very dejected state of mind in consequence of losses in business. — *October 30.*

A Scotch gentleman hanged himself in his stable. He was, to the regret of his family, a great drinker, and the day he committed the suicide his son found with him a bottle of whiskey he had purchased for his own use. — *October 30.*

The son of a highly respectable gentleman, in Paris, applied at the *Hôtel de Ville* at Lyons to be arrested as a vagabond. His singular request was not complied with, and he went away and drowned himself. — *November 3.*

Similar instances might be accumulated to a melancholy extent, but these will be enough to point out our meaning. Had ordinary watchfulness been observed in all such cases as these — had the early symptoms been regarded with that attention which cannot be too soon bestowed upon the first tokens of insanity — all the terrible circumstances which crowd the columns of our daily journals would be prevented from taking place. But a mistaken sensibility interferes, and those who believe that they are acting with benevolence towards the unfortunate, really abandon them to their fate.

People who are not well acquainted with the characteristics of insanity are perplexed by its Protean phases, and slow to admit its existence, except when it is developed in overwhelming excitements. They cannot perceive it in the incipient stages, when proper treatment is really most beneficial; and they describe it merely as some whimsical peculiarity, some odd, harmless fancy, in which a man has a right to indulge as long as he thinks proper, provided he does not do injury to any body. But it is the absolute impossibility of predicating when he will do injury, or what kind of injury he will do, or what new manifestation the malady may throw out, that renders it necessary to establish a surveillance (unseen and unfelt would, if it were practicable, be all the better) over his actions. Mr. A. imagines that he sees human faces glaring upon him, and that he hears accusatory voices denouncing him, or inciting him to some improper deed. Mr. B. conceives Queen Victoria to be his lawful wife, and besets the gates of the palace, or tramps the park, from sunrise to sunset. Mr. C. is full of remorse for some dreadful crime he thinks he has committed, becomes altogether inconsolable, and abandons himself to despair. Mr. D. takes a deep and unappeasable hatred against his nearest and dearest relatives, and threatens their lives, in revenge for some suppositious injury. Mr. E. — but we might run through the alphabet again and again, and still the same kind of facts would force themselves upon our attention in endless diversities of form. What, then, is to be done? If these individuals be left to the working of their delusions, untended and at large, Mr. A. commits suicide, Mr. B. is sent to prison, Mr. C. pines to death, refusing sustentation, and Mr. D. winds up his excitement in a murder (of which we had a terrible illustration not very long ago in the Edgeware-road), and is confined for life in Bethlem Hospital. Humanity demands some merciful interposition before these fatal results shall have taken place; and the only choice open is between the private asylum, and the adoption of a system of restraint under private surveillance.

That the management of private asylums has of late years been considerably improved, is attested by all the writers who can be received as practical authorities. The vigilance of the inspection, and the searching strictness of the regulations by which they are governed, afford a reasonable guarantee that they are generally well conducted. That they are not all equally desirable retreats for invalids we must, in the nature of things, be prepared to expect. The establishments that are beyond the jurisdiction of the metropolitan commissioners, cannot, for instance, be supposed to be so

carefully controlled in all the minute details of superintendence as those that are within their jurisdiction; then some situations are more salubrious and airy than others, and some possess advantages of another kind, in the character, and experience, and ability of the persons to whom their administration is confided. But these are differences that must exist in various degrees in all similar institutions, according to circumstances, and do not properly enter into the consideration of the system of government, which, with greater or less effect, must pervade them all alike. There can be no doubt that vast and important reforms have been effected in the asylums, whatever room there may be for further reforms, both in legislation and domestic management. The ancient cruelties are wholly abolished; ample provision is made for the comfort of the patient; and if the invaluable blessing of moral treatment is not every where to be found, it is because it is not every where understood, and because the superintendants of asylums are not always capable of the self-denials and sacrifices it demands. But the asylums possess these advantages in common, that they are accessible to those who are interested in the welfare and happiness of their inmates, that they are no longer the gloomy and impenetrable fastnesses they used to be, and that whatever is done within their walls is open to inquiry and proof: — advantages that are incompatible with the system of private surveillance.

Some of our readers may not perhaps be aware, that it has long been the custom, in cases where, from any cause, the friends of a lunatic do not wish to place him in an asylum, to procure a certificate, in the usual way, of his insanity, and remove him to lodgings under the care of a keeper, whose duty it is to remain constantly with him. In some instances the lunatic is restrained in his own house, but this course is very rarely adopted, because it mixes up painful feelings with domestic associations, and is always found to increase the excitement and exasperate the malady. The individuals placed under restraint in private lodgings can scarcely be said to be under any surveillance whatever; the act of parliament merely requires, that the certificate under which they are so placed shall be reported to the metropolitan commissioners within twelve months from the date of their removal. There is, therefore, a long clear period before any notification of the circumstance is made, and even then it is intended simply as a register of the fact, no visitation or surveillance of any kind ensuing upon it. Of the number of persons thus restrained we have no record whatever, but it is known to be very considerable. Some of the populous spots in the close neighbourhood of the west end are crowded with the insane, and the furnishing of keepers to attend them forms a very lucrative branch of the professional business of the large asylums. The kind of control to which these isolated individuals are subjected, cannot be contemplated without an expression of astonishment; that, amongst the important reforms introduced into the law, this most repulsive feature in the treatment of insanity should have been so strangely overlooked. The patient, — who, from the expenses incurred under such circumstances, must be a person of some condition, — is shut up from all opportunities of intercourse, from all means of amusement or occupation, and consigned to the society of the servant who is appointed to watch over him. A man of education and intellectual tastes, or even of cultivated feelings and respectable habits, would, in his calmest moments, turn with aversion from a confinement of this description, with an individual between whom and himself there can exist no single point of sympathy, or communion, upon the

smallest items of thought embraced in the 'terrible' monotony of this life of torpor and blind seclusion. But how much more galling and offensive must it be to the irritable invalid, if he retain any sense of the ordinary enjoyments and usages to which he had been previously accustomed. In the asylum there is a perpetual check upon the attendants; and there is constant variety of some sort to break the uniformity, — new faces, a succession of incidents marking the progress of time, and supplying topics to divert and carry off the speculations of the lunatic out of himself, — all of which are essential to his restoration. In the private lodging there are no resources of any kind, except the visits of a physician, brief, perhaps, and irregular: the same face, identified for ever with unchanging stupor, distraction, or coercion, is constantly presented to the unhappy invalid: he looks around for relief in vain; he languishes for something to give a fresh aspect to the scene; and, in this terrible want, cast in upon himself, he feeds upon his delusions, and grows wilder and more intractable day by day, or else sinks into utter imbecility. His keeper, left alone with this demented man, adopts, partly in fear, and partly for his own ease, a system of unnecessary restraint. To him it is an existence of continuous deprivation. He longs also to be at liberty, and may possibly snatch an interval of escape, every now and then, taking care in the meanwhile to make such provision for the safe custody of his charge as shall effectually prevent any accident from occurring. But the uninterrupted intercourse of a sane and an insane person, thus confined to a single room, is productive in the end of fearful consequences. The keeper, after exhausting whatever benevolence he may possess in fruitless attempts to reconcile the patient to his situation, becomes morose, jaded, and harsh — perhaps vindictive. His nature has not been practised in self-subjugation — an authority is entrusted to him over a superior — he has the whole management in his own hands — and how far he may abuse his trust depends upon his moods and his constitution. Sometimes it occurs that keepers so circumstanced gradually take the tone of the despairing solitude, and lose their power to meet the exigencies of their position; and instances have actually happened in which they were removed in consequence of visible evidences of approaching madness.

From this outline the choice between the two existing modes of providing for the insane may be determined. If the asylums, in the loose phraseology of the day, may be designated Mad-Houses, the isolated retreats of individuals may, with great propriety, be described as Mad-Lodgings.

The law under which our establishments for the insane are licensed, and by which they are controlled, is in many striking particulars defective. We have shown that so far as mere surveillance goes, the machinery is tolerably complete, and perhaps nearly as perfect as it can be rendered: but there are other points to which sufficient consideration does not appear to have been directed.

The visitations of the Commissioners are, probably, not as frequent as it would be desirable, for the satisfaction of the public mind, to make them; and it would likewise be a great improvement in the law if the Commissioners were required to visit an asylum immediately after the reception of each new patient, in order to inquire at once into the particular case. A change so extensive as this certainly could not be brought about without entailing a heavy increase of expenditure, as the professional members of the Board are remunerated in proportion to the time occupied in the discharge of their duties. But if any fresh securities to the public were

attainable by this alteration, the cost ought not to stand in the way of its adoption.

In the granting of licenses, it appears to us, as a preliminary step to those ultimate internal reforms in asylums which the spirit of the age demands, that greater circumspection ought to be observed than is at present brought to bear upon the subject. We will touch upon two or three of the main points* to which we consider it essential that the attention of the authorities granting licenses ought upon all occasions to be vigilantly directed.

It is of the utmost importance, in the first place, to be assured of the qualifications, moral and professional, of the individuals to whose skill and humanity the charge of insane persons is confided. The act makes no conditions whatever as to the qualifications of proprietors of asylums, who may, or may not, be adapted for the onerous and responsible office they undertake. We do not insist upon perfectibility in individuals — we think that the combination of qualities which are so eloquently described in some of our medical works as being absolutely requisite to the superintendent of the insane, is, humanly speaking, an impossible combination. But the practical qualifications, from which all that can be hoped for in the treatment of lunatics may be reasonably expected, are by no means visionary, although it must be confessed they are rare: — knowledge of the disease; experience in its treatment; a liberal education, the more extended in its grasp the better; patience, mildness, and firmness of character; active benevolence; and a general acquaintance with the habits and modes of good society. These are requisites of the highest value — not, it is true, very frequently to be found in such harmonious union, yet not so uncommon but that they might be adopted as a standard to aim at in selection — and such requisites as these ought to form the claims of the professional men to whom licenses are granted.

Another condition which it would be advisable to insist upon is, that the proprietors of asylums should be compelled to reside in them, or closely contiguous to them, instead of being permitted to delegate to others the constant guardianship of their patients. It requires no exposition at our hands to show that *moral management* cannot be accomplished by any system of classification, however accurate, by the most rigid observance of order and regularity, or, indeed, by any other means than those of unremitting personal care, by which the superintendent is enabled to seize upon every hint of returning reason, and cultivate it into full development. It is well known that some of the most extensive establishments are left to the care of persons appointed by the proprietors, who visit them perhaps once or twice in the week, for an hour at a time, or, as it was deposed some few years ago by a witness, for “a quarter of an hour more!” In any contemplated alteration of the law, it would be a feature for which the whole community would be grateful, if such a provision as we have pointed out were specially introduced.

The last consideration to which we would draw attention is the obvious necessity of limiting the admission of patients in each private asylum, not to the number which the house is capable of containing, for a house might be built to accommodate, like the great palace of Catherine II. of Russia, some thousands of persons, but to the number which the superintendent can *bonâ fide* attend. The advantage of special observation upon each individual case, and accurate investigation into the progress of the invalid, need not be urged: but in asylums where patients are crowded together in great numbers, this kind of particular administration of medical and moral functions

is clearly unattainable, and wholly out of the question. In such places nature may be said in a great measure to work out cures by her own mysterious processes; for certainly, beyond the general accuracy of the arrangements, the due distribution of meals and medicines, and such other matters of universal detail, it is quite impossible that a superintendent, not possessing ubiquity, could fulfil, or pretend to fulfil, the moral duties of his position. He may discharge his medical responsibility, perhaps; but even that can be acquitted only by hurrying through the chambers of the asylum as he would through the wards of an hospital. Besides, where there are so many patients to be attended to, classification, or division of some kind, becomes unavoidable; and this brings with it a similar classification of remedies and observances which render the chances of recovery still more remote. The limitation of the number of invalids in each asylum would contribute, more than any other corrective enactment that could be devised, to produce at last that system of careful and kindly treatment which this unfortunate malady requires more emphatically than any other in the catalogue of human ills.

In conclusion, we may observe that it is greatly to be lamented that there do not exist in this country any facilities by which medical students can acquire a practical knowledge of insanity as a part of their educational course. Upon all other diseases there are ample means of acquiring information, but upon the "pathology of mind" there are scarcely any, or, perhaps more properly, none. Why are there not lectures upon insanity in the hospitals dedicated to its treatment? Why are not the wards of those hospitals thrown open like the wards of other hospitals appropriated to different and less serious maladies, where students might trace it through all its stages, and become familiar with its forms? Whatever progress we are yet to make in our investigations in this department, and whatever improvements may yet arise of a practical kind, must in a great degree depend upon the diffusion of correct views amongst the rising members of the medical profession; and it therefore becomes an object of paramount interest that they should be afforded adequate opportunities for study and observation. How such opportunities may best be created does not legitimately come within our province to suggest.

TRAITS OF MOZART, PERSONAL AND ARTISTICAL,

SELECTED FROM THE MIDDLE PERIOD OF HIS LIFE, AND FROM UNPUBLISHED SOURCES.

THE light thrown upon celebrated compositions by the personal history of their author conveys sometimes a satisfaction to the spirit, which it would be difficult to parallel in any other sort of reading. When we observe the earnest affectionate sweetness that predominates in the works of Mozart, we feel a natural interest in the inquiry, whether all this feeling had an echo in his own breast — whether it was accompanied by a corresponding moral beauty — or whether it could, by any chance, be a thing assumed, for the mere superficial delectation of our ears and nerves. To find that Mozart himself was the being that his music paints — that goodness and beauty had one common sanctuary in his soul, solves a psychological problem, in which all admirers of genius are deeply interested; and we sincerely believe that, were we in other instances capable of testing the thing by an autobiography, the general position, that high feeling and imagination imply the presence of the moral virtues, might be fearlessly maintained.

Mozart's nature was early developed in that severe school of the affections and sympathies, adversity. The idea of his father, mother, and sisters seemed intertwined with his being; in the midst of all his early dreams of glory, and in those triumphant moments when he would say he lived for Germany, the thought of the household hearth and the circle so dear to him was never absent. He was the creature of sociality and sympathy.

We propose in the present article to lead the reader into some of the less known passages of the life of Mozart; and, as the early adventures of that prodigy (when precocity was rarer than it now is) are well known, we will take the composer in his twenty-second year, at a time when his genius had ripened into excellence, and had borne many of the fruits which we enjoy at the present day. At this period of his life, being unappointed and without certain means of income, young Mozart, attended by his mother, went to Paris in quest of fame and fortune. There he was fated to undergo one of the most painful of calamities — to see his mother die in a foreign land, far removed from any of those domestic attentions which would have been so soothing and consolatory to the sufferer, in the bosom of her family and of her home. Desolate and unsupported as was his own condition, he watched over his parent to the very crisis of her fate; and his letters on this occasion to his friends show a delicate tenderness and consideration, which could hardly be expected from so abstracted a being.

Madame Mozart appears to have been subject to sudden and severe attacks of illness, which, however, when she was at Salzburg, generally yielded to household remedies. When thus seized, she was usually bled, and took a powder called *pulvis epilepticus*, which was believed among her own circle to possess marvellous virtues; but, alas! such an article was unknown in the pharmacopœia of Paris, and, wanting the accustomed aid, there was no help for the poor lady. Under these distressing circumstances, therefore, Mozart was obliged to undergo his bereavement. On the night of his mother's death, when all was over, Mozart wrote to the Abbé Bullinger, at Salzburg, requesting him to prepare his father for the melancholy tidings, and by the same post he wrote home, concealing the truth, but describing

his mother's illness as very alarming. The former letter is so interesting and graphic, that we extract it.

“ Paris, July 3. 1778.

“ Sympathise with me, my dear friend. This has been the most melancholy day in my life. I write at two o'clock in the morning, to tell you that my mother, my dearest mother, is no more. God has called her to himself. I saw clearly that she must go, and I resigned myself to the will of God. He gave, and he can take away.

“ Picture to yourself all the distress and anxiety that I have undergone for the last fortnight. She died without consciousness of her illness; her life was extinguished like the flame of a taper. She had confessed and received the sacrament and holy unction, but for the last three days she was constantly delirious and rambling, and to-day, at twenty-one minutes after five o'clock in the evening, she was seized with a stupor, and soon lost all sense and feeling. I pressed her hand and spoke to her, but she neither saw me, heard me, nor gave the least sign of perception, and in this state she lay for five hours; that is to say, till twenty minutes after ten at night; when she died; no one being by but myself, Mr. Haine, a good friend of ours, whom my father knows, and the nurse. I cannot at this time write to you the whole particulars of the illness: but I really believe nothing could have saved her. I am now most desirous that you will prepare my poor father for this melancholy intelligence. I must beg this of your friendship. I wrote to him by this post, but merely said that she was very ill, and shall wait for his answer before I tell him the whole. God give him strength and fortitude. My dear friend, I have not merely *now*, but have been long since, supported,—through the peculiar grace of God, I have borne the whole with confidence and firmness. When she became so very bad, I prayed for two things,—that God would give my mother a happy dying hour, and to me strength to support it; and in both instances my petition was more than answered. Let me beg of you, therefore, my dear friend, to comfort and support my father; talk to him in such a way, that, when he knows the worst, he may not take it too much to heart. My sister, too—go to her, and prepare her; she must not know yet of the death. Say what you will to her—use your own discretion in the matter, but do not leave me in expectation of any further misfortune. Comfort them both, and write to me soon, I pray you.—Adieu.”

It is impossible to conceive a more desolate and afflicting situation than that of a youth left alone in a strange land to perform the last offices towards the remains of a mother. This was not all; Mozart was not making money at Paris, and his father felt great concern for his means of meeting the funeral expenses, and the exposure to imposition which his inexperience ran the risk of. Knowing how little his son had been used to act for himself, the father underwent a series of distracting apprehensions. In a letter, shortly before this event, he shows his son how much the family rely upon his prudence and good conduct; he then paints what struggles he has gone through, what sacrifices he has made to educate his children; and hopes the reward will be some honourable appointment for his son, and that his own grey hairs may be released from the painful drudgery of lesson-giving. Experience of these narrow circumstances of his family clouded Mozart's entrance into life with melancholy.

When we know that the noble symphony in D (the one commencing with an allegro movement and a fiery unison, that no one who has heard can ever forget) may be traced to this Paris journey, and that it was first performed at the *Concert Spirituel*, we have a clue to the quality of Mozart's

genius in his twenty-third year. That it had all the maturity of the practised master, is evident; and, from this early specimen alone, we may judge of the transcendent superiority of such instrumental music over any other known in that day. In the present state of our knowledge of art, it appears; wonderful that a person, capable of producing such novelties, should have failed in establishing the opinion of his genius; but such was the fact. After many irritating failures at rehearsal *, the symphony went pretty well, and was applauded; but no particular attention was paid to the composer — no desire shown to engage him; and the immortal spirit which dwelt within the youthful musician was wholly unrecognised.

Mozart conceived a powerful and unconquerable dislike to the French, and their tastes in music, during his stay in Paris. He afterwards ridiculed their style in a work little known, called *Muskalische Spass* (musical merriment), a little symphony, which brings together all the ludicrous features which distinguished the French school at that period. But his disappointment was deep; for, knowing how well Gluck had succeeded with his operas, which are all written in the loftiest vein of lyric tragedy, he had imagined that, by writing his best, merit would also be discovered in him. This was, however, a miscalculation. Gluck's success was founded on the national partiality for the classical stateliness and solemn declamation of the ancient drama. The same tastes which fostered the school of Racine and Corneille found much to admire in the plan of musical tragedies constructed on the Greek model; but, from the predilections of the French in other respects, we are constrained to believe, that the finest things, and the truest to nature and passion in these works of Gluck succeeded only by accident; and that, while the "pomp and circumstance" of the representation attracted attention, the more subtle movements escaped. Certain it is, that, during the whole of Gluck's supremacy in Paris, the taste of the city at large was as low as it well could be.

Mozart, in the full consciousness of his powers, forgot that he, a young unknown man, was competing with one who had the voice of Europe on his side, and who had established himself by a succession of dramatic masterpieces. The public, seventy years ago, were as reluctant to commit themselves by the hasty recognition of genius, as they are, at the present day, prone to over-estimate it, to conjecture its presence, and anticipate its influence on the slightest grounds. Had Mozart stayed longer at Paris, and written more, we believe that he might have established himself in the position he desired; instead of repeating the strokes of his genius, however, he expected to be judged on the *ex pede Herculem* principle; and this the Parisians were not willing, or not competent, to do.

As soon as Mozart was left alone in Paris, his father recalled him, prudently dreading the fascinations of that pleasure-loving capital to a young man of his age and temperament. Mozart resided at this time in the same house with Baron Grimm and Madame D'Epinay, and speaks with pleasure of his little chamber, and the pretty view he had from it. He was carried

* In the heat of vexation attending one of these rehearsals, Mozart, on his return home, wrote to his father that, if the symphony went so badly at the concert, he would go and take the violin out of the leader's hand, and show him how to lead it.

The elder Mozart, in one of his subsequent letters, refers to this passage:—"Your resolution of running to the orchestra was but the momentary suggestion of passion. God forbid! Such a step might have cost you your life, which no person of sense, in your situation, would stake upon a symphony. Such an affront — a public one too — would be answered, sword in hand, not merely by a Frenchman, but by any man of honour." Mozart's father, who was a leader, felt keenly for the wounded sensibility of M. La Housse. A duel would, under such circumstances, have been unavoidable; and even the party most interested in the result could not avoid justifying the ground of it.

much into fashionable society for the sake of his exquisite talent on the piano; and, when we think of his power of improvisation, perhaps no one ever bore about with him such materials for pleasure. But there was a want of sympathy on the part of his hearers in this Parisian Society. He liked better to be playing to friends and associates of his own profession in a little homely apartment where he was felt and understood, than to be receiving frigid compliments from ladies of fashion (who talked while he was playing) in the splendid saloons of Paris.

It is very affecting to find the father of such a genius as Mozart reckoning what means of living together in Salzburg they might confidently rely on. The father writes, "We might certainly get 120 florins a month, without reckoning the sale of my violin school; which is at the least 50 florins a year; or the 10 florins a month, which your sister earns and pays for her clothing out of, as she has now the two little countesses to teach daily." Such were the humble circumstances in which this estimable and gifted family found themselves after having made the tour of Europe, visited all the principal courts, and received the most distinguished notice. But their money was exhausted in the expenses attendant on such expeditions;—travelling charges, and dress, such as was thought necessary to appear in at the houses of the great, left them scarcely any thing to bring home but their trinkets. The archbishop of Salzburg who had at first permitted these journeys, on one occasion refused, and afterwards said that he did not like his people to go about on such *begging expeditions*.^{*} This was the humiliating, and, we may say, brutal designation given to the most honourable musical tours ever undertaken.

Mozart was now established as *concert-meister* (a degree under *Kapellmeister*) at Salzburg, with liberty, if he composed an opera, to bring it out at either Vienna or Munich. Nothing was to hinder his studies or any speculations that he might choose to engage in. He was not to play the violin at court, but to sit at the pianoforte, with absolute power over all the music of the archbishop's establishment, his chapel included. On the journey from Paris to Salzburg Mozart encountered several adventures, in the relation of which his personal and artistical character is portrayed in lively colours. At Strasburg he gave a little *model* concert by subscription, at which he played nearly every thing himself, and gained 3 louis d'ors. Upon the strength of this brilliant receipt, he was advised to venture upon a grand concert at the theatre, which, in point of audience, was a complete failure; yet those who were present were so enthusiastic in their applause, that Mozart said his head ached as much with it as if the theatre had been full. "I would rather," he writes, "if I could have foreseen how few persons would have attended, have given the concert *gratis* for the pleasure of seeing the theatre filled; for, upon my honour, nothing is more melancholy than to see a grand entertainment of eighty covers and only three people to sit down to it. And then it was so cold! I soon warmed myself, however, and to show Messieurs the Strasburgers that I did not take the thing to heart, I played a great deal for my own entertainment—*much more than I promised*, and, by way of finale, for a long time out of my head. I have also twice performed publicly on the two best organs of

* The Mozart family, on their tours, were so well furnished with letters of introduction and recommendation, that they passed from city to city as if on a series of private visits. There was none of the ordinary attempt to gain money, except in cities where public concerts were given. They often received at the houses of the nobility, watches, swords, &c., but no money. Mozart's father had a large collection of trinkets, in which, late in life, Mozart wished his wife to participate. The refusal caused some estrangement between the father and son.

Silbermann in the Neukirche, and the Thomaskirche. I have at least gained fame and honour.

We shall now see with what enthusiasm he entered upon the task of composition.

“Manheim, Nov. 12. 1778.

“ * * * Sciler’s company, which you know by reputation, is here. M. von Dalberg is the director of it, and he will not let me go until I have composed a duodrama for him; and his proposal has not cost me much consideration, for indeed this is a task that I have always longed for. I forget whether, when I was here before, I wrote you any account of this kind of pieces; but I saw such a one twice with the greatest delight. In fact, nothing ever surprised me so much in my life, for I had always imagined it impossible that such things could produce any effect. You are aware that nothing is sung: the music is like an obligato (accompanied) recitative, with declamation between, and stopping every now and then for the speaking produces a magnificent impression.* The piece I saw was the ‘Medea of Benda,’ who has written another also, ‘Ariadne in Naxos,’ both truly admirable. Benda was always my favourite of the Lutheran Kapell-meisters, and I am so fond of these works that I always carry them about with me. Conceive my joy at having to do what I have so long wished. Let me tell you an opinion of mine. Operatic recitative should be treated in this manner generally, that is to say, spoken, and only sung when the words tend naturally to musical expression.”

From this letter we may refer to an important fact in the history of the lyric stage, *viz.* that the Mozartean opera, as exhibited in one of its most impassioned and beautiful specimens, “Idomeneo,” arose out of the combination of two models in the mind of Mozart: — Gluck and Benda. In the divine instrumental symphonies to the recitative, in their impassioned modulation and surprising cadences, Benda was as much surpassed by Mozart, as Gluck, though not in force and simplicity, was also by him in richness and elegance of melody. Yet these were the men who undoubtedly opened the route for Mozart in serious opera.

George Benda, who has now dwindled to a name, was nevertheless one of the men of genius from whom his native opera derived a powerful impulse. The following account of the origin of the monodrama, which became so influential on the lyric theatre of Germany, is given by the biographer of this musician; — “Benda was a great admirer of the declamation and action of an actress at Gotha, of the name of Brandes, who had no talent for singing, and he considered how he could combine her powers, as an actress, with the effect of music. The thought of a melodrama struck him, and this he communicated to his friend Engel, of Berlin, who was then at Gotha with Gotter. He was informed that a similar idea had occurred to Rousseau, who had carried it into execution, though but feebly, in his *Pygmalion*. Benda was nevertheless encouraged to attempt such a work. Brandes, the actor, composed the text of the melodrama, ‘Ariadne in Naxos,’ from hints by the composer and his friend. The words have no extraordinary merit, but the story is well adapted for effect. Benda undertook the composition, which he treated in such a manner, that there is no proper air throughout the whole; but the music occasionally relieves the declamation, and endea-

* Of the truth of this opinion we are enabled to judge by recollecting the powerful effect produced by energetic declamation and expressive action between the orchestral symphonies of the incantation scene of the *Freischütz*. The connection of music with the higher graces of pantomime is now almost lost to the stage, or survives only in Cherubini’s nearly-forgotten ballet of *Anacreon*.

yours to extend the expression of the sentiments conveyed by the words. It is, indeed, an enchanting performance, and Reichardt, a critic of no mean eminence, said of it, that such genuine music had never before been heard within the walls of a German theatre."

Mozart, was never fuller of that spirit of hope and enjoyment which rendered him so truly himself, than in the month of November, 1780, when he was at Munich actively preparing his opera of 'Idomeneo' for performance at the ensuing Carnival. He had an admirable band to write for; but the singers were indifferent, with the exception of Dorothea and Lisetta Wendling, the first and second Soprani. Raff, the tenor, was an old man, and had lost all power of sustaining notes; but he was dearly loved by Mozart for the simplicity and honesty of his character. The goodness and benevolence of the young composer's disposition are illustrated in a great many passages of his correspondence that refer to this singer. We cannot, however, dwell upon these at present. The following extracts, referring to Idomeneo, are irresistible — they abound in suggestion: —

"I want for the march in the second act, which is first heard in the distance, some mutes for trumpets and horns, which are not to be had here. Send me one of each by the next coach, that others may be made from them." There is something quite unusual in this early and intimate knowledge of the mechanism of brass instruments; the effect at rehearsal was probably not quite what Mozart intended; but the remedy was prompt.

"The rehearsal went admirably. Six violins only, but all the wind instruments, and nobody present but the sister of M. Seau, and young Count Seinsheim. This day week we shall have the second rehearsal, and then the first act will have twelve violins, and the second will be rehearsed as the first was to-day. I cannot tell you what delight and astonishment prevails. I, however, expected nothing less; and I assure you I went to this rehearsal as pleased and contented as if I had been going to a feast. * * * My cough has become rather worse by these attendances; one easily gets overheated in playing for honour and fame. Raff sings his airs the last thing before he goes to bed at night, and the first when he wakes in the morning. * * * In the last scene of the second act, Idomeneo has an air, or a sort of cavatina, between the choruses; in this place it will be better to make a mere recitative, during the intervals of which the instruments may be used with effect; for in this scene, which, from the action and grouping that I have planned with Legrand, will be the most beautiful in the opera, there will be such noise and confusion on the stage, that an air in such a situation would make a bad figure. Besides, it thunders; and that will never be heard if Raff sings. The effect of a recitative between the choruses will be incomparably better."

Mozart had an intelligent and sympathising friend in his father; but we may perceive that he did not act always by paternal advice when it savoured of worldliness, and involved the sacrifice of the higher interests of art. The following suggestions, forwarded from Salzburg on the 11th of December, were wholly discarded: — "I recommend you not to think of the musical public only, when you are at your work, but also of the unmusical public. You know that for ten instructed connoisseurs there are a hundred ignoramuses; don't, therefore, forget the *popular*, as it is called; you must do something to tickle the long ears." Mozart's answer is characteristic. * * * "Don't fret yourself about my being popular; the opera contains music for all sorts of people, but nothing for long ears." The next passage refers to domestic affairs, and is very serious. "How does the Archbishop go on? Next Monday it will be six weeks that I have been away from

Salzburg. You know, my dearest father, that you are my only tie to Salzburg; for, by God, if it had rested with me, I would have torn up that last decree, and my permission of absence, before I came away. It is not Salzburg; but it is the prince and the proud nobility that become every day more unbearable. Nothing would please me better than that the Archbishop gave me my dismissal. Here every thing is well provided for, both the present and the future." In the following extract the experienced Leopold Mozart shows his son how much the composer is at the mercy of the orchestra:—"Endeavour to keep your orchestra in good humour; flatter them, and, by well-timed praise, excite their good will towards you; for I know your way of writing, and that it requires from every instrumentalist the fullest and most undivided attention; and really it is no joke when an orchestra is thus arduously employed for three hours together. Even the most miserable second tenorist is sensible to praise, and will become more diligent and attentive if complimented *tête-à-tête*, and your civility costs you no more than a little sentence. You know this yourself; but at a rehearsal it is not always possible to do it, and then it is forgotten till the performance, when the friendship and zeal of the whole orchestra is most necessary."

Mozart laboured hard to get an appointment at Munich, the cordiality of the intercourse he enjoyed with many musical families in that city was much to his taste. But though he produced the offertorium, *Misrecordias Domini*, a litany, and other pieces in the highest style of church music, which proved how well fitted he was for the office of Kapell-meister, more particularly when there were no better existing composers in that part of Germany than Holzbauer and the Abbé Vogler, he was still unsuccessful. There is a predestination to good fortune, or the contrary, in these matters—the appointments were all filled, and no prince thought it necessary to create a new one on his establishment for the purpose of retaining Mozart. It is tolerably certain that the young composer had active enemies, and the shrewd and cautious old Mozart did not conceal the opinion among his intimate connections, that the Abbé Vogler had been one of the most industrious of those enemies.

Rochlitz, the celebrated German critic, entertains the opinion that Mozart's genius profited by his transplantation to Vienna, and the suggestion is not without some colour of truth. An elegance of taste prevails in the cultivated circles of that capital which must have been most influential on such a composer as Mozart. There is not a more characteristic touch of German life, as exhibited in the relations of princes and their musical establishment, than may be found in the letter of the composer describing his arrival at Vienna in the suite of the Archbishop of Salzburg, in March, 1781. It will be recollected that Mozart was the first piano-forte player in Europe—that he had written a grand opera, and a vast deal of admirable church music—and yet we find him complaining, that while two Italian singers belonging to the chapel were indulged with a separate table, he is placed to dine with the valets, cooks, confectioner, and other principal servants of the household! The friends that Mozart found in Vienna soon put it out of the Archbishop's power to repeat this gross insult. He had long addressed the young musician in the third person (formerly the custom in Germany when speaking to menial servants), with occasional additions the most gratuitously affronting that a surly nature and high-born ignorance could suggest. In a few months there was an explosion; they parted for ever; and Mozart had the satisfaction, if revenge had any place in his nature, of seeing his haughty lord disgraced and neglected by the emperor and his court.

The energy of the composer's nature is well painted in the following sentences of a letter, written soon after the journey to Vienna:—"O if I had but known that I should be here in Lent, I would have written a little oratorio, and given it for my benefit at the theatre, as is sometimes done. It would have been easy to write, as I well know the voices. I would gladly give a public concert, but I know that would not be permitted—now imagine * * *." Mozart made his first public appearance as a *piano-forte* player at Vienna on the third of April, 1781, at the concert annually given for the benefit of the widows and orphans of musicians. The applause was so vehement and so continued, that he was obliged to sit down to the instrument again. What most pleased him, however, was the amazing *silence and attention* of the auditory. Doubtless here was something very different to the manner of the rattling figurantes who usually engaged attention for the hour and were forgotten.

Vienna, even sixty years ago, was described by Mozart as the true land of piano-forte playing, and to the present hour it maintains its character. The brilliant and expressive style of the new virtuoso procured him distinguished attention from many ladies of high rank. The Countess Thun, whom Mozart characterises as the most charming lady he had ever met with in his life, not only made him a present of a beautiful piano, but continued, on all occasions, the warm friend and admirer of his genius. His way of life was diligent enough. In the gloomiest time of the year—December, his *Friseur* was with him at six in the morning: he then composed till ten, and afterwards commenced lesson-giving at the rate of twelve lessons for six ducats. During this part of his existence, before his expenses became great, his father and sister at Salzburg received frequent remittances from him: he never forgot them nor their wants.

Clementi is referred to in a remarkable passage of one of the letters of Mozart, describing some piano-forte playing at court. "There is a clavier player here, an Italian, named Clementi. His attendance was also commanded. He is a capital cembalist; and when you have said that you have said every thing. He has great execution with the right hand—his principal passages are thirds—but he has not one farthing's worth of taste or feeling—a mere mechanic. The emperor, after we had passed sufficient compliments to one another on the occasion, commanded that *he* should begin. '*La santa chiesa catholica*,' said the emperor—Clementi being a Roman. He preluded and played a sonata. Then the emperor said to me, '*Allons d'rauf los*.' (Come, let fly.) So I preluded and played variations. The princess then gave us sonatas of Paisiello, in his own manuscript, miserably written. I had to play an allegro, and he an andante and rondo. Then we took a theme out of them, and played extempore upon it on two piano-fortes."

It is much to be regretted that this interesting trial of skill was not witnessed by any one capable of fully appreciating the merits of the rival artists. Mozart's style of playing may be pretty well imagined from his piano-forte music. It was admired for swiftness and evenness—for the uncommon beauty of the left hand, then less cultivated than at present—for refinement and delicacy of style—and a *talking* expression that went to the heart. Mozart certainly wrote hastily in dispatching Clementi as "a mere mechanic." He was deficient in the *sensuousness* and repose which distinguish a genius of the first order; but he possessed the intellectual part of music in perfection, and displayed uncommon vigour and animation in *Allegro* movements, with originality of character in every thing.

The sources of Mozart's income during the ten eventful years of his life

at Vienna were teaching, composing, concert giving, &c. He never enjoyed any appointment with a settled income; every *louis d'or* was gained by hard labour, and yet, in the midst of a harassing life, to which the cares of wife and children were soon added, how amazingly his immortal compositions accumulated! It is this part of Mozart's history that distinguishes him from any other musician. Leisure and easy circumstances have produced from men of genius many delightful fruits, as the lives of Bach, Handel, Gluck, and other composers evince. But to create so noble a fame as did Mozart by hours stolen from sleep, from business, and even from occasional dissipation, is a wonder that the history of future generations will hardly parallel. Whole movements and even entire compositions were sketched in a night; and the technical details being often filled up by pupils who were acquainted with the master's system of composition, his inventive faculty was allowed a free and uninterrupted course. So unexhausted by rapid production did that remain, that the catalogue of his works preserved by him for the last few years of his life even displays *improvement* in the fire and originality of his conceptions. Had Mozart lived to be as old as Gluck or Haydn, no one can say what he would have done, but every one who knows the character of his genius will believe that he would have gone on still planning and still accomplishing higher efforts.

The peculiar mission of Mozart was undoubtedly to put the finishing grace to melody; and in doing this his harmony became more polished, and his music altogether more penetrating and exquisite than that of his predecessors. His influence upon Haydn, whom he outstripped in the symphony style, by first completing the modern form and model of that species of writing, will be acknowledged by all who take the trouble to make themselves accurately acquainted with the dates of their several compositions. Mozart's operas, compared to those of Gluck, are as Shakspeare to Sophocles; if neither so simple nor so uniformly elevated, they are more various, and quite as passionate. But we must not suffer ourselves to be betrayed by our regard for this subject into speculations that would better suit a regular biography than an article designed merely to throw some new light on the life and character of a great musician. We hope soon to have a fairer field to prove that Mozart adorned and gave an impulse to whatever he touched.

The following particulars relating the end of the composer's career are new in England. It is reported, on the authority of Neukomm, that Mozart, when taking leave of Haydn, previously to the journey of the latter to England, said, "I fear, my father, that this is the last time we shall see one another." In the year 1791 a rheumatic inflammatory fever was epidemical at Vienna; it carried off many, and Mozart among the number, after some months' gradual decline; but his health had been previously weakened by occasional excesses in drinking, frequent night-watching, and unremitting labour. Just before his death his worldly prospects had assumed a more favourable aspect; his appointment as *Kapell-meister* to St. Stephen's, and regular commissions from Hungary and Holland, promised to secure himself and family from a repetition of the embarrassments to which, through bad management, they had been frequently exposed. But too late! It added bitterness to his end, that he found himself about to die when he had in his own mind just learned to compose, and was beginning to live for his art.

GREAT DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY.

SOME time ago a pamphlet was published, originating, we believe, in America, and giving an account of wonderful beings, some with wings and some without, living, and apparently thriving, upon the surface of the moon. On the principle of laying the blame upon the absent, so well known to schoolboys, Sir John Herschel, then at the Cape of Good Hope, was fixed upon as the discoverer : and the pamphlet, reprinted in various forms in our own country, found abundance of buyers and not a few believers. Let us add to the latter number those who continued to swear by the Weather Almanac long after the effect of its one lucky hit should have been extinguished by a train of failures, and we may suspect the existence of persons in number sufficient to form a sect, who are ready to believe any thing which is confidently asserted, and are decided lovers of new light. On the other hand, let us take those, not very few in number, who are incapable of appreciating any results which do not admit of palpable demonstration ; to these join the remains of the Hutchinsonian school of philosophy, who would limit all discovery by the words of the Scriptures ; and it will be seen that there is a tolerable quantity of materials ready to the hand of any one who is disposed to set up as an extinguisher of old lights. Again, in spite of considerable advances made in the popular explanation of the *methods* of philosophy, as well as its *results*, there are still enough remaining who confound the collector of facts with the person who can both bring together his materials and use them ; as well as of those who can only judge by outward and visible signs, and whose rule of three tells them that fifteen feet of telescope makes a better astronomer than ten feet, in the proportion of three to two.

In front of the preceding host, we have occasionally leaders worthy of the cause, who remind us of the guides in a cavern, creeping before their stumbling followers with little candles. It will hardly be credited that within the last twelve months the existence of such things as double stars, which the Herschels have catalogued by the thousand, and which are almost as familiar to every astronomer throughout Europe as the planets themselves, was laughed to scorn* in a periodical publication which professes high Oxonian principles, and parades Latin as thick as in one of Friar Gerund's sermons. But the occasions which every now and then excite a peculiar interest, generally bring out the leaders of the blind in high relief. All the world knows that a group of boys lounging against a gate by the road side, and apparently thinking of nothing, will start into life and activity at the approach of a stage coach, and for no discoverable reason, will keep up a shrill little noise all the time the vehicle is in sight, throwing up their hats, and making other demonstrations of their existence to the outside passengers. Just so is it when any unusual circumstance arrives out of which notoriety is to be made ; let there be a new kind of aurora borealis, a comet, an eclipse, a geological fact of a popular character, a remarkable new patent, &c. &c. &c., and the newspapers immediately begin to swarm with information of the rarest character. What the speculators do in the

* In a review of the works of the Useful Knowledge Society. The words were something like the following, " we forget the name of the Sidrophel who lately discovered that the stars are double, like soles in a fishmonger's shop."

mean while, that is in the interval between two phenomena of sufficient importance to appear in, we have never been able to ascertain precisely. The Hindoos make their Brahma lie down on a lotos leaf, on which he spends his time for some ages, previously to setting about the creation of the world, and is occupied in "contemplating his own perfections." We are not clear about the lotos leaf, but we think, from the tone and manner of their productions, that the English newspaper philosopher must have caught a hint as to the employment of his leisure from the Hindoo demigod.

All the several divisions to which we have alluded, differing as they do in principles, in objects, and in details of occupation, are nevertheless regiments of one army, in which they serve, whatever their intention may be in entering the service. They are all engaged either in seeking new truth by other means than patient investigation preceded by attention to the old, or in retarding the progress of what they call error, by other means than rational refutation. Some may be led by desire of notoriety, some by culpable prejudice, some by opinions honestly formed in ignorance; but, from whatever motives they fight, they are not the less soldiers in the same cause.

We have before us proof that our neighbours can produce specimens of one of the most amusing of the preceding classes, formed of those who astonish their age by surprising discoveries. The philosopher is M. Demonville, of the "*Société des Sciences Naturelles de la France*," and the Academy of Sciences has honoured his speculations with a report, which, though it states that his system is not worth a serious examination, is still a report, and the philosopher is very proud of it. He says that, so far as its position would permit, the Academy has admitted its inability to refute him.

Two or three of the greatest advances which human intellect has ever made have been received either with indifference or opposition. So it has been, and perhaps will be; but the worst consequence is not the retardation which has thereby been inflicted upon the growth of science. It is not even possible to show very distinctly that such an effect has been produced at all. Suppose that the Copernican system had overrun Europe immediately upon the appearance of the work of Copernicus in 1543;—are we, in the first place, able to prove that we should now have known more of the laws which regulate celestial phenomena? And above all, in the second place, is it not likely that the instability of spirit, which exhibited itself in the immediate rejection of an old error, would have operated injuriously by its ready reception of new errors as well as of new truths? If we are unfortunately between two evils in this respect—if we cannot hit the golden mean between facility and obstinacy, the latter is at least security against our readily parting with the truths which we have got, and if it should place difficulties in the path of new truths, it treats new fallacies in the same way. We must confess that putting out of view the spirit of persecution, which was not content with rejecting, but required that others should reject, and which was never any thing but malice and hatred—leaving this aside, we are better pleased to live in a stubborn than a facile world. And it should comfort M. Demonville and other philosophers, when they consider that the combination of a neglectful world and a bigoted academy, though it may for a time slight their transcendent speculations, yet will, as years roll on, and when the new system has been received, react in favour of its retention; and when the Demonvillian hypothesis has had sway for a century and a half, and it is time to call adherence to it by the name of prejudice and bigotry, academies yet unborn will treat their Demonville with just as much of scorn as those about which we now read have served him.

But if it should really turn out that our speculator is nothing more, and if the results of actual investigation, conducted on the principles of which common sense has always approved in the ordinary affairs of life, and, for more than two centuries, should really prove to be correct, then it is obvious that the opposition to truth which has long ceased, and the memory of which is now coupled with censure, has produced an evil of lasting effect. A great philosopher, who contrives an entire new hypothesis all out of his own head, and finds that it will not enter those of other people, not only appeals to Galileo, Copernicus, Harvey, &c., but actually misleads himself and others by the ghost of a sophism, too apparent to be brought forward in the body. The system of Copernicus was neglected, but it was afterwards received: my system is equally neglected, therefore, it will be in time equally received. We feel sure that a volume of moderate dimensions might be filled with the hints of discoverers, or of those who had their own consent to become such, about the similarity of their own cases with those of the old, and now illustrious, forerunners of Newton.

The author before us is a visionary of a gentlemanly cast, compared with many in our own country. Here it has been usual to apply hard names to the supporters of existing systems; a fault from which M. Demonville is free. When the world was fairly launched in its new career of philosophy, it became the fashion to decry the understandings, and even the motives, of those who had previously followed the same pursuit; and "scholastic bigotry," "monkish absurdities," "blind devotion to Aristotle," &c., &c., formed a constant topic, even in the works of those who ought to have known something about the advantages of discrimination. This went on all very well, until the new school ceased to be quite new; and it became a good path to notoriety to endeavour to start one on a still newer plan. The subverters of Newton and Copernicus, &c., learnt from their opponents the pretty trick of talking about monks and scholastics, and fell into the very same way of vituperating, and even into the very same phrases. The disseminator of Newton and Laplace is now told that he is an ignorant quack, who, trusting to the blind authority of greater fools than himself, is employed in deluding and gulling the rest of the world. These are gentle phrases compared with some which we have seen in print; and we have always thought while reading them, that if it be fair to punish the present generation for the sins of their predecessors, our *savans* of the present day are rightly served. It does not, it is true, do them much harm: but neither did the abuse of their forefathers much damage the poor dead monks and schoolmen. The unfortunate Newtonian is now in the same position as a French republican of 1790, who is looked upon as a bigoted old woman by his successors of 1830, and finds himself described in terms very like those which he used to apply to the aristocrats.

The usual way of treating a subject of the kind with us has been to make the assumption, that our "great philosophers" are perfectly aware that their opinions are a system of delusion, which system they, being conscious as aforesaid, wilfully maintain and propagate, for the furtherance of their own reputation. They are all in a league to repress and keep down the thoughts of those more honest and consistent men who have discovered that Copernicus was a cheat, and that the moon is very little higher than the hills, and not quite so big as the dome of Saint Paul's. A few years ago, an honest gentleman, whom we shall not name, published several pamphlets on physical subjects, the principal object of which was to expose the maliciously erroneous views of the "philosophers." These pamphlets he forwarded to the philosophers themselves; but not content with thus showing

them how completely they were detected, he required and demanded that they should forward the said pamphlets to reviewers with such recommendations as would render notice of them inevitable. Now, the severest law that ever was enacted, never went the length of presenting a thief with a rope, and insisting upon his hanging himself: and the philosophers, with all their consciousness of guilt, probably considered themselves as no worse than the rogues at the Old Bailey. In venturing to act upon such an impression, and declining to commit deliberate suicide, they exceeded all rational permission, in the opinion of the speculator; he accordingly pamphleted them all by name, declaring that they were, one and all, "intentionally dishonest"; and his list at last exceeded in length that of outlawed persons which appears on a certain day of every term. The poignant satire with which the same gentleman afterwards addressed a learned body which refused to discuss matters with him, and his elegant application of the term "craven dunghill cocks" to their council, is only not matter of public notoriety, because the public would not read.

There is a most offending class of persons called "great philosophers" and "great mathematicians." When some papers on the tides were published a few years ago, by a gentleman whose researches on that subject are well known to those who take an interest in the question, a periodical of respectable character was offended, not only with the results of the investigations, but with the use of Greek letters as mathematical symbols. It is sufficiently well known to all mathematicians, that the number of symbols which are requisite exceeds that of the Italic alphabet, and that the use of other alphabets is a convenience, and even a simplification. And were it not so, Laplace, in the researches which the individual in question was prosecuting, had employed those characters, in which it would have been difficult to avoid following him. All this, however, was as much known to our critic as the original Hebrew of the book of Job, and he accordingly wrote as follows, "Great mathematicians, like Mr. —, always use Greek characters. What pedantry!" The force of the satire lies in the words "great mathematicians." It is the figure of speech (we do not know the Greek name for it) with which Mrs. Honor, in *Tom Jones*, finishes poor Partridge, when he quotes Latin: she calls him a "great scholar." Many are the ways in which contempt can be signified: there is a writer who fulminates from a neighbouring country, and who used to vex the philosophers in a more effectual way than any of his school; for he transmitted pamphlets by the post. It was pleasant, after paying sundry pieces of silver to the revenue, for the individual addressed to find he had gained no more for his money than the information that Euclid was a fool, Newton a driveller, and, perhaps, a manuscript appendiculum to the effect that he himself was a liar. But the most decided hit of this gentleman lies in the phrase which he applies to the cultivators of science in England and France, — "the lads." "The lads must come round to my theory at last." N. B. Noblemen and others who write letters of encouragement to such persons, are hereby informed that the said letters are printed and circulated, with eulogiums on their judgments and taste. How would Lord ——— like to see his letter in the pages of this or of any other review, with an extract or two from the trash which it is meant to recommend.

But we have left poor M. Demonville waiting in the lobby all this time, while we have been showing up his predecessors and contemporaries. A curious brain he must have, but without malicious intent. Zealous for the honour of his country, he approaches the minister of public instruction with an introductory letter, in which, after stating that the academy has tacitly

declared him irrefutable, he says, "Would not the national honour be compromised if my system were universally adopted throughout Europe, without having obtained the formal approbation of a competent authority in France? The thought of this induces me to request you to authorise the public teaching of my theory, concurrently with that of Copernicus, and to assign me a *local* where I may explain it at certain periods." Let the French look to it: the preceding was written in 1835; three years have not elapsed before the truth has found its way over to England, and no *approbation formelle* has yet been issued. If M. le Ministre thought it would not be difficult to assign the proper *local*, but held his tongue from politeness, we can only say that he stole our idea before we had it.

A few words will serve for the description of the theory. Under the firmament of heaven, which is a vast crystalline sphere of subtil fluid well stuck with stars, there are but three bodies — the earth, the sun, and the moon. The earth is fixed, with the exception of a nodding motion of the poles of 23½ degrees yearly. The distance of the moon is 250 leagues, that of the sun 1500. The moon shines by her own light. The sun and moon make a complete revolution in each 24 hours, as does the sphere of the heavens. There is a solid plane, called the ecliptic plane, and all the southern stars are only reflections of the northern ones upon this ecliptic plane. Accordingly, the philosopher points out in his map the several stars on the southern hemisphere, and the northern ones from which they are produced. The planets have no real existence. Mercury and Venus are reflections of the sun's light upon the polar ice, and are fabricated upon the northern ice for the northerners, and upon southern for the southerners. The small planets are only reflections of reflections: they spring from Mercury and Venus. Mars is a reflection of the moon, Jupiter of the sun, and the four satellites are reflections of Mercury, Venus, Mars, and the moon. Saturn is a reflection of the earth, and its ring of the solar orbit. Uranus is a reflection of Saturn. Probably this will be sufficient.

The mathematics of M. Demonville beat even his astronomy. All the preceding is possible to any but a mathematician; since it seems to assert nothing more than that planets are optical delusions. There is no contradiction in the mere assertion of this, though the details of the system are opposed to all that is known of the manner in which light acts. It is possible to any but a mathematician that the earth may be a cube, or a large slab resting on pillars: it is possible, with the same reservation, that the laws of matter beyond our atmosphere may differ materially from those observed among us. It is easy to assert positively what does and does not take place a million of miles away from the earth: and all speculators should be bound over to do as M. Demonville has done; namely, to write something about those mathematical conceptions which are common to all the world. If the cosmical system before us be the sublime of presumption, the mathematics we now come to will be the ridiculous: the author proceeds from one to the other, as he should do, by one step, which is a little bit of *polemique* (as he calls it) with the Academy of Sciences, for their refusal to examine his theory.

After some complaints of the difficulties of principle existing in algebra, the philosopher proceeds to inform us, "that the elevation of powers, and the extraction of roots, those two marvellous instruments of algebra, are precisely the things which destroy its exactness; and it would be better to confine all operations to addition and subtraction, the true bases and limits of computation among men; for multiplication and division, in their true acceptance, are among the prerogatives of the Creator. We can add, or

subtract; but multiplication and division are creation and annihilation." After this dictum (which schoolboys will receive with gratitude, for though multiplication is a vexation, and division twice as bad, yet they have been hitherto forced upon the young without a single reflexion upon the impiety of the operations) the philosopher proceeds to explain his idea of unity, which is worth extracting, it being always remembered that the Academy of Sciences has made a report on these writings. "Philosophically speaking, I represented God to myself under the abstract and connected (or *connexe*) idea of *Good minus Evil* (*Bien-mal*). This union, this connexity, seemed to me necessary in order that the good might be meritorious, and really good, which, without this union, would not be the case, since there would not be the knowledge and consciousness of evil. By analogy, I thought that the principle of unity might also have a complex nature, and might be *something minus nothing*; for we cannot have an idea of the being *something*, except by comparison with the being *nothing*: to me, then, unity is *being minus nothing*, *one minus nothing*, $1-0$, which I call $1-\omega$." The connection of numbers with the attributes of deity is no new thing, but we soon come to a proposition of a charming novelty. The philosopher has heard that in algebra there is something called the power of nothing, which always means unity. It is a point of so simple a nature, that we can even explain it to the unscientific reader. If *ten* twos be multiplied together, as in twice two is four, twice four is eight, &c., the result is called the tenth *power* of two; and so of any other number. If, then, the tenth power of two be divided by, say the seventh power, it is plain that the quotient is the product of the three *twos* which would be used in passing by multiplication from the seventh to the tenth power: that is, the tenth power divided by the seventh power gives the third power. Similarly, the fifth power divided by the fourth power gives the first power, or the simple number. If we were to apply this rule to the division of the seventh power by the seventh power, the result (unmeaning at first, because the rule is pushed beyond its proper limits) should be the power *nothing* of 2, because seven diminished by seven is nothing. But if we examine the case, we see that the seventh power divided by itself, must give unity; so that if we use the "power nothing" of 2 at all, it must be as signifying unity obtained from a particular kind of division. The philosopher, who has just an idea that there is a power nothing in algebra, which is also unity, says, "since they are obliged to admit that the power nothing is one, they ought to grant me that nothing multiplied by nothing is one, which is the same thing." From this notable discovery he soon produces the result that *once one is two*. On this the philosopher subsequently remarks "my algebraical method is just and logical." As however, he has evidently meddled with the prerogatives of the Creator, if his own previous dictum be true, we shall not follow him further.

The first question that our readers will ask, must be, is the man mad? By no means; unless, indeed, all who undertake to reason on things they know nothing about are in the same predicament. The next will be, how could the Academy of Sciences, the former haunt of Laplace, Lagrange, and Cuvier, and the present one of Poisson, Arago, Biot, &c. &c. &c., undertake a formal report upon such a puerile display? We do not know whether there may not be a little secret underneath this. A few years ago, this very philosopher, the Demonville himself, whose *once one is two*, being in our country, managed to have his pretensions to some tremendous discovery represented to the late king; and his majesty, naturally enough, desired that the Royal Society should examine the claim. The intimation was of course immediately attended to, and a proper account of the discovery

was drawn up in a report which, if our information be correct, might have been advertised in any newspaper at their lowest charge. It is possible that Louis Philippe may have had a similar hoax played off upon him: at any rate, the Academy of Sciences holds a much more official position among the French than any body amongst us, and we believe they are in the habit of reporting pretty extensively. This, then, may be all right: but not for all the kings on earth, nor all the usage of ages, should even such a philosopher be answered by bad reasoning. It must be remembered that we take the following extract from the philosopher himself, but it is in marks of quotation, and the part from which it is taken purports to be the whole report of the committee: — “It would be a waste of the academy’s time to describe a system of which the most immediate result, for instance, would be to give the sun an apparent surface 2000 times greater than we see?” This is true in a sense: if M. Demonville’s figment about the sun’s size and distance be tested by mathematical rules, and a true theory of refraction, the preceding result should take place. But the philosopher has another figment about refraction, which should have either been noted and exposed, or the whole passed over in silence. It is true that the several hypotheses are so absurd, that no mortal who knows any thing about the matter would trouble himself to expose any one of them: but it is not one bit the less bad logic to refute one hypothesis by evading the mention of another, which, absurd though it be, is not more so than the one refuted. The report of course must be held to imply that nothing in the remaining part of the philosopher’s system is sufficient to refute the mathematical consequence of the portion which they have selected. This is perfectly true, but it should have been distinctly stated.

The attempt of our system-maker is one addition more to the number of those plans which proceed upon the supposition that every expression in the sacred writings which conforms to any philosophical hypothesis amounts to a revelation of that hypothesis. We have still among us those who wish to limit geological investigation by such a rule, though astronomy has long since escaped from the trammels. The best answer to all who would confine human inquiry by means of expressions used incidentally in writings which have religion and morals, and not philosophy, for their end and object, would be the publication of an account of the battle which was fought and won two centuries ago. For it must be observed, that the same persons who recoil from what they call the anti-mosaical results of geology, admit the astronomical system of our day without a murmur. But there is nothing more marked in either Testament, having reference to any philosophical hypothesis, than these phrases by which the stability of the earth is expressed. The older Copernicans, wishing to acknowledge the Bible as a revelation of philosophy quite as much as their opponents, endeavoured with great pains, but no success, to evade the passages produced against them, or to bring forward others of an opposite character. The question at last dropped of itself; common consent seemed to be obtained to the axiom, that the phenomena of nature should be investigated without any appeal to authority, except to that of God himself, in his own works. And if the dispute be revived, it should be remembered that the record of the former suit is in existence, and that its precedents are available.

We take the philosopher of *once one is two*, as an extreme instance, but at the same time, one which is not without use. Extreme cases show the natural tendency of opinions; and though it is necessary to use them with caution, they may yet be employed. In the case of a head so inconsistent and illogical as that of M. Demonville, we see to what ridiculous lengths self-

delusion may go, and remember that principles which, though wrong, may be used without danger of excessive absurdity by temperaments of a certain coolness, lead almost to insanity, when acting upon weaker minds. Thus the Oxford divine, who, within these few years, had the courage to say openly in print, "I deny the right of any sect to depart one atom from the standard which I hold to be the truth of Christianity," may possibly be a man of a benevolent temper, and his other opinions may, compared with these, be *enlightened*.* But put it into the head of a Kentish ploughman; he, too, has his standard of Christianity, and an impostor has persuaded him that himself is Jesus Christ. He, too, the ploughman, denies the right of any man to depart one atom from his standard of Christianity, and abets in shooting any officer of the law who attempts to arrest his leader. The consequences of absurd principles, whether in ethics or science, exhibit useful parallels; and it would be well if all who think them harmless when not actually carried into practice, would observe the extreme effects which they do, and may still produce. The hero of our present article, M. Demonville, and the Oxonian just cited, may be ranked together, one in physics, and the other in religion; as men of extremely strange notions; the one the sole depository of scientific investigation, the other of religious authority. It seems a matter of very little consequence that the former should believe Saturn to be the reflection of the earth, and that the latter should think himself entitled to dictate his own opinions to other people on pain of Divine displeasure: both appear to be quiet persons in their several ways, and free from all malice. But let us now change the characters, retaining the principles, and suppose the persons to be the philosopher mentioned in a preceding paragraph, with his list of seoundrels who would not procure him a review of his books, and one of the unfortunate and ignorant labourers to whom we have just alluded. The first embittered his whole life, and was only safe from the consequences of his scurrility through his utter insignificance; the second has fallen under the power of the law, and is paying its penalties. The consequences of the mathematical aberration are not so fearful as those of the religious one: the former does not lead to slaughter and transportation, but, attributing the mitigation of symptoms and consequences to the very different collateral excitements of the two, the rest of the parallel remains very close. Those who teach without knowledge, and those who dictate without authority, are cousins in absurdity: the family is a very numerous one; and though, as we hope, the deaths now exceed the births in their table of mortality, yet they must remain tolerably numerous for years to come. In the mean while it is competent to us to point out their little resemblances for the amusement of our readers, and also to bring them together from different quarters, for the sake of the light which they throw one upon the other. M. Demonville himself is the man to classify them; they are all reflections of two or three simple absurdities, the ether of which is reflected, not from the ice of the polar regions, but from the hotbeds of pride and ignorant zeal; and the different heavens, before which their pranks are played, are found to be each the counterpart of the others, as clearly as the southern hemisphere is the reflection of the northern in our philosopher's map.

* We dislike this cant term, in ordinary cases; but, after such a sentence as the preceding, it has a palpable meaning.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF MARTINEZ DE LA ROSA.

THE fame acquired by Martinez de la Rosa as a poet and author led to his elevation to the office of prime minister of Spain, when, upborne by public opinion, he took the place of Zea Bermudez, under the *Estatuto Real*; but scarcely had he gained it than, declaring himself against the Constitution of 1812, he was displaced by Toreno. Charged with exhibiting a childish weakness when he should have stirred up the nation by vigorous measures, the ex-minister has now the chagrin of beholding the reins of government handed over to Queen Christina and her illustrious Paladin, the Count of Luchana. Nothing more remains to him to wish for his country, than that she may be speedily restored to herself, and to her own proper energy, — to that great and holy despair with which providence inspires nations when it has not condemned them to perish. With that political regeneration we have not to deal at present. In Spain, as in every country which has recently undergone many changes of government, men's minds are accessible to corruption. Her literary regeneration, it must be admitted, is at least as respectable as her political one.

If the tragedies of prime ministers be not novelties to the world, the written ones may claim that distinction. Curiosity would lead us to read them, even were they devoid of the considerable merit which these possess. In spite of his labours for the elevation of the drama, and his able remarks upon the Spanish theatre in general, it is to be feared that the cause is a falling one, and that the era of the drama is fast passing away in Europe. The novel, the magazine, and the newspaper are beginning to supply that species of excitement which society, in a ruder age, was wont to seek in dramatic representations; for at a certain pitch of mental culture, the visible accessories of the stage (unless in the case of a great actor) serve rather to destroy, than to heighten the illusion. Martinez de la Rosa has endeavoured, by criticism and example, to restore the reign of good taste: his dramas are well sustained and dignified, founded upon patriotic arguments, and tending to excite abhorrence of "all the oppressions that are done under the sun." Without farther prologue we proceed to the analysis of the *Conjuracion de Venecia*.

"The Conspiracy of Venice" is founded upon the incidents which took place in the year 1310, in that city — the fertile mother of so many crimes — upon the occasion of the shutting of the grand council (*serrata del maggior consiglio*) by the doge Pietro Gradenigo, chief of the patrician party, who, by the creation of the famous Council of Ten, legally founded the hereditary aristocracy. "That hereditary aristocracy," says Sismondi, "so prudent, so jealous, so ambitious, which Europe regarded with astonishment; immoveable in principle, unshaken in power; uniting some of the most odious practices of despotism with the name of liberty; suspicious and perfidious in politics, sanguinary in revenge, indulgent to the subject, sumptuous in the public service, economical in the administration of the finances, equitable and impartial in the administration of justice; knowing well how to give prosperity to the arts, agriculture, and commerce; beloved by the people who obeyed it, whilst it made the nobles who feared its power, tremble." To give an exact idea of the principles and maxims of that government, and to preserve in the transference of their manners and customs the peculiar stamp

of the age and nation, with the view of holding up to execration the practices of tyranny, has been the object proposed to himself by the author, and in which, to a great degree, he has succeeded. The play possesses the merit of being among the first of those historical pictures in which a learned artistical delineation brings past ages to life upon the stage, proving the superior charm of truth, to that fanciful travestie which the subject would have undergone in the hands of an old Spanish dramatist. The fine Italian plays of Victor Hugo — his "*Angèle Tyran de Padoue*," and his appalling "*Lucrece Borgia*," are of the same character, interesting and imposing in the extreme from their historical accuracy; speaking like a living picture by Giorgione or Bellini. The *Conjuracion de Venecia* is written in prose. Like the modern French dramas of a similar character, it contains many speeches which are much too long; for their authors frequently forget that the essence of dramatic writing is *action*, and not description. A chapter from Count Daru's History of Venice, — contemporaneous fragments, such as the letters of the Doge Gradenigo himself, written to the ambassadors of the republic, and the governors of the provinces, giving an account of what had passed, afford such assistance to the author, that it is not certainly a high effort of invention to produce upon the scene the words of the judicial forms and ceremonies with which antiquarian research provides the student. Martinez de la Rosa has committed this fault in one instance, and the whole of the first act is filled with the speeches of the conspirators, and the exposition of their grievances in the narrative of history; — it is not, therefore, dramatic. A page from Muratori or Macchiavelli, detailing a conspiracy, does not become poetical and dramatic by being merely divided into portions with interlocutors affixed; for the essence of the drama, as we have said before, is action.

The first act represents a saloon at Venice in the palace of the ambassador of Genoa; — it is night. The ambassador, with his secretary, writing at a desk, await impatiently the arrival of the other conspirators to mature their plot. Marco Querini, Jacopo Querini, Tiepolo, Badoer, Maffei, Dauro, and others all masked, soon after enter. One of their number alone delays: it is Ruggiero, a young captain of Condottieri, who, after a time, arrives, gives the countersign, and is admitted. Spies had dogged him all the night, and with difficulty he had kept his appointment. The consultation begins; each noble expatiates upon the wrongs of the people, and his own privation of power by this new inroad upon the constitution, and an indiscriminate massacre of the doge Gradenigo and the exclusive party is resolved upon during a night of approaching carnival.

The second act represents the mausoleum of the family of the Morosini; various tombs are seen at both sides with statues and funereal emblems. At the farthest end is discovered a small chapel closed with an iron grate, and lighted by a lamp. There are sundry doors and windows; by one of these Pietro Morosini with two spies masked and in black dominoes enter in silence. Their discourse is of Ruggiero, whose entrance into the palace of the Genoese ambassador has been marked. He is become an object of suspicion to the stern senator. Suddenly a noise is heard, and the three conceal themselves. The door opens, and Laura appears clothed in white, with her hair in disorder, and holding an antique lamp in her hand. She has come to meet her clandestine husband, Ruggiero. Amid the silence and gloom of the pantheon, she prays before the image of the Virgin in the oratory. The voice of Ruggiero is heard in the distance singing from his gondola, and he thereafter appears climbing through a window, and throws himself into the arms of his spouse. The discourse of the lovers may be

conceived. He recounts his history; how he is an orphan without friend or stay in the world; how with his sword he had won his place as head of the Condottieri in the pay of Venice; and last of all, his dread that Giovanni Morosini, her father, will spurn him for his son-in-law on account of his obscurity. Laura comforts him with the hope that it may prove otherwise. Ruggiero swears that she shall be his in the face of the whole world; for that in fear of being rejected, and in hope of bettering his condition, he has conspired against the new government, the tremendous secret of which he communicates to her. At this moment the lamp expires; the two spies throw themselves upon him with their daggers at his breast, and drag him through the door. Laura falls down in a swoon. Pietro Morosini draws nigh to his niece, raises and contemplates her for a few moments in silence. The curtain falls.

The third act opens with a hall in the palace of the Morosini. Laura is seated on a couch; Matilda at her feet. The latter endeavours to persuade her companion that she has dreamt of the apparition of the two men in the tomb who tore away her husband. Nothing can dissipate her melancholy: she doubts, and yet believes that it is not a reality, and that Ruggiero will return in the evening. Her melancholy is changed into the liveliest joy at the result of a tender scene with her father, to whom she breaks the secret of her marriage with Ruggiero, and who, after a struggle, accords her his pardon, and expresses himself willing to be reconciled to her husband; but the account of his disappearance in the tomb disturbs him. His brother enters: —

Giovanni Morosini. I would wish to speak with thee a few moments, on a matter that concerns me much.

Pietro Morosini. Say what you wish — but delay not. Within an hour I must attend the tribunal. Why delay you?

Gio. I was thinking that you have no children, and that you might not understand me.

Pie. Wherefore these preambles? You have never used them with me.

Gio. Because I never found myself in the affliction which to-day — (*wipes a tear from his eye*). See you not, Pietro, see you not my weakness. I am about to receive a mortal blow; and, in fine, I am a man (*calms himself a little*). I have but one child, the only fruit of a hapless marriage. You knew her mother, and you knew with what love I loved her. In my daughter I beheld the picture of my poor Costanza, and her innocence and endearments consoled me for all my sorrows. I have educated her at my side, in my sight, without parting from her a single day, until my country's danger imposed upon me the sacrifice of separating myself from her. My heart would seem to have warned me that that absence was to cost me many tears.

Pie. What good does it serve to afflict yourself thus?

Gio. I returned, at last, after so many misfortunes, without another wish than to embrace my daughter. I found her more beautiful than ever, admired, beloved by all; and each day I founded upon her greater hopes; all have vanished to day; God has so willed it. My daughter is already a wife, Pietro. I neither ask you if you knew it, nor do I intend to excuse her; I desire only that you should learn it from my own mouth, that you may see what is my situation. Laura already is Ruggiero's: the Lord has blessed their union in his holy temple, and death alone can part them. My daughter loves her husband with all her soul; and I cannot live if I be deprived of her. I say no more to you.

Pie. But what is it that you wish of me?

Gio. Ruggiero has disappeared since last night, and you know for certain where he is.

Pie. I! am I perchance his keeper?

Gio. No, Pietro; but forget not that you are my brother. [*Pietro Morosini, casts down his eyes, and both are silent for a moment.*] At midnight, in our own dwelling, without forcing doors, or causing the slightest noise, two men, in ambuscade, have torn Ruggiero from the arms of my daughter, and she has found herself borne without knowing how from the mat-soleum to her own bed. I know the terrible office which you exercise; I know Venice these many years; and I know that, in it, not a man breathes without your knowledge. Deliver me, Pietro, deliver me, for the love of God, from this doubt, that I may give some comfort to my daughter. [*Observing that he is silent.*] Well, did I say; well, did I say before; how couldst thou comprehend my grief, who hast no children? But remember that thou hadst one, and mayest yet find thyself in my case. Already I have seen thee weep (it is

present to me as though it were yesterday), when thou didst learn that thy wife and tender babe had perished by the hands of the infidels, without having even the consolation of ransoming their bodies.

Pie. And wherefore do you remind me of it ?

Gio. I beheld thee afflicted, and I left thee not a moment. I slept at the side of thy bed, and when I saw thee master thy grief, I gave thanks to God, and prayed that he would make thee happy.

Pie. I have not forgotten it, Giovanni, nor was there need to recall it to my memory. Have I ever given thee the slightest cause of complaint ?

Gio. No; but what is enough for thee is not enough for me. Be not angry if I speak with the candour which should be between us. My grief gives me a right to this : I know not whether to attribute it to that awful calamity which left thee alone in the world, or to thy long absence, during thy government in Candia, or perhaps to that terrible office which makes thee see every hour the tears of the wretched flow. What is certain is, that I find not in thee that affection, that tenderness, which my heart is now begging of thee. It appears as if thine own had withered. This very day, this very day I lean upon thee full of sorrow, as the best friend God has given me; and in place of opening thine arms, or offering me the slightest comfort, thou hast heard my calamity as though it had been that of a stranger.

Pie. No, Giovanni. Do me not that wrong. I love my family as is just, and thee as a brother; but not for this do I forget what I owe to my country, and that God has one day to demand an account of me.

Gio. [*with eagerness*]. What sayest thou to me ?

Pie. [*replying with coldness*]. I have said nothing to thee; I merely answer thy complaints. I, too, might make against thee some charges for that weak and bending character which perhaps hath contributed to the perdition of thy daughter, and to the calamity which to-day has overtaken thee; but this is not a time to augment thy woes when there is no remedy.

Gio. Does none remain ? [*Pietro Morosini signs, with his hand towards heaven, and makes a motion to retire.*] Stay — hear at least — I ask no more ! [*Pietro delays, and reaches out his hand to him.*] Exact not, for the love of God exact not of me what I cannot do.

Gio. Tell me one thing only — lives Ruggiero ?

Pie. [*after hesitating some moments*]. He lives.

Gio. Thank God !

Pie. But do not tell it to your daughter !

Gio. Why ?

Pie. Because she will lament him twice. [*Exit slowly. Giovanni Morosini remains overwhelmed and confused.*]

Gio. There is no doubt — none, none — he is in the dungeons of the tribunal; and there, there is no hope. But what can be his crime ? Perhaps an imprudence, a word, is about to cost him his life, as it has cost so many others. No, no; my brother's silence announces a graver secret. And I have seen, in spite of his sternness, what it cost him to conceal it. If Ruggiero has conspired against the Republic — if any malcontents have prevailed over his inexperience — if the very desire to better his condition, and to appear more worthy of my daughter — how can I present myself before the unfortunate child, and what can I say to her ? She awaits me with the greatest anxiety, and expects from her father words of consolation, and I must prepare her to hear the death of her spouse — impossible ! impossible ! It would be to stab her to the heart with my own dagger. [*Makes a few steps involuntarily, as if to leave the hall.*] But whither do I go ? How can I leave her deserted thus ? The child of my heart has no other help than her father, and may never find herself in greater affliction. Perhaps they will break it suddenly to her that her husband has perished on the scaffold, and at the sound of those words my angel drops dead. No, I will go; I will go myself. This very moment I go. Since God ordains it, thus I will drink to the dregs the cup of bitterness. I know not what tremor is this that will not let me make a single step. I would go to comfort her, and I cannot for my own grief. My God — God of my life; thou who see'st what passes within my soul, have compassion upon me ! for the many sorrows and labours which I have endured in this world — for the blood which I have shed from my veins, combatting against the enemies of thy law — for the grief thou didst feel when thou sawest at the foot of the cross thine afflicted mother — console an unhappy father, or give him strength to bear.

The opening of the fourth act represents the piazza of St. Mark illuminated. At the bottom is the ducal palace, in the halls of which company are seen walking to and fro; music sounds from time to time. The famous columns raise their heads amidst the groups of people passing, and diverting themselves, the greater part in masks. The conspirators mingle with the soldiers. Spies, captains, sailors, dancers, and pilgrims pass and repass,

joking, singing, or exhibiting feats of jugglery. Suddenly the clock of Saint Mark strikes twelve, the arms of the conspirators flash in the light, their disguises are thrown aside, and they raise a shout of "*Venice and Liberty!*" The soldiers of the guard, on the other hand, cry "*Death to the traitors!*" and attack them. A terrible tumult ensues, — cries of treason are heard in the halls of the palace, — the gates are shut with a loud noise. A senator appears at the balcony, escorted by soldiers armed with pikes, and displays the standard of the Republic, shouting to the populace "*Saint Mark and Venice — the Republic for ever!*" The people respond with enthusiasm, — the noise and confusion increase. A bell tolls at intervals: the people fly on all sides, but the lion of St. Mark conquers, and the Republic is saved.

In the last act, the theatre represents the hall of audience of the tribunal of Ten, of a dark and gloomy aspect. At the lower end is formed a kind of semicircle, in which are stationed the judges, with the three presidents in front, with a table before them, and the others at the two sides. On the right hand of the judges, and a little lower, the seat and desk of the secretary are placed. Above the balustrade of the tribunal is written the word *Justice*. At the left hand of the judges is seen the door of the chamber of torture, with the motto *Truth*; and at the right hand another door, covered with a black curtain, which leads to the chamber of execution; above is written the word *Eternity*. On both sides of the stage are various doors, by which the witnesses and other actors enter and depart. A hatch in the floor indicates the entrance to the subterraneous dungeons. It is night. An antique lamp casts a feeble light over the place. Upon the table of the president are seen a book, a desk, the urn of the votes, and an hour-glass of sand.

Pietro Morosini commands the secretary to read the sentence of the conspirators who have escaped with life. The Querinis, Tiepolo, Boemundo, and those of most consequence have already been slain in the conflict; their partisans, among the common people, drowned in the canal of Orsano, their palaces and houses demolished, and their dust cast into the sea. The act of accusation against Ruggiero is then gone through with the usual formalities. The first witness, strongly suspected of being an accomplice, is Julian Rossi, a soldier, who had accompanied Ruggiero in all his enterprises, and who inhabited the same house with him. The scene begins to assume great interest, and is tragical in the highest degree: —

Secretary. What is your name?

Rossi. Julian Rossi.

Sec. Your age?

Ros. Forty-three years.

Sec. Your native place?

Ros. Modena.

Sec. Your profession?

Ros. Arms.

Sec. How long have you been in the service of Venice?

Ros. Four years, more or less.

Sec. Under what captain?

Ros. Ruggiero.

Sec. Did you know him long previously?

Ros. Yes! I knew him, and loved him as if he had been my son.

Sec. What intimate relations have taken place between you that you are the only one who dwells with him?

Ros. That would be long to tell. He saved my life in a battle at Ferrara. He is not like other Condottieri; no! to save one of his men he would shed his own blood; and I, like a man in debt to him, asked him one favour — no more: not to part from him all my life. Is there any wrong in this? He is so good as to tell me there is.

Sec. What persons enter his house?

Ros. Many.

Sec. Who?

Ros. His soldiers to bless him, and the miserable whom he helped.

Sec. But had he no intimacy or connection with some of the suspected persons? why don't you answer?

Ros. Because I do not understand the question.

President 2d. Do you know the punishment that awaits you if you fail in the smallest tittle of the truth?

Ros. Signior, I do not fail in it; but how can I say what I do not know?

Sec. Do you not remember to have said a short time ago that you were ready to obey the orders of Ruggiero in a certain very dangerous enterprise?

Ros. I do not remember to have said such a thing.

Sec. One night?

Ros. Certainly not.

Sec. Before a woman?

Ros. Not in the least.

Sec. Being seated at his very table?

Ros. I do not remember, upon my faith, but if I said that I would do whatever my captain commanded me, it is the pure truth; I never deny what I feel.

Sec. And if Ruggiero had plotted any conspiracy against the Republic? [*Rossi gives no answer. The judges redouble their attention.*] I would also be willing to obey him. Is not that what your silence would say?

Ros. [*with eagerness*]. No, signior, no; when I am silent I say nothing.

Sec. But if Ruggiero himself had commanded it?

Ros. My captain never commands what ought not to be done.

Sec. But if by chance he had done so this once?

Ros. But if, signior, this be not possible?

Sec. The witness would have made haste to have brought him before the tribunal. Is that not the truth? — why do you lower your eyes?

Ros. If my lord, the judge, says things that make an honest man blush?

Sec. These subtleties are vain here: answer precisely, yes, or no.

Ros. [*with resolution*]. Then, signior, I accuse nobody; and my captain least of all. [*Morosi rings the bell — the Subaltern enters, receives an order in a whisper, and draws nigh to Rossi*]. This gives me to understand that I may now depart; but I would ask the tribunal one favour. I have neither mother nor sons; they can do with me what they please, — even so as this life is worth so little; but I would feel to leave this world before seeing the face of my captain, and before giving him a parting embrace. I will not say to him a single word; although it were with the gag in my mouth. Nothing more than to see him and to press his hand. We have looked on death together many times before, and now we should understand it. [*The President 2d makes a sign to withdraw him: he exclaims in going*] My poor captain, now I shall never see thee more unless it be in heaven. [*They lead him out by the same door by which he entered.*]

SCENE III.

The same minus Rossi.

Sec. Moreover, there results another proof against Ruggiero from the confession of Maffei. In spite of his obstinate silence, he named him among his accomplices at the seventh turn of the torture.

Mor. Is it known if he has returned to himself?

Sec. 'Tis probable.

Mor. Then let him come to ratify his declaration, in order that it may be valid. [*Rings, enter the Subaltern, who goes for Maffei.*]

SCENE IV.

The same — MAFFEI. [They bring him forth from the Chamber of Torture.]

Mor. Count Maffei, by order of the tribunal, there is about to be read to you in your presence, the confession which you made naming your accomplices. Listen to it with attention, and ratify it upon oath if you find it conform to the truth. So help you God. [*Secretary reads*] "Juan Maffei, native of Verona, comprehended in the case of conspiracy against the Republic, and strongly suspected of having been one of its principal promoters, was put to the torture at eleven o'clock yesterday night, and at the end of the half hour, at the seventh turn, after having begged for the love of God that they would let him breathe at least, offered to declare the accomplices of his crime. The judge acceded to his demand, threatening him with increase of the rigour of the proof if he failed in the truth which

was exacted of him; and finding himself in the said case, he named as the principal conspirators the patricians Marco and Jacopo Querini, Boemundo, Tiepolo, Andrea Dauro, and the said Ruggiero, the which being seen, and that in a few moments he lost his senses, the proof was suspended, and the said act was given for finished."

Pre. 2d. Has the accused been informed of the document which has just been read?

Maf. Yes, signior.

Pre. 2d. Does he find it in all things conform to the truth?

Maf. I know not.

Pre. 2d. But has he not himself named clearly and distinctly those now mentioned as his chief accomplices?

Maf. I do not remember.

Pre. 2d. It is plain, notwithstanding.

Maf. It may be so.

Pre. 2d. What is there to remember in having named them?

Maf. My mouth may have done so, but not I.

Pre. 2d. And does not the man answer for what his mouth utters?

Maf. For what I have said in my torture the executioner must answer.

Pre. 2d. In the mere act of naming them your conscience must have suggested them.

Maf. No, but my agonies.

Pre. 2d. And why did you name these and no others?

Maf. Because at that moment your own names did not occur to me [*silence*].

Mor. Juan Maffei, the tribunal judges without passion and without anger; neither supplications soften, nor insults exasperate it. Think on your situation, and that within a few short hours, perhaps, you will have to give a strict account of all your words and deeds.

Maf. Ay, I know it.

Mor. Search well your breast, and answer the truth as if you already were in the presence of God.

Maf. To him I will answer it, not to you.

Mor. Why?

Maf. Because I do not fear your punishment, and I confide in his mercy.

Pre. 3d. For the third and last time you are required to declare your accomplices.

Maf. One alone I had.

Pre. 3d. Who?

Maf. My conscience.

Pre. 3d. Did thy conscience incite thee to conspire against the state?

Maf. My conscience dictates to me that the enemies of God are mine.

Pre. 3d. And whom do you designate the enemies of God?

Maf. Those who represent him upon earth.

Pre. 3d. Are you ignorant to what you expose yourself if you persist in your obstinacy?

Maf. I only desire to die.

Pre. 2d. Not even that is granted to you now. [*Rings the bell, and as the Subaltern enters, signs to conduct him again to the Chamber of Torture.*]

Maf. [*shrieking in terror*]. Again! [*The Subaltern commands him to follow*] Give me strength to bear, O God, and if I die in agony, receive me to thy arms!

The tribunal continue their examinations, and Laura and Matilda are brought before them in the same manner. Nothing can be elicited from the former, except that she is impatiently expecting the arrival of her husband, for whose delay she cannot account. They are withdrawn, and the officer is commanded to bring forward Ruggiero, who has undergone the torture, having already attempted to end himself by refusing all sustenance. Disfigured and disheartened, appalled in the same holyday garb in which he had been captured, he is led into the hall by the officers.

Sec. Draw near. [*The Secretary presents the open book to Ruggiero, who places his hand upon it.*] You swear by God and his Holy Evangelists, to tell the truth in whatever is asked of you, although it should cost you your life.

Rug. I swear.

Sec. If you do so, God will keep it in mind, and if you be perjured, you will neither avoid the punishment of man, nor the other greater one in eternity. [*They leave Ruggiero on the seat of the accused fronting the Secretary,—the Subaltern and officers retire.*]

Mor. Your name?

Rug. Ruggiero.

Mor. Your age?

Rug. Twenty-six years.

Mor. Your country ?

Rug. [*in a dispirited tone*]. I know it not myself.

Mor. But where were you born ?

Rug. I am ignorant.

Mor. And how can you be ignorant of it ? [*Ruggiero bows his head, and does not answer.*]
Whence came your parents ?

Rug. My parents ! [*Places both hands on his face.*]

Mor. Why do you weep. Are they alive then ?

Rug. I never knew them in my life.

Mor. But of what family are you ? [*Ruggiero is silent.*] You are not ashamed to tell it ?

Rug. I have not had, since I was born, any aid save that of Providence.

Mor. According to that, your parents abandoned you ?

Rug. They were not so cruel ; it is the only misfortune from which God has preserved me. The unfortunates perished in a vessel on the same day that I became a captive.

Mor. What say you ? Have you been a captive ?

Rug. I was in my youth, that in this life I should not possess even one happy day.

Pre. 2d. And what are his misfortunes to us ? His crime is all we have to deal with.

Mor. Continue, Ruggiero, continue. How did they take you ? In what garb ? Whither did they conduct you ?

Rug. I remember nothing, I was so young, only that I was found in Alexandria, where a Religious of the Redemption ransomed me with alms.

Mor. But did you never gain any knowledge respecting your family and country ?

Rug. The holy father did all in his power to ascertain who I was, but he discovered nothing.

Mor. Nothing absolutely ?

Rug. Only that they captured me in a Greek bark on the coast of Candia.

Mor. Of Candia ?

Rug. Almost all the Christians perished in the combat, and I myself was found covered with blood on the bosom of my mother ; but I had not the felicity to die with her.

Pre. 3d. What ails you ?

Mor. [*rising from his seat*]. Leave me, leave me, — Ruggiero is it the truth that you have spoken ?

Rug. What interest would I have to deceive you ?

Mor. [*in the middle of the stage*]. Look at me, look at me Ruggiero. Does your heart say nothing ?

Rug. [*rising*]. That you are about to pronounce my sentence.

Mor. No, my son, no. Have mercy on thy father ? [*Goes to embrace Ruggiero, who steps back surprised. Morosini falls senseless. The Secretary runs to assist him, — some Judges rise from their seats. The President 2d rings the bell, and the Subaltern and Officer enter.*]

Pre. 2d. Bear him to the palace by the secret bridge, and give him all the assistance his situation demands. Continue the trial. [*Officers bear away Morosini.*]

Rug. [*who had remained motionless, as if thunderstruck*]. Can it be possible. My God, can it be possible ? No, no ; Thou art not like men, and wilt not grant me at this hour what I have prayed for in vain so many times.

Pre. 2d. Where were you, Ruggiero, four nights ago ?

Rug. If this should be my father, — if the blood of Laura be the same as that which runs in these veins ; if the unfortunate should hear of my death.

Pre. 2d. Why do you not answer ? Do you think your silence will obliterate the charge ?

Rug. And, perhaps, he himself has contributed to my ruin ; and has recognised his son only to see him perish on a scaffold.

Pre. 3d. Ruggiero, for your own sake return to yourself, and do not abandon your defence. Consider the moments are precious, and that they will not return if you lose them.

Pre. 2d. Where were you four nights ago ? With whom did you speak ? Of what did you treat ? Reply.

Rug. All that they may have said is true. Leave me.

Pre. 2d. Is it true that you have conspired against the Republic ?

Rug. If you know it why do you ask ?

Pre. 3d. Weigh, Ruggiero, weigh well your words ?

Rug. I know not how to lie, or to break my oath.

Pre. 2d. Have you not heard it ? Enough. [*Rings the bell, enter the Subaltern and Officer. and carry off Ruggiero by one of the side doors.*]

Pre. 2d. [*on foot, and reading the form in the book ; all the Judges rise*]. Ministers of this Tribunal, to whom the Republic has entrusted the scales and the sword, you swear to pronounce the sentence according to what your conscience shall dictate, without human passion, attending solely to the public weal and the vindication of the laws.

Judges. We swear.

Pre. 2d. Place your right hand on your heart, your heart free from fear and hope, and your hand clean from innocent blood.

Judges. So be it!

Pre. 2d. And if thus you do not, God will demand it of you strictly on the day which has no end. [*The Secretary takes the urn and passes it before the Judges, who cast into it a black ball each; the President then examines the votes, and pronounces, standing, the sentence.*] Death. [*Writes some words on a paper — affixes the seal of the Tribunal, and thereafter gives it to the Secretary. The latter carries it to the Chamber of Execution, and returns after a few minutes. In the mean time the President 2d rings the bell, and the officers bring in Ruggiero a second time.*]

Pre. 2d. Ruggiero! the tribunal has judged thee guilty of the conspiracy against the Republic, and condemned thee to the punishment of traitors. [*Ruggiero shudders — the President inverts the hour-glass of sand.*] Prepare thyself to appear within a few brief moments before the tribunal of God. Man has condemned thee in his justice. He will look upon thee with mercy. [*Silence.*] Hast thou aught to declare?

Rug. Nothing; I would only wish to beg one favour, which would make my last moments less bitter.

Pre. 2d. What is it you seek?

Rug. To speak alone with the President Morosini; and not to carry to the grave this cruel doubt.

Pre. 2d. It cannot be, Ruggiero; after condemnation it is only lawful for the accused to speak with the minister of religion, who consoles him at that hour.

Rug. One moment, at least, to know if he gave me being, and to have the satisfaction, once in my life, of embracing my father.

Pre. 2d. Impossible, impossible.

Rug. For the love of God, grant me this favour, and I pardon you. What would you more of me?

Pre. 3d. It is not in the power of the Tribunal to accede to thy supplication; believe, if it was, it would not deny thee.

Rug. I wish not to retard my death — only to see him — to throw myself at his feet, and to beseech him not to abandon an unfortunate wife. Have you no fathers or wives?

Pre. 2d. In this place we are only ministers of the laws.

Rug. And what law is there in the world that prohibits a son from embracing his parent? I ask no more of you — nothing more — to receive the blessing of my father, and deliver my soul to God.

Pre. 2d. Lose not the time in vain. Every grain of sand that you see falling is an instant of your life.

Rug. Yes, I know it. Think you it is the fear of death that makes me shed these tears?

Pre. 2d. Execute, without delay, the orders of the Tribunal. [*The Secretary beckons to Ruggiero that he must follow him — the Subaltern and Officer place themselves at his side.*]

Rug. Yes, yes, it is indeed my father; when I cannot even at the point of death have the consolation of seeing him. [*When near the Chamber of Execution, he stops and raises his voice.*] Adieu! my father, adieu! Why do you not hear the voice of your son? [*Laura, hearing his accents, flings open the door of her chamber and rushes into the arms of Ruggiero — the Judges rise in surprise — Matilda enters behind her mistress.*]

Laura. At last thou art here.

Rug. Laura!

Pre. 2d. [*issuing from within the bar*]. Separate them instantly.

Lau. Take it, Ruggiero, take it — guard it while you live. [*Places her portrait round his neck.*]

Rug. God of my soul, what crime has this unfortunate committed?

Pre. 2d. Why wait you — obey or tremble! [*The Subaltern and Officer tear away Ruggiero by force. The Secretary and Matilda separate Laura, and lead her to a distance.*]

Lau. No, no, why do you tear me from my spouse?

Rug. Adieu, Laura! forget not your Ruggiero, and pray to God for him.

Lau. Whither do they lead you? Remember that my father awaits us.

Rug. Thy father! Say to mine that now he has no son.

Lau. [*tearing herself from the others, and running towards him*]. Hear, Ruggiero!

Rug. [*in a faint voice*]. Adieu! [*On entering the Chamber of Execution the curtain swings back, Laura discovers the scaffold and falls backward lifeless. Matilda receives her in her arms.*]

Lau. Christ Jesus!

Martinez de la Rosa is also the author of the "Widow of Padilla," a tragedy, founded upon the wars of the *Comunidades* against Charles the Fifth, written in imitation of Alfieri, in blank verse; "Morayma," a

tragedy, on a Moorish subject, also in imitation of the Italian tragedian, having its scene in the court of Boabdil, at Granada; "Edipus," a classical tragedy, upon an argument without interest for modern days; and a drama in prose, called "Aben Humeya; or, the Revolt of the Moors under Philip the Second." He is also the author of one comedy, called "The Daughter at Home and the Mother at the Masquerade," written in the redondilha verses of the old comedies, without their admixture of other lyrical measures, and with all the intricacy of plot peculiar to them. We cannot say that this attempt appears to us so successful as the others; it is neither Calderon nor Molière, and it would be almost impossible to decide, after reading it, whether the scene, manners, and conversations described were those of the seventeenth or of the nineteenth century. It may, however, be completely Spanish, for the applause with which it has been received in America and Spain, proves that manners are yet far behind European civilisation. The regular tragedies of the author are all

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.

And even of the others, such as "Aben Humeya," and the "Conspiracy of Venice," it must be owned, that they are not exclusively Spanish and characteristic. They might have been written by a German, an Italian, a Frenchman, or an Englishman. Civilisation and criticism seem to have generalised poetic forms and diction over all Europe. No modern Spaniard could now write a play like one of Calderon's, and the name of this poet naturally leads us to notice the critical remarks of Martinez de la Rosa upon the Spanish theatre, which he has divided into various epochs. To us one era comprehends the whole; we regard neither the infancy nor the decline of art, its age of maturity is that from which we judge it, that age is typified in one man's name. The Spanish theatre was in the hands of the contemporaries of Lope de Vega when Philip the Third died in 1621, and from that time various symptoms appeared which announced the near approach of a new era, even more flourishing and glorious than the preceding one. That sovereign had shown little affection for dramatic diversions, and his court naturally reflected his pusillanimous and devout character; but as soon as Philip the Fourth ascended the throne, every thing changed its aspect; a youthful monarch, a lover of letters, of poetry, and, above all, of the theatre; a palace open from one end to the other to genius and the muses; powerful nobles, interested in amusing the prince, so that he might not hear, amidst the noise of festivals, the complaints and supplications of the people; love and gallantry, displaying at full length their alluring charms, an intercourse more peaceful, customs more refined, if not more pure, manners more courteous and easy; all, in fine, contributed to present to the dramatists a field admirably adapted for the display of their genius. The accounts of the magnificent feasts with which, in that reign, the court diverted themselves, appear like the descriptions of novels or Oriental tales, among which dramatic spectacles occupy a prominent place. The sumptuous theatre of Buen Retiro, and the frequent representations celebrated before the monarch, are yet recorded, as well as the tradition founded upon his taste for the stage, that he was himself the author of many dramatic compositions.

In circumstances so prosperous, and at the decline of Lope de Vega, a powerful rival presented himself in the field, destined to banish from the stage the man who had exercised over it so absolute an empire, — such was Calderon. Endowed with a genius the most acute, an imagination not so

vehement as bold and florid, with an invention less vast than that of Lope de Vega, but more subtle and artificial, not so rich in diction, although as easy and pure, a good versifier, although not so great a poet, it appeared as if Calderon was born to occupy the post which his celebrated predecessor was about to vacate, and even to prove his own superiority. Of noble family, good education, and well received in a court so polite and cultivated, henceforward he could observe the vast and pleasing picture which presented itself to his view, and give to his elocution and style that soft and limpid varnish which so much pleases upon the theatre.

But unfortunately the qualities of this poet, his age and nature, influenced him disadvantageously, and contributed to lead him astray from the true path. The talents of Calderon were great, his instruction by no means scanty, although not sufficiently sound and select; he was born in an era of contagion, in which affectations and *culteranismo* flowed in from all parts; he saw before him a Lope, who had excelled so much by casting aside the trammels of art, he himself felt more inclination to shine by the spontaneous gifts of his genius, than by such as were acquired at the cost of continual labour and painful observation, and found it more easy and ready to paint with freedom and grace, than to censure or describe faithfully living manners and characters. The bent of his genius, the example of other dramatists, the taste of the public, all invited him to study in his dramas novelty and artifice, more than imitation and truth, sure of concealing, by the liveliness and brilliancy of his colours, the faults in the correctness of the design. It was unfortunate also, that at that period dramas on religious subjects, especially *autos sacramentales* were in great vogue, which being represented at solemn festivals, and under the more immediate protection of authority, acquired greater reputation for their authors, although it could not fail to happen, that when subtlety of genius was the gift in most requisition, these allegorical and sublimated compositions should please in the highest degree, and that he, who, like Calderon, felt himself most capable of shining in these sort of compositions, should with difficulty refrain from writing them.

At a time more rude and simple, and, as it were, in the leading-strings of infancy, Spanish comedy had begun to admit kings and illustrious personages upon the stage, and if it had afterwards continued to do so with applause, it was not expected that it would renounce, in the reign of Philip the Fourth, such ambitious pretensions, or reduce itself to modest mediocrity. The protection of the court, its luxury, and taste for gaudy spectacles, led poets to dedicate themselves to *heroic comedies*. The taste of that day also inclined them to every thing that was bombastic and pompous. It was the part in these arguments to give a greater play to the imagination, to elevate the tone of the style, to ennoble the phraseology, to show more artifice in the versification; in a word, all that most pleased the public, and cost the least to the writers. It is not wonderful that they were pleased with such compositions; more confident in excelling in them by their genius, than fearful of the dangers that threatened their reputation with posterity.

Calderon was far from avoiding them, and he who, at the age of thirteen, had commenced by composing the "Car of Heaven," gave sufficient reason to fear, that with his bent of mind, and the grateful reception of the public, he would involve himself more and more in such inauspicious attempts. So it happened effectually. Calderon misspent the greater part of his strength in the composition of *heroic dramas*, in which the bad selection of the arguments, although at times not devoid of interest and beauty,

destroyed all merit; but nothing else could be hoped for from comedies founded upon the prowess of the great Zenobia, or on the life of Semiramis, called the "Daughter of the Air," upon the stories of Roldan and the giant Galable, in the "Bridge of Amantifre," upon a prince of Poland, immured by his father like a wild beast, upon the pride of Coriolanus, and the tears of Vetulia, and other similar subjects so unfit for comedy. That the poet should take no heed of the verisimilitude of the plan, of the natural course of the incidents, or of the truth of the characters, that he should burlesque history, confound facts, and commit the grossest faults in geography and chronology, not aiming at painting so many various customs conformably to the nation, the time, and other circumstances which each drama requires, naturally followed, and that he should rest satisfied with heaping up incident upon incident, weaving intricate plots, and raving in high sounding phrase, which the depraved taste of the public applauded as sublime. Of this "style ornate" the following passage from "Life, a Dream," is a fair specimen; but "*mettendolo Turpino aneh io lo messo*," as Ariosto says.

Clarín [to *Segismund*]. Say what is that hath given thee most delight
Above all things that here have met thy sight?

Segismund. Nothing do I admire :
All was foretold me ; but if I desire
Aught in this world, 't will be
Woman's divine enchanting majesty,
And I remember me, I read
Whilome in books that what 'bove all display'd
Nature's divinest plan,
As being a world within himself, was man.
I think the work to which most care was given
Was woman, for she is herself a heaven,
And by her beauty's spells
As far as heaven does earth, she man excels ;
And more, if it be one I now admire.

Rosaura [apart]. The Prince is here, I therefore must depart.

Segis. Ho ! woman ! stand at least,
Join not the west unto the orient east ;
Nay, fly not at first sight,
And join the bright day to the gloomy night,
Remove those eyes and lips,
And doubtless thou wilt cause the day's eclipse :
But sure mine eyes deceive !

Ros. What I behold I doubt, and yet believe.

Segis. The beauty she would hide
I've seen before.

Ros. Sure I this pomp and pride
Beheld before in strife
Within a dungeon.

Segis. Lo ! I have found my life !
O woman ! for that name
Has on a man the most endearing claim,
Who art thou ? dost thou know
Thou to thy Prince dost adoration owe,
Though ne'er beheld by thee ? but I,
My claim by other rights will justify.
Methinks I saw before
The heavenly beauty that I now adore.
Fair creature what's thy name ?

Ros. [apart]. I must dissemble. I am Estrella's dame,
Midst stars a feeble ray.

Segis. No, say not so, — a bright sun rather say,
From which her star's pale light
Borrows its splendour, shining but by night.
I saw amidst the bowers,

That in the kingdom of perfumes and flowers
 The rose's deity
 Was held as empress, born of fairest tree,
 I saw midst jewels fine
 In the rare knowledge of each various mine
 Preferred the diamond stone
 Above them all, as it most brilliant shone ;
 I, in the clear and high
 Republic of the still revolving sky
 Beheld that loftier far
 Than all the rest shone the bright Morning Star,
 And in the highest spheres,
 Where the sun calls the planets as his peers,
 Beheld him in his might,
 Hailed the great oracle of day and night : —
 How then, if midst the jewels, stars, and flowers,
 The fairest and most beauteous have most powers,
 And rise the most exalted, hast thou shown
 Obedience to less beauty than thine own
 As being lovelier far,
 Rose, diamond, sun, and flower, and Morning Star ?

Of the heroic comedies few specimens have been translated for the British public. It cannot be denied that they are sometimes full of fancy. It would be difficult to select one of the most characteristic scenes which would be of reasonable limits, or to copy the hyperbolical flights of the original, which, in many instances, are playful and ironical, more than in the "Ercles vein." As Holofernes says in "Love's Labour Lost," we must say of the hero of "Life, a Dream," — "His humour is lofty, his discourse pe-re-mptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour, vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd as it were, too peregrinate, as we may call it."

And so much for the heroic comedies. The merit of Calderon cannot then be estimated by this class of composition so celebrated in his day and so discredited in ours, but by the talent which he has displayed in others of which he may be considered, if not as the father, at least as one of those who contributed the most to ennoble them : — we mean the comedies of the *Sword and Cloak*, so termed on account of the dress in which they were performed. These comedies cannot be said, more than the others, to fulfill the end which they ought to have proposed ; but it was then no little merit to make Comedy come down from the clouds, and teach her to walk upon the earth : it was a farther step in advance to present upon the stage pictures of civil life, domestic intrigues, and common occurrences between private individuals, by which she gained not only arguments more fitted to comedy, but an improved style, dialogue, and versification, assuming a tone more tempered and becoming, instead of deafening the ear with empty sentences, and sounding periods. Unfortunately, Calderon did not aspire to the honourable title of a censor of manners ; perhaps, because in his day he thought it useless, if not dangerous ; and finding himself in a court of feasting and gallantry, protected and flattered, he thought it more secure to swim with the current, and to employ his talent in gilding the brilliant vices of the court which he saw extolled in all quarters, than to present them in their naked deformity upon the stage, to chastise and banish them. This is the heaviest imputation that can be made against him, since we frequently see in his comedies vicious actions not only pardoned and ennobled, but also crowned with fortune and success ; instead of having proposed to himself, as he ought, to exhibit the vices and ridiculous defects which society presented in his day for the purpose of exercising against them the fine weapons of his

wit. Had he done this, he would not only have caused great good in place of harm, but by proposing to censure in each drama a vice or a defect, and devoting himself to a precise delineation of characters as various as they are in the world, his pictures, like them, would have had infinite variety also ; but the poet persisting in forging dramas by means of weaving plots, and carrying the suspended curiosity from one scene to another, became in the end a confirmed mannerist. Some incidents are found so often repeated in his comedies, that they become quite hackneyed ; and for all that regards characters, the list is briefly filled up with one set of gallants, valiant and favoured ; another, angry and jealous ; one set of ladies enamoured and forward ; another, complaining and importunate ; fathers harsh and cruel, brothers bullying, servants insolent, and buffoons intermeddling.

Besides invention and artifice, Calderon possessed many other qualities of great price ; and although severe taste may now-a-days condemn in his plays so many flowers and points of wit, there will always remain to admire the gentle urbanity, the pure diction, and the agreeable versification. One of these flights of fancy is met with in the "*Principe Constante*," where a comparison of stars with flowers, and of flowers with stars, is introduced in two *concerted sonnets*. With all their faults, these two sonnets are so beautiful, and so perfectly in Calderon's style, that they may be quoted as examples. Prince Fernando, a captive, brings flowers to the Princess Phœnix. After all sorts of fine things have been uttered, Fernando says, —

"*Estas que fucron pompa y alegria.*"

These flowers which now their glowing pomp unfold,
Waking beneath the eyelids of the morn,
Shall, when day sinks, with drooping leaves forlorn,
Sleep in embraces of the midnight cold. —
These gorgeous tints, which vie with heaven, adorning
Bright Iris, streaked with purple, jet, and gold,
Shall be to mortal life a symbol warning
How much of grief doth one brief day behold. —
The Rose, she hails the morning but to bloom,
And blooms but soon to fade in lonely bowers,
A tomb and cradle for her brief perfume ;
One little bud, — and such man's fortune towers,
Which in a day is born and meets its doom
In woe, for ages past were once but hours.

To this Phœnix replies in a strain somewhat too poetical even for an Oriental princess, —

"*Essos rasgos de luz, essas centellas.*"

Those lamps of fire, those gems whose lightnings shine
Through the dark depths of purple gloom intense,
Die in the unapparent when divine,
Their sun-lit splendours morning's rays dispense ; —
They are nocturnal flowers that bloom afar,
Ephemeral is their beauty as their hours,
For if but lasts a day the age of flowers,
A night is all the lifetime of a star : —
And from their spring so fair and fugitive,
Our weal or woe may we by turns imply ;
Recorded, though the sun should die or live : —
On what duration then shall man rely,
Or what sad change shall mortals not receive,
From stars which every night are born and die ?

In so far as respects his contemporaries, Calderon could not fail to enchant them. Many of his defects were then reputed beauties ; and in an age of wit and gallantry how could it do otherwise than delight, to behold ladies so discreet and impassioned, lovers so devoted and punctilious with a challenge always on their lips, and their hands always on their swords ! Lope de Vega had raised comedy from its rudeness and rusticity by making it more

decorous and ornate: in Calderon we already see the poet of the court, and of the court of Philip the Fourth. The elegant figures of Velasquez or Vandyke live and move before us; we fancy we see them with their taper hands, their eagle profile, and their glowing eyes, at once mild and sarcastic; some grave and dignified in their furred cloaks and dark flowing mantles, like the senators of Paul Veronese; others, elegant and graceful in their habits of black satin, with their plumed hats and long Toledo rapiers, exhibiting in the dress of that day (as, for example, in that magnificent portrait of Don Luis de Haro, which last season adorned the British Institution) the reflex of the last expiring rays of chivalry: — such are his comedies of actual life; or we have, in his devotional pieces, the flower of Christian culture as developed by Catholicism. The poetry of Luis de Leon, simple, classic, and sublime, does not give us back the saints and virgins of Murillo more completely than some of the soaring flights of Calderon. No poets, no painters, not even the Italians themselves, have succeeded better in delineating the raptures of pious love, and the excesses of ascetic devotion. That fine St. Francis by Murillo, which also hung last year in the Institution, might find a double in the Cyprian of Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso*; — the abstraction from worldly thought, — the rapt contemplation “devout and pure” of the pious Cenobite, —

“ ————— descansada vida
La del que huye del mundanal ruido,
Y sigue la escondida,
Senda por donde han ido,
Los pocos sabios que en el mundo han sido!”

the spirituality of Christianity, its mode of seeing and considering the universe, are all expressed to perfection in poetry, instinct with peculiar beauty, and of a character exclusively Spanish, in that magnificent language too, which, before all others, has been said to be worthiest for the adoration of God. We hail his saintly heroine Justina, as though she were one of Murillo's virgins. *Ave Maria gratia plena!* *

* What, for instance, can be finer than the following? —

“ODE ON THE ASCENSION,

“*Y dexas Pastor Santo.*

“And leavest thou, Pastor Holy!
Thy flock in this dark wilderness and maze?
Midst fear and melancholy,
Dost thou, in glory's blaze,
Calmly ascend to the Infinite of Days?
“The wise, the good, the blest,
Rejoicing once but now in mournful guise,
The cherished in thy breast,
Who now shall sympathise
With them, or who shall charm their longing eyes?
“What shall those eyes behold
That saw the beauties of their Heavenly Lord,
That can delight unfold?
By whom that heard thy word
Will not the world's harsh discord be abhorred?
“This dark and stormy ocean
Who shall control? What power the winds shall chide
In their tempestuous motion?
If clouds thy form now hide,
What star the vessel to her port shall guide?
“Alas! thou envious cloud!
Why, with our short-lived pleasure interfere?
Why in such haste to shroud
Thy wealth, and disappear?
How poor, how blind, alas! thou leavest us here?”

It was certainly by a great fatality, that the most flourishing age of the Spanish drama coincided with so many circumstances unfavourable to its perfection. In the reign of Philip IV., the knowledge and taste which had distinguished the writers of the sixteenth century, formed upon the classic models of antiquity, were daily becoming extinguished; and when the poets of the following age endeavoured to erect a theatre really national, Spain was not in that state of forwardness in which philosophy, science, and the arts had placed other nations at a subsequent period. Their dramatists had thus no firm and solid ground. The ancient had passed away, and no other had as yet elevated itself in its place. The intelligence of the nation decayed hour by hour, and if nature, with prodigal hand, produced many happy geniuses, their very talents contributed to ruin them; as with persons in a contagion, the most robust and healthy are ever wont to be the most exposed.

Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the dry Mariana wrote "For what else is seen upon our stage except the seduction of maidens, the intrigues of light women, the evil arts of pimps and procuresses, the frauds of waiting-men and women, and all this expressed in polished, sounding verse, embellished with the colours of elocution, that that may be engraved more deeply in the memory, which it would be so useful to be ignorant of." And the abuse increasing instead of remedying itself, a more modern critic found reason to say of their dramas,—“In them are beheld, painted with the most attractive colours, the most dishonest solitudes, deceptions, artifices, perfidies, abductions of maidens, scaling of noble houses, resistances to justice, rash duels and rash challenges, founded upon a false point of honour, robberies authorised, violences undertaken and effected, insolent buffoons, and servants who make a boast and profit of their infamous mediations.” This, we have no doubt, was as true a picture of things as ever it was in France in the times of Louis XV., or the regent Orleans. Freeing themselves from the moral object of comedy, it was a natural consequence that the dramatists should neglect the most essential part of characters; and that if they chance to sketch a few excellent ones, they refer to it more than once as a minor accomplishment; whence it happens that to the English reader accustomed to Shakspeare, the plays of Calderon appear, not like a gallery of pictures in which the spectator can study the attitude, physiognomy, and disposition of each person, but rather like a magic lantern through which thousands of figures pass and repass with the utmost rapidity, painted in the most brilliant colours, but wearisome, at last, to the attention and the sight.

With all these grave defects, how, then, it may be asked, is it that the old drama pleased and still pleases? As all kinds of writing are good, except the tiresome kind, this proves that they have a charm, of which the want cannot be supplied by all other perfections united, — a merit which of itself is capable of weighing against a thousand defects. The old Spanish comedies possessed that *je ne sçai quoi* more powerful at times than beauty itself, and which, although indefinable by critic, sculptor, or painter, seizes and captivates, like Murillo's Flower Girl in the Dulwich Gallery, while the regularity of other beauties is passed by unheeded. The modern school of Martínez de la Rosa, correct and polished, we may admire; but who can be in love with a thing so cold? The excelling qualities of the old plays are the invention, in which gift they have neither successors, nor rivals — their admirable plots, their masterly dramatic dialogue, lively and quick as a game at fence, full of natural transitions and graceful repartee. Even laying aside so many thousand sacred or heroic comedies, and other absurd arguments,

it is impossible to enumerate their many happy subjects, susceptible of a thousand beauties, which neither grow old with time, nor restrict their pleasing powers within the precincts of one nation, but which please to-day the same as they did two centuries ago, and even when despoiled of the charm of diction and versification, meet with a favourable reception on all the stages of Europe.

For a nation that can produce such writers as Martinez de la Rosa, there is yet much to hope. Military virtue is not wholly extinct among a peasantry who do not hesitate with equal numbers to charge British troops with the bayonet. Such a country cannot be stationary. Civilisation presses upon her from the north; steam urges her from the sea:—

“Atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.”

Now is the time for her to cry, *San Jago y Cierra Espana!*

NOTES OF A LOVER OF BOOKS.

NO. III. GARTH, PHYSICIANS, AND LOVE LETTERS.

Garth, and a Dedication to him by Steele.—Garth, Pope, and Arbuthnot.—Other Physicians in connexion with Wit and Literature.—Desirableness of a Selection from the less-known Works of Steele, and of a Collection of real Love-Letters.—Two beautiful Specimens from the “Lover.”

WE never cast our eyes towards “Harrow on the Hill” (let us keep these picturesque denominations of places as long as we can) without thinking of an amiable man, and most pleasant wit and physician of Queen Anne’s time, who lies buried there,—Garth, the author of the “Dispensary.” He was the Whig physician of the men of letters of that day, as Arbuthnot was the Tory; and never were two better men sent to console the bodily and mental ailments of two witty parties, or show them what a nothing party is, compared with the humanity remaining under the quarrels of both.

Agreeably to the intentions of these “Notes,” we shall not repeat what has been said of Garth in so many biographies, anecdotes, and incidental notices before us. Our chief object, as far as regards himself, is to lay before the reader some passages of a dedication, which appears to have escaped them all, and which beautifully enlarges upon that professional generosity, which obtained him the love of all parties, and the immortal panegyrics of Dryden and Pope. It is by Sir Richard Steele, and is written as none but a congenial spirit could write, in love with the same virtues, and accustomed to the consolation derived from them.

“To Sir Samuel Garth, M. D.

“Sir,

“As soon as I thought of making the *Lover* a present to one of my friends, I resolved, without further distracting my choice, to send it to the *Best-Natured Man*. You are universally known for this character, that an epistle so directed would find its way to you without your name; and I believe nobody but you yourself would deliver such a superscription to any other person.

“This propensity is the nearest akin to love; and good nature is the worthiest affection of the mind, as love is the noblest passion of it. While the latter is wholly occupied in

endeavouring to make happy one single object, the other diffuses its benevolence to all the world.

* * * * *
 "The pitiful artifices which empirics are guilty of to drain cash out of valetudinarians, are the abhorrence of your generous mind; and it is as common with Garth to supply indigent patients with money for food, as to receive it from wealthy ones for physic.

* * * * *
 "This tenderness interrupts the satisfactions of conversation, to which you are so happily turned; but we forgive you that our mirth is often insipid to you, *while you sit absent to what passes amongst us, from your care of such as languish in sickness.* We are sensible that their distresses, instead of being removed by company, return more strongly to your imagination, by comparison of their condition to the jollities of health.

"But I forget I am writing a dedication," &c. &c. &c.

This picture of a man's sitting silent, on account of his sympathies with the absent, in the midst of such conversation as he was famous for excelling in, is very interesting, and comes home to us as if we were in his company. Who will wonder that Pope should write of Garth as he did?

"Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery
 On every learned sot;
 And Garth, the best good Christian he,
 Although he knows it not."

This exquisite compliment to Garth has been often noticed, as at once confirming the scepticism attributed to him, and vindicating the Christian spirit with which it was accompanied. But it has not been remarked that Pope, with a further delicacy, highly creditable to all parties, has here celebrated in one and the same stanza, his Tory and Whig medical friend; and the delicacy is carried to its utmost towards Arbuthnot himself, when we consider that that learned wit had the reputation of being as orthodox a Christian in belief as in practice; so that the modesty of his charity is thus taxed to its height, and therefore as highly complimented, by the excessive praise bestowed on the Christian spirit of the rival wit, Whig, and physician.

The intercourse, in all ages, between men of letters and lettered physicians is one of the most pleasing contemplations in the history of authorship. The necessity (sometimes of every description) on one side, the balm afforded on the other; the perfect mutual understanding, the wit, the elegance, the genius, the masculine gentleness, the honour mutually done and received, and not seldom the consciousness that friendships so begun will be recognised and loved by posterity, — all combine to give it a very peculiar character of tender and elevated humanity, and to make us, the spectators, look on, with an interest partaking of the gratitude. If it had not been for Arbuthnot, posterity might have been deprived of a great deal of Pope.

"Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song;"

says he, in his Epistle to the Doctor. And Dryden, in the "Postscript" to his translation of "Virgil," speaks, in a similar way, of his medical friends, and of the whole profession: —

"That I have recovered, in some measure, the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession, whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me."

Pope again, in a letter to his friend Allen, a few weeks before he died, pays the like general compliment: —

"There is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty. They are, in general, the most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as most learned men I know."

We are sorry we cannot quote a similar testimony from Johnson, in one of his very best passages; but we have not his “*Lives of the Poets*” at hand, and cannot find it in any collateral book. It was to him that Dr. Brocklesby offered not only apartments in his house, but an annuity; and the same amiable man is known to have given a considerable sum of money to his friend Burke. The extension of obligations of this latter kind is, for many obvious reasons, not to be desired. The necessity on the one side must be of as peculiar, and so to speak, of as noble a kind, as the generosity on the other; and special care would be taken by a necessity of that kind, that the generosity should be equalled by the means. But where the circumstances have occurred, it is delightful to record them. And we have no doubt, that in proportion to the eminence of physicians’ names in the connection of their art with other liberal studies, the records would be found numerous with *all*, if we had the luck to discover them. There is not a medical name connected with literature, which is not that of a generous man in regard to money matters, and commonly speaking, in all others. Blackmore himself, however dull as a poet, and pedantic as a moralist, enjoyed, we believe, the usual reputation of the faculty for benevolence. We know not whether Cowley is to be mentioned among the physicians who have taken their degrees in wit or poetry, for perhaps he never practised. But the annals of our minor poetry abound in medical names, all of them eminent for kindness. Arbuthnot, as well as Garth, wrote verses, and no feeble ones either, as may be seen by a composition of his in the first volume of “*Dodsley’s Collection*,” entitled “*Know Thyself*.” Akenside was a physician, — so was Armstrong, — so was Goldsmith, — so was Smollett; and Dr. Cotton, poor Cowper’s friend, author of the “*Visions*,” and Grainger, the translator of “*Tibullus*,” who wrote the thoughtful “*Ode on Solitude*,” and the beautiful ballad entitled “*Bryan and Peregrine*.” Percy (who inserted the ballad with more feeling than propriety, in his “*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*,”) says of him, that he was “one of the most friendly, generous, and benevolent men he ever knew.” Goldsmith, even in his own poverty, was known to have given guineas to the poor, by way of prescriptions; and when he died, his staircase in the Temple was beset by a crowd of mourners out of Fleet Street, such as Dives in his prosperity would sooner have laughed at, than Lazarus would, or Mary Magdalen. Smollett had his full portion of professional generosity in money matters, though he does not appear to have possessed so much of the customary delicacy; otherwise he never would have given “ostentatious” Sunday dinners to poor authors, upon whose heads he took the opportunity of cracking sarcastic jokes! But he was a diseased subject, and probably had as bad blood as his heart was good. Of Armstrong and Akenside we are not aware that any particular instances of generosity have been recorded; but they both had the usual reputation for benevolence, and wrote of it as if they deserved it. Akenside also excited the enthusiastic generosity of a friend; which an ungenerous man is not likely to do, though undoubtedly it is possible he might, considering the warmth of the heart in which it is excited. The debt of scholarship and friendship to the profession was handsomely acknowledged in his instance by the affection of Dyson, who, when Akenside was commencing practice, gave him three hundred a year till he should grow rich enough to do without it. That was the most magnificent *fee* ever given!

We know not, indeed, who is calculated to excite a liberal enthusiasm, if a liberal physician is not. There is not a fine corner in the mind and heart to which he does not appeal; and in relieving the frame, he is too

often the only means of making virtue itself comfortable. He is well-educated, well-bred, has been accustomed to the infirmities of his fellow creatures, therefore understands how much there is in them to be excused as well as relieved; his manners are rendered soft by the gentleness required in sick-rooms; he learns a Shaksperian value for a smile and a jest, by knowing how grateful to suffering is the smallest drop of balm; and the whole circle of his feelings and his knowledge (generally of his success too, but that is not necessary) gives him a sort of divine superiority to the mercenary disgracers of his profession. There are pretenders and quacks, and foolish favourites in this, as in all professions, and the world may occasionally be startled by discovering, there is such a phenomenon as a physician at once skilful and mean, eminent and revoltingly selfish; but the ordinary jests upon the profession are never echoed with greater good will than by those who do not deserve them; and to complete the merit of the real physician,—of the man whose heart and behaviour do good, as well as his prescriptions,—he possesses that humility in his knowledge, which candidly owns the limit of it, and which is at once the proudest, most modest, and most engaging proof of his attainments, because it shows that what he does know, he knows truly, and that he holds brotherhood with the least instructed of his fellow-creatures.

It is a pity that some one, who loves the literature of the age of Queen Anne, and the sprightly fathers of English essay writing, does not make a selection from the numerous smaller periodical works which were set up by Sir Richard Steele, and which in some instances were carried on but to a few numbers,—such as this of the “Lover” above mentioned, the “Spinster,” the “Theatre,” &c. They were generally, it is true, the offspring of haste and necessity; but the necessity was that of a man full of wit and readiness; and a small volume of the kind, prefaced with some hearty semi-biographical retrospect of the man and his writings, would really, we believe, contain as good a specimen of the *volatile extract of Steele* (if the reader will allow us what *seems* a pun) as of his finest *second-best* papers out of the Tatler. We speak, we must own, chiefly from a knowledge of the “Lover,” never having even seen some of the others; which is another reason for conjecturing that such a volume might be acceptable to many who are acquainted with his principal works. The book might include the best papers out of the “Whig Examiner” of Addison. one of which (the account of the Tory fox-hunter) is famous for its wit.

But there is another volume, which has long been suggested to us by the “Lover,” and which would surpass in interest whatever might be thus collected out of the whole literature of that day; and that is (we here make a present of the suggestion to any one who has as much love, and more time for the work than we have) a *Collection of Genuine Love Letters*, not fictitious, nor such stuff as Mrs. Behn and others have given the world, but genuine in every sense of the word,—authentic, well written, and full of heart. Even those in which the heart is not so abundant, but in which it is yet to be found, elevating gallantry into its sphere, might be admitted; such as one or two of Pope’s to Lady Mary, and a pleasant one (if our memory does not deceive us) of Congreve’s to Arabella Hunt the singer. Eloisa’s should be there by all means (not Abelard’s, except by way of note or so, for they are far inferior; as he himself was a far inferior person, and had little or no love in him except that of having his way). Those of Lady Temple to Sir William, when she was Miss Osborne, should not be absent. Steele himself would furnish some charming ones of the lighter sort, (with heart enough too in them for half a dozen grave people; more, we fear,

than "dear Prue" had to give him in return). There would be several, deeply affecting, out of the annals of civil and religious strife; and the collection might be brought up to our own time, by some of those extraordinary outpourings of a mind remarkable for the prematurity as well as abundance of its passion and imagination, in the correspondence of Goëthe with Bettina Brentano, who, in the words of Shelley, may truly be called a "child of love and light."* The most agreeable of metaphysicians, Abraham Tucker, author of the "*Light of Nature Pursued*," collected, and copied out in two manuscript volumes, the letters which had passed between himself and a beloved wife, "whenever they happened to be absent from each other," under the title of a "*Picture of Artless Love*." He used to read them to his daughters. These manuscripts ought to be extant somewhere, for he died only in the year 1744, and he gave one of them to her father's family, while the other was most likely retained as a heir-loom in his own, which became merged into that of Mildmay. The whole book would most likely be highly welcome to the reading world; but at all events some extracts from it could hardly fail to enrich the collection we have been recommending.

We will here give, out of the "Lover" itself, and as a sample both of that periodical of Steele's, and of the more tragical matter of what this volume of love-letters might consist of, two most exquisite specimens, which passed between a wife and her husband on the eve of the latter's death on the scaffold. He was one of the victims to sincerity of opinion during the civil wars; and the more sincere, doubtless, and public-spirited, in proportion to his domestic tenderness; for private and public affection, in their noblest forms, are identical at the core. Two more truly loving hearts we never met with in book, nor such as to make us more impatiently desire that they had continued to live and bless one another; but there is a triumph in calamity itself, when so beautifully borne. Posterity takes such sufferers to its heart, and crowns them with its tears.

"There are very tender things," says Steele, "to be recited from the writings of poetical authors, which express the utmost tenderness in an amorous commerce; but, indeed, I never read any thing, which, to me, had so much nature and love, as an expression or two in the following letter. But the reader must be let into the circumstances of the matter, to have a right seuse of it. The epistle was written by a gentlewoman to her husband, who was condemned to suffer death. The unfortunate catastrophe happened at Exeter in the time of the late rebellion. A gentleman, whose name was Penruddock, to whom the letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die, without the least appearance of justice. He asserted the illegality of his enemies' proceedings, with a spirit worthy his innocence; and the night before his death his lady wrote to him the letter which I so much admire, and is as follows:—

"Mrs. Penruddock's last Letter to her Husband.

"My dear Heart,

"My sad parting was so far from making me forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself since; but wholly upon you. Those dear embraces which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful testimonies of an indulgent husband, have charmed my soul to such a reverence of your remembrance, that were it possible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dead limbs to live again, and (with reverence) think it no sin to rob Heaven a little longer of a martyr. Oh! my dear, you must now pardon my passion, this being my last (oh, fatal word!) that ever you will receive from me; and know, that until the last

* See the two volumes from the German, not long since published, under the title of "*Goëthe's Correspondence with a Child*."

minute that I can imagine you shall live, I shall sacrifice the prayers of a Christian, and the groans of an afflicted wife. And when you are not (which sure by sympathy I shall know), I shall wish my own dissolution with you, that so we may go hand in hand to heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you; how been turned out of doors because I came to beg mercy; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge. I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not; passion begins to drown my reason, and will rob me of my *devoirs*, which is all I have left to serve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thousand times, my dearest dear, and since I must never see you more, take this prayer, — May your faith be so strengthened that your constancy may continue; and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither grief and love will in a short time (I hope) translate,

“ My dear,

“ Your sad, but constant wife, even to love your ashes when dead,

“ ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

“ May the 3d, 1655, eleven o'clock at night. Your children beg your blessing, and present their duties to you.”

“ I do not know,” resumes Steele, “ that I ever read any thing so affectionate as that line, *Those dear embraces which I yet feel*. Mr. Penruddock's answer has an equal tenderness, which I shall recite also, that the town may dispute, whether the man or the woman expressed themselves the more kindly; and strive to imitate them in less circumstances of distress; for from all, no couple upon earth are exempt.”

Mr. Penruddock's last Letter to his Lady.

“ Dearest, best of Creatures!

“ I had taken leave of the world when I received yours: it did at once recall my fondness to life, and enable me to resign it. As I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my resolution to part from you, so when I reflect I am going to a place where there are none but such as you, I recover my courage. But fondness breaks in upon me; and as I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your husband, and the father of our dear babes, is a public spectacle, do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I see my sand run so fast, and I within a few hours am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the merciless and insolent that have wrongfully put me to a shameless death, and will object the shame to my poor children. I thank you for all your goodness to me, and will endeavour so to die, as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded, since you ever preferred me to yourself in all other things. Afford me, with cheerfulness, the precedence in this. I desire your prayers in the article of death; for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

“ J. PENRUDDOCK.”

Steele says nothing after this; and it is fit, on every account, to imitate his silence.

MODERN ITALIAN ROMANCES.

[*Continued from page 428.*]

IN our former article on this subject we treated of works of the imagination that had a moral and useful aim, but were not marked by a spirit of fervent patriotism. We now approach a more distinctively national class of fictions — romances dictated by hatred of the oppressor, and an ardent desire to awaken a love of freedom among the Italians.

Nothing can be in more complete contrast with the tale of Belmonte than the volumes before us — “The Siege of Florence,” (*L’ Assedio di Firenze.*) The former is a simple narrative, in which nature is mirrored as in a placid lake, clear and unexaggerated. The scope of the latter is more arduous. The author beholds the miserable state to which his countrymen are reduced. He groans over their vices — he writhes under the contempt with which they are treated by enlightened Europe. He struggles with the bonds which foreign potentates have thrown over them. He views their slavery with more impatience than Manzoni, Azeglio and Caponi, and with cause, for he is a Tuscan. The Milanese must go back to the days of Frederic Barbarossa, to hunt for their title deeds to freedom — under the Visconti and the Sforzi they were subjects. The Neapolitan can only speak of the kingdom of Naples; but the Florentine, the countryman of Petrarch and Dante, sees around him at every step the monuments of the freedom of his country — a stormy liberty it is true, but, even thus, being, as liberty ever is, the parent of high virtues, memorable deeds, and immortal works of art. He feels that the soil of Tuscany might again be prolific of such, if her sons were permitted to develope their acute understandings in a worthy career, and to exercise their energy in useful and noble labours.

Perhaps no epoch of the history of Florence is more remarkable than that which this author has chosen. The Medici, who had risen to the rank almost of princes in the republic, through the joint operation of virtue, riches, and sagacity, became, when in the enjoyment of power, a degenerate race. During the struggles of the French and Spanish in the Peninsula, they had encountered various changes of fortune. When under Charles V. Rome was sacked, the Florentines took the opportunity to expel the Medici, and peace was soon patched up between the pope Clement and the emperor, chiefly for the purpose, on the part of the former, (who, before he ascended the papal chair, was Cardinal Julius de’ Medici,) of inducing the latter to turn his arms against the republic, and oblige it, through fear or force, to receive back the exiled family as rulers and princes. The heads of the family he wished thus to exalt, were indeed such as freemen might disdain. The last of the race who deserved respect or love, Giovanni de’ Medici, had died in the field of battle. There remained, as chief, Alessandro, the natural son of Julius himself, by a negro woman; a man bearing the stamp of a base origin and brutish race, frightful in person, and depraved in soul. The Florentines detested him, and, in truth, hated the whole race of Medici. When summoned by the emperor and pope to yield to receive them as rulers, they answered by fortifying their city, gathering what armed force they could about them, and resolving to suffer every extremity rather than

submit. The emperor gave the Prince of Orange the command over the army sent against them. The siege lasted many months; and in the end Florence was lost through the treachery of the Condottiere entrusted with its defence.

Such a period was marked by stirring events, and characterised by men conspicuous for virtue or for crime; and it afforded the author of "*The Siege of Florence*" an ample field for the employment of his genius. His work does not consist of a continuous artfully enwoven tale, but of a succession of episodes and detached scenes, all bearing upon the same subject, and tending to the same end, but distinct from each other in their individual interest. Interspersed with these scenes are outbreaks of declamation in the author's own person. He is eloquent and energetic, but sometimes bombastic, often obscure, always exaggerated, but never affected. He writes with his whole heart; and his words are of fire, though often they may strike as being incendiary flames to destroy, rather than regulated heat to foster. It requires as much enthusiasm as the author feels in the great cause, not to find him at times tedious; but with all this, it is a work of great and lasting merit. It is animated by an heroic spirit, and breathes a genuine love of virtue and of country.

The Romance opens with the death-bed of Machiavelli — his last speech shows considerable power, and is extracted in the article in the London and Westminster Review, as a favourable specimen of the work. The preliminaries for, and the coronation of Charles V., the description of which is drawn from original documents, is somewhat tedious; but when this is over, and the author introduces us to the privacy of Clement VII., and describes him giving audience to a variety of personages, the interest awakens. Among these are the ambassadors from Florence, who endeavour to mollify his purpose towards his native city. At first the ambassadors speak in humility and prayer, till excited by the arrogant assumptions of the pope, one among them, Jacopo Guicciardini, brother to the historian, bursts forth in an eloquent oration, full of spirit and power, denouncing the ambition of Clement, and declaring the unalterable resolution of the republic to maintain its freedom. It is too long to extract, but the termination of the scene is characteristic of the style of the author:—

"'Silence!' said the pope, rising from his chair. 'A truce to words—too many have already been spoken. Jacopo, your tongue runs on like the waters of a torrent. You place your cause in the hands of God: I also place it there. Let him discern and judge. From the moment we draw the sword, the sword decides the struggle.' 'You have gathered together all the winds from the north,' replied Guicciardini, 'to tear the withered foliage from the boughs. Like Pharaoh, you are proud in your horses and soldiery — beware of the Red Sea! God can make the withered leaf as tenacious as the oak of the Alps. The virtuous may appeal to the Almighty under the blows of fortune—the damned exult in the victory of the bad. If an unsearchable decree sometimes exalts the criminal, it is done that he may feel the reverse more bitterly. Tranquil, if not joyous, we confide in the event: for if we conquer, we acquire the fame due to the bold and honourable; and if we fail in our enterprise, the world may call us unfortunate, but still honourable. Do you gaze on the future?—dare to contemplate coming time with open eyes—and say, what thing do you see? We depart free men from the palace, lest, heavy as it is with the wrath of God, it fall upon us. Until now, prayers and entreaties were kindness to our country; now they become slavish and base. The David of Buonarroti will sooner move to defend us than the heart of this Philistine be softened. Let

us now swear in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, to liberate our country, or bury ourselves in its ruins ;' and, thus speaking, struck by disdain, grief, and irrepressible anger, he placed his hand on the handle of the door, about to depart—' Stay, Jacopo,' cried the pope, ' and hear my last words. Let the Medici be your companions in power, not princes. Compose a senate from forty-eight families, in which the powers of government shall residè.'

" ' If my old father had proposed so infamous a crime, the hatchet of the executioner should have covered his white hairs with blood ;' and without another word Guicciardini left the room.

" ' You, Messer Niccolo, gifted as you are with a milder nature, listen to my offer. You do not wish to drive things to extremities — yield to the times — let us rule together.'

" ' Your insinuations sound in my ears like those which Satan whispered to Jesus, when, from the pinnacle of the temple, he showed him the kingdoms of the earth. It becomes a citizen to shut his ears and fly from temptation.' Saying these words, Niccolo Capponi followed Jacopo Guicciardini.

" ' Obstinate and perverse man, can I not make you listen to reason? Messer Andreuolo, be the messenger of my wishes to the Ottimati.'

" ' Were my son the messenger of such iniquity I would dash his head against the wall ;' and with these words Niccolini disappeared.

" ' At least, you, Soderini,' said the sovereign.

" ' I implore you, Pope Clement, scatter ashes on your head, humble yourself in the sanctuary, and pray for pardon for your sins, if, indeed, your sins are not greater than infinite mercy ;' — and the pontiff was left alone.

" Pope Clement bit his hands with intense rage, and exclaimed, ' The world grows for me the tower of Babel. When I ask for crime, I find virtue — when I need virtue, I find crime. Yet so much of life remains to me to suffice for such acts, that when your grandchildren ask your children what liberty means, they, pointing to your demolished dwellings and violated tombs, will reply, — Liberty means death and ruin !' "

The second volume commences with the opening of the Siege of Florence. The country around has been ravaged, and various deeds of horror and barbarity are brought before the reader. The council of government is held, and an animated scene takes place, in which a poor woman makes forcible entry before the Gonfaloniere and the Signoria, for the purpose of offering her only son to serve as soldier in the cause of the republic. The return of the ambassadors from the pope, and the assembly then held, is finely described ; and Carduccio, the Gonfaloniere, makes an harangue of singular power and eloquence, and the carrying on of war with energy is determined upon. The tale then breaks off, so to speak, into various groups of episodes. One of the most important is that of Malatesta Baglioni, the Condottiere, to whom the Florentine republic entrusted the conduct of the siege and its armies. Baglioni was a traitor, bought by the pope ; and his endeavours were constantly exerted to prevent any combat of importance, and to protract the siege till the treasures of the government, and the patience of the citizens, should be exhausted, and the city fall an easy prey to the enemy. The author exerts his whole energy to paint in colours sufficiently abhorrent and despicable the soul and conduct of the traitor. Baglioni was the victim of disease ; and this physical weakness, joined to an unforgotten sense of honour and right, which inspires frequent fits of remorse and irresolution in the path of crime, adds to the force of the picture. The author places beside him a sort of vulgar Mephistopheles, who accompanies him throughout, at once exciting his fears, and ridiculing and degrading

him. A short scene may be given as a specimen of his mode of representing these characters. It is night—Baglioni is awake, waiting the return of Cencio, whom he had sent to make his bargain with the pope. His mind presents a thousand images of terror and despair:—

“‘If I move I suffer—repose is worse—my blood is poisoned—I fancied that I saw—no, no—I did see—Messer Gentile and Messer Galeotto Baglioni, who shook their bloody clothes before me—I did not kill you—you cannot bring your blood to witness against me—my brother Orazio killed you—go—torment him in hell. Messer Giampagolo, leave me in peace—sleep in your marble tomb. Why point to your trunkless head? What have I to do with that? If the Medici took my father from me, the Medici will give me back Perugia—and you, my good father, were not worth Perugia when you were alive—are you worth it dead? If you come to warn me, be at peace—I will not be killed like a sheep—I have my dagger at all hazards. But why is Cencio so long? If Cencio should betray me—if even now he should be standing before the Gonfaloniere, saying, Magnificent Messer Carduccio, Malatesta is a traitor—if even now they should send the gaoler to seize me, and the executioner—ah—what—what is there?—How long the night is!—Cencio knows too much.’ The gallop of a horse is at this moment heard, it approaches, it is close, the horseman alights, enters the Serristori palace, and hurries up stairs. ‘That is Cencio—I know his step—he knows too much—he can betray me—he is full to the lips—I must be rid of him—three inches of steel or three drops of poison will send him so far that he will never return. Cencio—O Cencio, my friend!—welcome. I was waiting for you.’ ‘Really,’ said Cencio, throwing himself on a seat, and stretching out his arms and legs with plebeian familiarity, ‘I am sleepy, hungry, thirsty—give me to drink, Malatesta.’ The baronial blood of Baglioni boiled—a curl of his lip betrayed the struggle of his soul; but skilful to deceive, he changed that curl into a smile, and, filling a cup of wine, gave it to the other, saying, ‘Drink, Cencio, and be strengthened—your life is as dear to me as my own.’ ‘Alas! poor wretch that I am, shall I be in time to-morrow to make my will?’ ‘What do you mean, Cencio?’ ‘During the many years, Malatesta, that we have been travelling together towards hell, I have observed that when you are most kind to a follower, you have in your heart condemned him to death. Come—if you have poisoned me, tell me, that I may send in time for the notary and confessor.’ ‘Leave off joking, Cencio. Pope Clement has accorded my demands?’ ‘The more you ask, the more he will promise, and the less give. He has accorded all—all.’ ‘And the indulgence, Cencio—and absolution?’ ‘Ha! absolution—that also he promises, and will keep his promise, for it costs nothing; but Signor Baglioni, whom are you now trying to deceive, the pope, me, or God?’”

There are two love stories in the work, but the author does not excel in depicting the tender passion. Generally in reading modern Italian novels, nothing appears so dissimilar to our own sentiments and ideas as the portion that treats of love. The poets of the old time knew how to describe it, and, as we do, to dress the passion in ideality—to deify the object, and invest in glorious and imaginary hues the powerful emotions of love. But the modern Italians do not understand this, which must partly be attributed to the fact that the system of chivalry never flourished in Italy. Women, therefore, were at no time exalted to that height of reverence and devotion, which was at once the great use and effect of chivalry. Love, with the Italians, is divested of those complicated sentiments with which we associate it. Love, with them, is a vehement, engrossing passion, for their natures are vehement. It is

often true and faithful; but there is always paramount in an Italian's mind a sense of the inferiority of women, arising from their physical weakness. In the utmost fervour of attachment they still look down on them, and the woman or the girl who is described to be in love, is always mentioned with a sort of condescending pity, startling to our notions and habits. We find less of this in Manzoni. Religion here idealises as chivalry does with us. The purity of Lucia, and her superiority over her rustic betrothed, exalts her, and the absence of passion in her character gives her dignity; but these observations apply to all the novels we have examined above. Ginevra and Giacinta, fond and gentle, virtuous, and even noble, as they are, are still pictured in a sort of dependant and inferior grade to their lovers. The love stories in the present work are contrasted with one another. There is Bandino and Maria Benintendi—a tale of misery and treason. They had loved in youth. Bandino was betrayed; Maria, persuaded that he was dead, was induced to marry another; even thus married, she passes her days in tears, in regret, and lamentation. Bandino—imprisoned as a madman, deprived of his birthright, injured in the most grievous manner—is goaded by revenge and misery to betray his country, and to join the army against Florence. He introduces himself in the disguise of a priest to Maria, and acquaints her that he lives. There is a singular instance here of Italian manners. Maria is married, but her husband's attachment is not brought forward. There is a youth devotedly in love with her, and his tenderness and sufferings are contrasted with the vehement ravings of Bandino. While Maria struggles between her duties as a wife, her unchanged and passionate attachment for Bandino, and her compassion for her younger and gentler lover, Ludovico discovers the treason of Bandino to his native city, and a solemn challenge ensues, and at the same period Maria's husband dies. Her terror and grief at the anticipation of the duel overcome every other feeling. She visits Ludovico; she implores him to abandon his design; and, asserting her past innocence, declares her resolution of becoming a nun. She only succeeds in causing her young lover to determine to sacrifice himself for her, and to fall that Bandino may be preserved. The description of Maria's struggles at this crisis is one of the best written passages in the book. Ludovico and his friend are passing out of Florence for the purpose of the duel; and, as testimony of its deadly nature, they carry a bier with them. The unfortunate Maria mixes among the spectators to see him pass: Ludovico perceives her, and points with a gesture of despair to the bier. Maria, "unable to endure that token of desperation, fainted, and fell upon the pavement; recovering, she prostrated herself before the altar of her religion, but altars no longer inspired peace. She knew not for whom to pray—she hesitated to confess to herself which of the two combatants she desired to see victorious. She began an ardent prayer to the Madonna and the saints that the duel might be prevented, but feeling that it would not avail, she broke off: then she began another that Bandino might conquer, and ended it with a supplication for the victory of Ludovico. Mortal heart never before endured so fierce a struggle; yet she felt that peace arose from the depths of her misery—the peace of the tomb perhaps—but still peace. From the incessant comparison she was obliged to make between Ludovico and Bandino, she became convinced of the noble nature of the former and the baseness of the latter. The one, knowing that she loved another, sacrificed his own life to his country and to her; the other, suspecting her fidelity, preserved himself for the purposes of vengeance, and destroyed her and betrayed his country. The one, having great cause for reproach, never used one word to degrade her, or, did he utter one, it escaped

unwittingly from a heart full to the brim. The other, on the contrary, flung infamy by handfuls over her. Other thoughts occurred, and at length her soul appeared to cast off its dark clouds, and to distinguish the moral deformity of Bandino. Through a contradiction peculiar to our nature, the discovery pained her; she wished to replace the bandage which had blinded her, but in vain. The soul, as a bird escaped its cage, shrunk from re-summing the bonds of passion. No human mechanist, nor, perhaps, divine one, avails to place again the spiritual yoke, once cast off; neither nature nor art possess a balsam that can cicatrize the wounds of the soul:—Maria did not love Ludovico, but she felt that she abhorred Bandino.”

There is another love story, meant to be depicted in the simple English style. Vico, a son of Machiavelli, is the hero; and a fair Tuscan girl, Annalena, the heroine. This is the weakest part of the book—imitative and unreal, the lovers are mere idealities, and take no real hold on the imagination. It is in the stronger and nobler passions that the author shines, and in which he puts all his soul. Patriotism is the idol on which he exhausts his powers to paint it glorious and beautiful. One of his heroes in the earlier portion of the book is Michael Angelo, to whose simple, but great and fearless character, he renders that justice which has been denied by many, who have been led away by the representations of contemporary authors in the pay of the Medici.* Another favourite personage is Dante

* The character of Michael Angelo has been traduced; and with an ardour in the cause of virtue worthy the subject, the author of this work has spared no pains to vindicate him. Michael Angelo was entrusted with the construction of the fortifications of Florence. Sismondi says of him, “He seems to have been the more ready to be struck by terror, inasmuch as his imagination was more intensely lively. On the first disasters of Florence he fled to Venice—shame caused him to return. When the city fell into the hands of the Medici he was again assailed by fear, and hid himself.” The last act was one of common prudence—he withdrew and concealed himself—while the Medici, in the first heat of triumph, were taking sanguinary vengeance on their enemies. But the first accusation is a heavy one, though even on the face of it absurd—he fled to Venice for safety; but, ashamed, he returned to share the danger. This accusation rests on the fact that Buonarrotti did leave the city at the height of the siege, and did return. The cause of his expedition was unknown even to contemporary authors. It was easy to stigmatise his act as the result of cowardice; and, one author copying from another, Sismondi at last added his authority. But fortunately public documents entirely exonerate this great man from every shadow of such baseness. The author of “The Siege of Florence” found contradictions in the old historians, and traces of his being sent from Florence, commissioned by government. At length he found, in an obscure work, allusions to a letter that existed in the Tuscan archives, addressed to Galeotto Giugni, Florentine ambassador at Ferrara, which testified that Michael Angelo had been sent by the Signoria of Florence on a secret commission to Ferrara. The author on this was eager to consult the archives; but the government, jealous of all knowledge and enlightenment, refused him admission to them. Mortified, but not discouraged, he sought for the letter among other collections of papers. “At length,” he says, “God had mercy on me; and I will not say how, but I procured a copy of this letter. It runs thus: ‘Letter to Galeotto Giugni, ambassador to Ferrara, 28 Feb. 1529. Michael Angelo Buonarrotti will bear this letter, who is sent by the Nine of the militia to examine *those modes of fortifying* which his excellency the duke has adopted; and you will do him all possible service with the duke, as his merits deserve, and the interests of the city, for whose benefit he makes this journey.’” The words—*those modes of fortifying*—are underlined in the original. It is evident from this document that Buonarrotti went on a secret mission to the Duke of Ferrara; but, in the subsequent disasters and overthrow of his country, this mission was forgotten, and the cause of the journey being buried in obscurity, an unworthy motive was assigned. In the same way the author defends the great artist from the accusation of flattering the Medici in the figures which he sculptured for the tombs of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, and Giuliano, Duke de Nemours—members of that family. He adopts the explanation of Niccolini, who says that Lorenzo is made to look sad—because the thoughts of a tyrant, as he approaches death, are full of remorse—and placed the figures of twilight upon the tomb to symbolize the dark shadows slavery cast over life by the tyrants. This view is supported by the answer which Michael Angelo wrote to the verses of Strozzi, who, speaking of the statue of Night, says that it was sculptured by an angel, and that while it sleeps it has life. If you disbelieve, wake her, and she will speak. Michael Angelo replied, in the person of his image,

“Mi è grato il sonno, e più l’esser di sasso,
 Infin che il danno, e la vergogna dura,
 Non udir, non veder mi è gran ventura,
 Però non mi destar, deh! parla basso!”

Michael Angelo refused to erect a fortress in Florence, at the desire of Alessandro de’ Medici. He

Castiglione, whom he draws in forcible colours, as an upright, valiant, and noble-hearted soldier. But the real hero of the book is Francesco Ferruccio. In his *History of the Italian Republics*, Sismondi represents this great man as the safeguard and hope of Florence. "Francesco Ferruccio," he says, "distinguished himself by his intrepidity and his knowledge of war, and gained the confidence of his fellow-citizens, as well as the esteem of his enemies. Although the family of Ferrucci was ancient, it was poor, and had not produced any distinguished magistrate for many generations. Francesco had served under Giovanni de' Medici. He was sent by the Signoria as commissary-general, first to Prato, and afterwards to Empoli, and after having put these towns in a state of defence, he guarded the open country with so much success, he so often cut off parties of the enemy, and carried away convoys, and maintained such good discipline in his little army, that the soldiers, who loved as much as they feared him, believed themselves invincible under his command." This great man is successfully delineated in the work before us. A simple-minded republican and a brave soldier, his soul is set on saving his country; and danger is a plaything in his hands. With a frame of iron he encounters hardship, and with a soul equally tempered to endurance, he despises peril. The best passages in the book are those which describe his exploits. In his mouth the author puts his own favourite theories for Italy. We extract one scene as a specimen of the more imaginative style of the author, and of his fervent patriotism. Ferruccio is at Leghorn, collecting troops and preparing for war; one moment of leisure for thought is afforded him:—

"With a countenance cast down, and revolving melancholy thoughts, Ferruccio walked on the shore of the sea. He turned his steps towards the west, now and then he raised his eyes and sighed, for he found no object that did not renew miserable recollections. To the right he discerned the eminence where the ancient city of Torrita once stood. Noble spirits had once life in her, holy affections had breathed, and beloved memories clung round, exalted by wisdom and greatness; now all lay buried, a thick strata of earth covered them, and a yet denser one of oblivion; even the ruins were vanishing, and time has not left one stone as a monument of the dead city. This disappearance of towns and kingdoms, without one sign being left for posterity; this death of all things, and the absence of all distinction between the annihilation of a people and the withering of the grass under the scythe of the mower, filled the soul of our hero with bitterness. Nor did the view to the left comfort him; there, at a short distance in the sea, existed the monuments which recalled the destruction of one Italian nation by another Italian nation, the terrible battle of Meloria. There Pisa was vanquished by Genoa—O iniquitous fraternal wars! Ferruccio turned, and bent his steps towards the east, and he contemplated the heavens and the vast waters—magnificent elements! At first it recurred to him as if, like rival warriors, they contended as they pursued the pathway of eternity on two infinite parallel lines, and then, afar off, they grow weary of their solitary course, they unite and become confounded, and mingling together, pursue the way still before them, till they reach their bourne. The sea calms its waves, that the sky may behold its own beauty in them; and heaven, returning the fraternal affection, raises the waters through the

refused all the offers of advancement made by Cosmo I., and lived at Roma—poor, but independent—an illustrious specimen of simple and high-hearted disdain for vulgar honours. We thank the writer of "*The Siege of Florence*" for the pains he has taken to illustrate the conduct of this great man. There is no labour at once so meritorious in, and delightful to, an author, as the vindication of the wise and good from calumny and misrepresentation.

influence of its moon, and irradiates the edges of the murmuring billows with the tremulous light of its stars. And when the divine lamp of the sun has flamed in its sphere, does it not seem as if it deposited it on the bosom of ocean, to warm it in its turn? Strange thoughts rise up on the shore of the sea, wild perhaps, but ever grand; nor let any one presume to nurse high imaginations, unless they have first beheld this glorious creation of God. If ever you behold the sea, and if your heart remains mute within you, hold the plough and dig the earth; nature intended you for nothing better.

“The mind of Ferruccio enlarged through such ideas. Sublime conceptions crowded like inspirations at the thought of Him whom he wished to image so that speech could express, and other minds comprehend, him. Drawn almost beyond himself, he struck his brow, and with eyes fixed on high, exclaimed, ‘Expand, O Creator! my understanding; my heart feels thee!’ Vico Machiavelli approached Ferruccio in haste; heavy cares press on him — he calls him from a distance, but is not heard — he calls again, but still in vain. When close to him, he found him lost in thought, and fixing an anxious gaze upon the ocean, as a mother would who had confided her child to its waters, to discern the sail that was to bring him back to her arms. When he touched him, as well as spoke, Ferruccio looked at him, and spoke: — ‘Who art thou? Why disturb me in my glorious meditations? Vico — thou here!’ and without waiting for an answer, he continued, ‘Come and be witness for me, that God has revealed to me the means not only of attaining the liberty of my country, but of changing the face of Italy, perhaps of the world. Look beyond there,’ and he pointed before him; ‘there is Africa; and turning to the east, almost opposite to Rome, Carthage stood. When the success of Hannibal prostrated the Roman power in Italy, our fathers dared undertake the stupendous diversion of carrying the war into Africa. Scipio changed the destinies of the world; Hannibal hurried to the succour of his country; courage returned to the Roman eagle, and he soared again to his fatal pitch. Their houses and possessions are dearer to the Signoria of Florence than the freedom of Italy. Fortune rarely favours paltry designs, often bold ones. They have conferred powers that seem ample on me, but burthened with the condition to hasten with all speed to the guard of Florence. Advance, they say, but within the circle that we trace out. Ah! if they had given me liberty to direct my own movements; now, imitating the example of Scipio, proceeding with the utmost speed day and night, I would hurry to Rome, and falling on the pope and the cardinals, I would support the doctrines of Luther, which now breathe not among the people, but in the palaces of princes. I would ally my cause to that of the German reformers; I would shake the throne of Charles; I would liberate Italy at once from her spiritual and temporal yoke; I would rebuild the Capitol, and resuscitate the Roman people. Alas, this thought kills me! I must forget it. Let us shut ourselves up in Florence, and keep alive the lamp, since its extinction is threatened. Danger is there, and there also glory.’”

It is historically true, that Ferruccio had contemplated carrying the war to Rome, and it is true in all theory, that had Luther's doctrine triumphed in Italy, that country had, at the crisis it had reached, been raised to independence instead of falling a slave. Obeying however the commands of the government, Ferruccio marched with his troops towards Florence; and, during the march, fell on the field of battle, a victim of the treachery of Baglioni. The plan of the Signoria was prudent and well contrived, con-

sisting in a consentaneous attack of Ferruccio from without on the camp of the Prince of Orange, and a sally from the city. Had this plan been executed, the republic had been saved, but Baglioni betrayed the councils of his employers; he informed the Prince of Orange of the advance of Ferruccio, and advised him to go with his whole army to meet him, promising that no attack should meanwhile be made on his unguarded camp. This last treachery sealed the fate of the republic. The Prince came upon Ferruccio unexpectedly, during his march to Pistoia; the battle was for some time dubious; the Prince of Orange fell; but succour coming up for his troops, the army of the Republic was utterly vanquished and dispersed, and Ferruccio himself slain. The facts of this memorable day are so full of grandeur and heroism, that the simplest account is the most interesting. The fault of the author of the siege of Florence is an incapacity to compress; he never knows when he has done enough; but in the pages that recount the death struggles of Italian liberty, there is much eloquence, much power, much deep and genuine feeling. With the fall of Ferruccio, Florence fell; the treason of Baglioni triumphed; and, unresisted, the troops of the pope made themselves masters of the city. Certain conditions were in appearance agreed upon; all of which were afterwards broken. The work ends by a sketch of the result of the fall of Florence, and of the fate of the survivors of the struggle. The author heaps infamy and misery on the heads of the traitors, and on the patriots adversity and honour.

It will be gathered from this sketch that the subject of the work is full of grandeur, and certain portions of it exhibit considerable talent. Many of the scenes are replete with interest, and sustained with energy. His eloquence is great, elevated by a fervent enthusiasm; but his style is exaggerated, diffuse, and even obscure; his various episodes are not sufficiently interwoven, several of them being superfluous, and the whole too long drawn out.

"The Battle of Benevento," a romance, by Doctor Guerazzi, a Livornese lawyer, bears a similarity in style to "The Siege of Florence." It is not so openly inimical to the tyrants of Italy, nor is the subject of such recent interest, being derived from the old times of Naples as far back as the thirteenth century. It is conceived, however, in a truly patriotic spirit, and abounds with passages that evince the author's desire to instruct and improve his countrymen. The great and exact knowledge which the work displays of the history and customs of the times in which the story is laid, places it high in the esteem of the Italians. With us this produces effects that injure the interest. Many long chapters are purely historical, which, though well written, may be called dry to the mere novel reader. Besides this drawback, the writer will sacrifice incident and character to the development of manners in a scene, or to the enunciation of his peculiar view and opinions. He does not hesitate to be long-winded, to introduce episodes that have no immediate connection with the story; his hero is thus reduced to a nonentity, and the interest flags. But the style is elegant, and the matter good. The battle of Benevento was that in which fell Manfred, grandson of Frederic Barbarossa, and which placed Charles of Anjou on the throne of Naples. We regret that Guerazzi has not done more justice to the character of Manfred. He founds his description of him on the accounts given by the writers of the Guelf party, who loaded with infamy a sovereign excommunicated by the church; but we are partial to a prince whom Dante speaks of with respect and affection, and who was acknowledged to be of a noble and magnanimous disposition, while we dislike his hard-hearted and bigoted rival. This romance does less credit to its author as the inventor of an original story, than as an eloquent writer, a deep

thinker, and a man who has the improvement and welfare of Italy warm at heart.

There are other romances, but the above named are of the most note. Rosini, who continued, with strange rashness, the episode of "Gertrude," in the "*Promessi Sposi*," and wrote "*Luisa Strozzi*," is not destitute of merit; but it is laborious to read him. He is a great admirer of our Richardson, and imitates him in the minuteness of his details, and the long-windedness of his narrative; but the deep interest we take in Richardson's novels not only results from his admirable fidelity to nature, but from his taking the manners of our own country and times as his groundwork. These minutiae, set down as appertaining to historical romances, are inexpressibly tiresome and uninteresting.

The Italians have no novels — no tales relating to the present day, and detailing events and sentiments such as would find counterparts in the histories and minds of themselves and their friends. Many reasons may be given for this. The actual state of manners could never be detailed: the Italians would be so scandalized if the mirror were held up to themselves. Goldoni's plays are the nearest approach they could bear to reality; and these, though admirable as far as they go, often sink into childishness, from the restrictions the author lies under as to faithfulness of portraiture in the darker shades of society. The real events of an Italian's life are the last that could be openly avowed. Another impediment lies in the impossibility of delineating the influence exercised by the priests; which in all classes is very great, and too often pernicious. Yet could a clever Italian give us only a Miss Austen sort of view of domestic life in that country, it would afford great amusement and instruction. We recommend this hint to Signor Rosini. His love of minutiae would no longer repel us, if he were only bold enough to put down even half the truth.

To return, however, to the subject of our article — the romances of modern Italy.

Mazzini tells us that the school of Manzoni is that of Christianity, while the writers who aim at the regeneration of Italy incline to free thinking. The contradictions which, according to this view, these several classes of thinkers fall into is worthy of comment. A devoted patriot cannot be devoid of religion. His desires not having their fulfilment in this life, he looks beyond; and when the tyrant prospers, he looks to God to balance the unequal scales of right and wrong; and, by making virtue the highest happiness, though he may be condemned to poverty or exile for political crimes eternally dishonourable to their perpetrator, even when he triumphs, he brings a power from beyond the visible creation, to exalt and to debase. On the other hand, the spirit that Manzoni and Silvio Pellico would inspire is contrary to that which animated the Saviour in his career. He forgave his enemies, but he appealed against them — he suffered on the cross, rather than abandon the teaching of the doctrines that were to redeem the world — he enforced with the apostles the necessity of going abroad, to increase proselytes and overthrow the old systems of tyranny and wrong. When he gave to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, he did not give obedience to the authorities that bade him cease to disseminate his doctrines. Let the well-wishers of Italy attempt to follow this divine example in all its devotion and sincerity, and they will cease to inculcate passive obedience. Could any sincerely religious reformer animate the Italians with true piety, and shake the power of the priesthood, Italy might be regenerated; as it is, the lower orders are the slaves of the Church, while the upper classes are either real or affected un-

believers; and neither of them consider truth, charity, and integrity, as the beginning and end of life.

The better portion of the people of Italy are eager for instruction; they are a quick-witted and sagacious people. Italian authors are called to the sacred task of enlightening their fellow-men. No writers of other nations can do this, for they cannot sufficiently understand the spirit of the people to address their hearts and imaginations. It must be left to Italians to teach Italians, and the good name of the writers with posterity will depend on their not betraying nor growing weary in the sacred task of enlightening their countrymen, and drawing their minds from the abyss of ignorance and slavery in which they are now sunk. Were their souls emancipated from vice, the Austrian could not long enslave their bodies.

The Austrian, indeed, since the death of the "beloved Francis," has shown a spirit of humanity which does honour to the new emperor. It is to be hoped that the scenes of the dungeons of Spielberg are never to be renewed, nor modern history blotted by a repetition of crimes, which we almost deemed fabulous when recorded of Venice and the Inquisition. Men whose sole crime is a love of country will not again be condemned to punishment worse than death, taken in the enjoyment of youth and glowing with an ardour for virtue; and rendered, through a long course of solitary confinement, bad food, and tedious unnatural labour, cripples in body, while their souls, losing their energy and fervour, they become the willing slaves of their cruel oppressor, and call the tameness produced by physical suffering Christianity.

Besides the subsiding of the active spirit of persecution which desolated so many Italian families, there is another hope for that country. One corner of it is emancipated from both Austrian and priest. The citizens of Ancona, having thrown off their obedience to the pope, govern themselves. Their state of enmity with the papal see may serve to loosen them from an adherence to Catholicism; and it is to be hoped that a purer religion will spring up in its stead. When the pope's bull of excommunication arrived at Ancona, the citizens fastened it to a fire balloon, with a writing appended, "Give to heaven what belongs to heaven," and sent the blasphemous curse to float among the storms of air, till it might fall in the sea, and be blotted out for ever. The pope is very eager to prevent any communication between the Anconese and the rest of his subjects; but when, as is projected for the sake of commerce with Greece, a railroad is constructed between Leghorn and Ancona, the spirit of liberty in the latter city will at once become more diffused and confirmed, and its walls will at least afford a refuge to those Italians who love their native soil, and yet yearn for the rights of freemen.

STATISTICS OF CRIME IN IRELAND.

THE nature, extent, and progress of crime, form subjects of great interest in an inquiry into the state of a country. Man enters into society for the protection of his person and property: to secure him in the full enjoyment of these rights is the principal duty of government. Each of the contracting parties, the governors and the governed, are impelled by the strongest

motives to watch over the fulfilment of this main article of the sound compact. The progress of crime should, therefore, be frequently and minutely observed in every country, but most so in one which may be said to be in a state of *transitu*. Such is Ireland at present: that portion of the British empire is now the subject of a great political experiment; the proposed result of which is its perfect amalgamation with the other portions of the United Kingdom. The experiment may be said to have been commenced by the Union. Previously to that era the two islands were separate kingdoms, bound together by a kind of feudal compact, of which the executive was the connecting link. This system was found to be defective; it did not work well: its action clogged and checked the movements of the central government of both kingdoms, and that, too, at a period which required the undivided attention of the ruling powers to be directed to avert the threatened danger of a powerful and inveterate foreign enemy. The object of the Union was to make Ireland what Scotland had already been made, to the incalculable benefit both of itself and of England, — an integral part, instead of a dependency, of the British empire. The experiment has now been the best part of half a century in progress. For many years the change produced by it was little more than nominal; the interests of England and Ireland were kept apart from each other by a moral chasm far more difficult to be closed up than the natural bar of separation which caused the Irish orator to round his argument against the Union by the assertion that “God and nature had intended that the countries should never be united.” It was not until the great mass of the population was admitted to the full exercise of the rights of British subjects, until the pale of separation that had marshalled Protestant and Catholic against each other as two distinct castes had been broken down, that the pledge held out at the Union of the perfect, cordial, and permanent amalgamation of the two islands into one nation could be said to have been seriously commenced. Now, therefore, after the lapse of a number of years, sufficient to justify the expectation that some ostensible effect has resulted from the measure, is the time to inquire what has been its effect upon Ireland, what are the outward and visible signs of the workings of the measure designed for its amelioration, — a measure still adhered to from the conviction that it is an essential, a fundamental element, a *sine qua non*, for consolidating the strength, securing the permanency, and increasing the prosperity of the whole empire. Here, then, the state of crime forces itself into consideration; it is the great basis of the calculations as to national improvement or retrogradation. The introduction of capital, the extension of the facilities for internal communication, whether by land or water, the progress of agriculture, the introduction of manufactures, the diffusion of education, are, and undoubtedly ought to be, considered as tests of the political state of the country; but these are only effects. The first question with the merchant proposing to invest his capital in Ireland, with the agriculturist to enlarge his speculations, with the manufacturer to erect his factories and import his machinery, with the teacher to go abroad to diffuse the seeds of moral culture, — the first question with each of these is that of the security of life and property. This is the preliminary theorem, on the solution of which the practical operation of all measures towards national improvements must depend.

Fortunately there is no general political question affecting the great interests of Ireland, and, consequently, of the whole empire, for which a greater sufficiency of data to work upon can be supplied. Previously to the Union, indeed, there is little material of this kind; neither in the present inquiry is it necessary. Since that period there are extant, in the records of

parliament, elaborate returns of the state of crime in Ireland from 1805 to 1810, both years inclusive; and though a chasm then intervenes in which nothing is to be found bearing on the point but a brief summary of the number of committals and convictions between 1814 and 1820, yet the details are so full and precise from the year 1826 to the present time, that the most satisfactory conclusions can be attained as to three periods of striking and peculiar importance: the first, previous to the admission of the Catholic body within the pale of the constitution; the second, the year of the change of ministry, which paved the way for parliamentary reform; and the third, that in which the nation now exists after the new government has presided over the workings of the measure of reform for several years. For the means of attaining this copious supply of authentic information on the subject, the country is primarily indebted to the measures of Lord Glenelg, when chief secretary for Ireland. During his administration there, a simultaneous voluntary exertion was being made by a number of intelligent and influential individuals, both in Great Britain and Ireland, towards the improvement, both moral and physical, of prisons, in which Lord Glenelg, then the Right Honourable Charles Grant, took a deep interest. The consequence was a revisal of the laws respecting prisons, by which the superintendence of the measures adopted for their improvement, both as to architectural construction and internal discipline, were committed to two inspectors-general, who were bound to make annual reports to parliament. These reports, which commenced in 1818, and have since been regularly continued and published, furnish annual statements, commencing with 1823, of the total number of committals and convictions, specifying the manner in which each case had been disposed of, and the intensity of punishment in cases of conviction, accompanied with specifications of the sex and age of those committed, and of their state as to literary information, arranged in counties, and classed under the six following general heads:—

1. Offences against the person.
2. ——— against property, committed with violence.
3. ——— against property, committed without violence.
4. Malicious offences against property.
5. Forgery and offences against the currency.
6. Other offences not included in the above classes.

The latest of these returns contain proportional statements of offences according to a centesimal calculation.

The information contained in these tables has been deemed so valuable, that similar returns for England and Scotland are now made by parliamentary authority.

It is evident, however, that these returns, full and satisfactory as they are, would be of themselves insufficient. A knowledge of the absolute quantity of crime would be useless towards forming estimates of its effects upon society. The state of the population must be also taken into consideration, and the relative proportions between its progress and that of crime must be ascertained. The first parliamentary measure for ascertaining the amount of the population of Great Britain was made in 1801; it was not followed up in Ireland till 1811, and the return then made was found to be so defective and inaccurate that it could not be laid before parliament. The census taken in 1821 was devised and carried into execution in such a manner as not only to remedy the defects of the former, and to furnish a very accurate account of the amount of population, but to supply materials for several statistic details arising out of it, which, if published, would have thrown much additional light on the then state of the agricultural and

manufacturing interests of that part of the empire. This census was taken during Lord Glenelg's administration; but the returns under it were not completed until after Mr. Goulbourne became chief secretary, who struck out with his own hand all the additional information above noticed, leaving only such parts as bore directly upon the actual numbers of the people. The mechanism of the census of 1831 was based upon that of 1821; with this material difference, however, that as it placed no efficient check on the returns of the persons employed to ascertain the numbers in the several parishes and other districts, its accuracy must be very doubtful. Another census, taken in 1834, by the commissioners of public instruction, based upon that of 1831, has the additional drawback upon its utility as a statistical document, of being arranged in dioceses instead of counties; thus making its comparison with the previous enumerations in all cases extremely difficult, and in many impossible.

To the statements of the amount of the population, as given in these official documents, is here added that in the imperfect return of 1811, filled up from calculations deduced from conjectural data, and also one made in 1805, chiefly on a calculation founded on the number of houses in the returns of the hearth-money collectors. These last-named statements, though confessedly not of the accuracy desirable in such an investigation, must be used in the absence of more authentic information. The numbers of the population were as follow in the years stated in the subsequent table:—

1805	-	-	-	5,395,456
1811	-	-	-	5,937,856
1821	-	-	-	6,801,827
1831	-	-	-	7,734,365
1834	-	-	-	7,943,940

A general view of the progress of crime may be had from the following table, which shows the number of committals and convictions for each year, for which parliamentary returns have been made; to which is added an approximation, sufficiently accurate for practical purposes, of the ratio which the number of committals bears to that of convictions:—

Years.	Committals.	Convictions.	Proportion of Convictions to Committals.	Years.	Committals.	Convictions.	Proportion of Convictions to Committals.
1805	2,008	613	$\frac{1}{3}$	1826	16,318	8,716	$\frac{1}{2}$
1806	1,996	649	$\frac{1}{3}$	1827	18,031	10,207	$\frac{1}{2}$
1807	2,647	546	$\frac{1}{5}$	1828	14,683	9,269	$\frac{1}{2}$
1808	2,882	639	$\frac{1}{4}$	1829	15,271	9,499	$\frac{1}{2}$
1809	2,941	715	$\frac{1}{4}$	1830	15,794	9,902	$\frac{1}{2}$
1810	3,374	910	$\frac{1}{3}$	1831	16,192	9,605	$\frac{1}{2}$
1815	5,792	2,319	$\frac{1}{2}$	1832	16,056	9,759	$\frac{1}{2}$
1816	11,273	4,490	$\frac{1}{3}$	1833	17,819	11,444	$\frac{1}{2}$
1817	13,564	5,377	$\frac{1}{3}$	1834	21,381	14,253	$\frac{1}{2}$
1819	11,325	5,036	$\frac{1}{3}$	1835	21,205	15,216	$\frac{1}{2}$
1820	12,203	5,377	$\frac{1}{2}$	1836	23,821	18,110	$\frac{1}{2}$

This analysis, if pursued no further, would lead to a conclusion very unfavourable to the character of the country; as it would appear from it,

that while the population had increased in thirty years but about one third, the number of convictions during the same period had increased thirty fold. On the other hand, it must be considered that the returns from Ireland, for some years after the Union, were not made up with the accuracy and precision now required; the means for doing so were not then in existence. In confirmation of this, reference need only be made to the table itself, in which it appears that the number of committals and convictions in 1816 is double that of the preceding year; a circumstance which can only be accounted for by the supposition that a more accurate method of making up the returns was then introduced, as there was nothing in the state of the country at that period to warrant the only other admissible conclusion, that such increase was occasioned by some great political convulsion, or by some equally extraordinary change in the state of the law. And therefore, though in a subject of such paramount interest it is desirable, as matter of curiosity, if not of instruction, to adduce all the information that can be brought to bear upon it, however defective the source from which it is derived; yet, in proceeding further into the details, it is expedient to confine the inquiry to the period where the data may be considered to rest on a basis of moral certainty. The returns made from 1826 to the present time may be inferred to be of this character, not only on account of the improved system upon which the whole management of prisons has been since carried on, but because there is, and has been for several years, a powerful check upon any intentional misstatement on the part of the officers by whom the returns have been made up, in a similar return to that of the inspectors-general of prisons by the county and town, crown and peace clerks, which is annually laid before parliament; so that any striking difference between these two documents would inevitably have led to inquiry as to their relative correctness, and thus exposed the guilty party. Yet, before dismissing this early part of the previous table altogether, it may be worthy of remark, that the number of committals compared with that of the convictions, as stated in the first ten years, is considerably greater than in the latest portion of it. In 1805 the committals were 2000, the convictions only 600; or, in other words, not one third of the individuals charged with offences were found guilty: while in 1836, out of nearly 24,000 committals, there were 18,000 convictions; that is, three fourths of the accused were convicted. This consideration may also lead to the inference that the very small number of offences, whether imputed or ascertained in the early return, may be attributable in some degree to a reluctance to prosecute where the chances of punishment were so small as compared with the expense and trouble of taking proceedings against the delinquent.

But it is evident that a mere statement of the quantity of crime would afford a very imperfect and incorrect view of the subject. To ascertain the actual state of the case, the intensity and peculiar character of the offences claim an equal share in the investigation. Together with the number of convictions, the nature of the punishments inflicted must therefore be given. For this purpose, there is exhibited in the subsequent table a statement exhibiting the particulars necessary to arrive at a legitimate conclusion as to the quantity, the intensity, and the peculiar character of guilt at the following periods:—the years 1805 and 1810 being the first and last years of the detailed returns made previously to the remodelling of the system of prison discipline; the year 1826 being the first in which such returns were made under the new system; 1831 being that in which the system that Ireland had been hitherto governed upon was terminated, and that since acted upon by the present ministry commenced; and 1836, the latest year to which the returns as yet extend.

	1805.	1810.	1826.	1831.	1836.
Committals.—Males - - -	1567	2542	13,268	13,148	19,619
Females - - -	441	832	3,050	3,044	4,272
Total	2008	3374	16,318	16,192	23,891
Discharged.—No prosecution -	1	458	187	—	1609
Bills ignored -	461	481	4645	3694	1519
Acquitted by jury -	849	876	2770	2893	2545
Remaining for trial -	—	604	—	—	—
Total	1311	2419	7602	6587	5673
Convictions.—Fined - - -	245	185	328	417	2,032
Impris. 6 mo. or under	135	387	6283	6840	13,464
1 year - - -	51	52	883	844	1,105
2 years - - -	42	10	98	120	147
3 years - - -	19	75	1	1	0
Transportation, 7 years	128	167	762	872	903
14 years - - -	—	7	31	26	16
Life - - -	9	5	49	178	268
Death - - -	68	67	281	307	175
Total	697	955	8716	9605	18,110
Executions - - - - -	42	29	34	37	14

From this table it is manifest, that while the quantity of crime has increased, its intensity has proportionally diminished. Setting aside the doubtful statements of 1805 and 1810, the other returns show a marked increase in the proportion of the more trivial offences, including such as are visited by sentences of fine or imprisonment for six months or under; while those which call for the infliction of capital punishment decrease in a manner equally striking. While the total number of convictions in 1836 is nearly double that in 1831, and more than double that in 1826, the number of executions in the first named of these years is considerably less than one half of either. Nor can this diminution of capital punishment be imputed to the overstrained exercise of the prerogative of mercy in the executive; for a reference to the same table shows a similar diminution of the crimes to which the sentence of death (a sentence dependent wholly upon the courts of justice themselves, and totally unconnected with the executive) has been awarded. It is, no doubt, to be taken into consideration, that the alterations in the criminal law in late years, by diminishing the number of crimes upon which the overstrained rigour of law had imposed the sentence of death, has had its share in the reduction of the number of executions; but it must also be remembered, that most of these alterations, by which the criminal code of the United Kingdom is being progressively purged from the imputation of bloodthirstiness imputed to it by all the Continental writers on this subject, have taken place since the late change of the system, as well as of the members of the government. But in order to come to an accurate conclusion as to the progress of crime and its bearings on the moral character of the population, the inquiry must proceed farther than its intensity; it must be applied to investigate the peculiar character of the several offences. It has been already stated, that in the reports now annually made, the offences are arranged into six classes. On referring to this part of the statement, the tables of crime for the year 1836 informs us, that in the class No. 1., which

includes offences against the person, the total number of convictions is 6099, of which those for murder are 66: of these 22 were visited with the extreme sentence of death, and 12 of those sentenced were executed; while the number of assaults, punished by six months' imprisonment, fine, whipping, or discharge on securities, is 5680; that is, 19 out of 20 cases of offences against the person are of the slightest degree of criminality. In the remaining five classes there is but one solitary instance of a sentence of death, which is inflicted upon a convict returning from transportation before its period of expiration, and the sentence was very properly commuted into that of sending him back to the place from whence he came, so as to compel him to fulfil the full term of his sentence. In the offences against property, the cases of arson, which in atrocity approximates most closely to murder, are but four, one only of which was deemed deserving of being visited with the punishment of transportation for life. Of the class No. 3., including crimes against property committed without violence, those of larceny amount to 3125, out of a total of 4259; that is, to a third part of the whole. The summary of the details, so fully given in these returns, bears out the conclusion, that while crime, in the most extended interpretation of the term, as including every act by which a person can be annoyed or property deteriorated, is on the increase; acts of atrocity, the mere recital of which makes the hearer start from his seat, and ask himself the question, Is it for this kind of protection that I submit to the thralldom of the social system? — is rapidly diminishing.

The tables published in the prison reports afford several other important views of the bearings and character of crime, a few only of which can here be barely touched. They give views of the ages of those charged with crime, and of their state as to education; as also averages, calculated according to a centesimal proportion, of the ages of those charged with offences, and of the character of the crimes imputed to them. In this part of their labours, however, inspectors-general have fallen into an error which bears unjustly upon the character of the people: the averages are taken upon the number of committals instead of that of the convictions, thus involving the innocent with the guilty. But the error, though it may produce its effect on the casual observer, is easy of correction by those who devote due time and attention to the subject, inasmuch as the proportion of committals to convictions being as four to three, a very slight arithmetical alteration will set the matter right.

Though now compelled, from want of space, to pass over without further notice these parts of the subject, however highly interesting and important, we cannot avoid laying before the reader a table of the number of sentences of death and of executions in each year, for which returns are extant, from which the philanthropist will be much gratified in perceiving that the number of executions has been progressively decreasing.

Years.	Sentenced to Death.	Executed.	Years.	Sentenced to Death.	Executed.
1805	68	42	1829	244	38
1806	83	42	1830	262	39
1807	91	55	1831	307	37
1808	91	53	1832	319	39
1809	110	66	1833	237	39
1810	61	29	1834	197	43
			1835	179	27
1826	281	34	1836	175	14
1827	346	37			
1828	221	21			

Another view of these tables, as bearing upon the state and character of crime in various parts of the country, is equally worthy of investigation. When the subject is considered in this point of view, attention must be paid to the effects produced by difference of descent, by difference of religion, by the density of the population as compared with the superficial extent of the soil, and by the operation of the laws. The four provinces into which Ireland is divided are peopled by stocks which, however much their distinguishing moral features may have been assimilated by mutual admixture, still retain sufficient of their original character to enable even a transient observer to perceive a marked variety in them. A general similarity of national character tinctured to a certain degree with a provincial diversity:

“ ——— facies non omnibus idem,
Nec diversa tamen ——— ”

and if to this be added a view of the state of crime in each, as indicated by the total number of convictions in each province, the total number of crimes of the greatest atrocity against person or property, murder and arson, the total of petty crimes punished by six months' imprisonment, or under; fine, whipping, or the surveillance of securities, and of executions, the account will stand as follows:—

In Leinster, which was the first, and at times the only settlement of the English, the character and habits of that nation predominate to a certain degree: Ulster exhibits features decidedly Scotch; Munster still retains strong traces of its Milesian origin, whether that be Spanish or Phœnician; and Connaught is as decidedly Celtic. As to religion, there are but the two varieties of Protestant and Catholic. The influence of the density of population will be estimated according to the opinion as to its effects produced upon the moral character, by the greater or lesser approximation of man to man, a question not of easy solution. The influence of the operation of law, both in its enactments and enforcement, must in some degree depend on that of the question of religion, as the legislators of the criminal code under which Ireland is still regulated were of one religious persuasion, and the intensity of its penal enactments chiefly bore upon those of the other.

The comparative density of the population of the four provinces is as follows:—

Province.	Extent in Acres.	Population in 1831.	No. of Souls to the acreable contents.
Leinster -	4,782,058	1,927,967	1 soul to { 2·13 acres. 1·76 1·63 2·07
Munster -	5,879,872	2,165,193	
Ulster -	5,408,012	2,293,128	
Connaught -	4,329,608	1,348,077	

The relative proportions of the different religious persuasions cannot be given according to provinces or counties, in consequence, as already stated, of the returns of the commissioners of public instruction having been made up according to the ecclesiastical division of dioceses.

If in order to simplify and facilitate the calculation, an approximation in millions be taken in lieu of the precise numbers above specified, the state of crime relatively to the density of population may be inferred from the following table:—

Province.	Extent in Mil- lions of Acres.	Popu- lation in Mil- lions.	Density of Popu- lation, as compared with Extent, in Acres and decimal parts.	Convictions.					Executions.
				Total No. of.	Petty Of- fences.	Capital Of- fences.	Mur- der.	Ar- son.	
Leinster	4½	2	Soul. Acres. 1 to 2·48	5260	4672	50	4	2	4
Munster	5½	2½	1 to 2·65	3810	3161	48	11	3	9
Ulster	5½	2½	1 to 2·36	2901	2744	22	3	—	1
Connaught	4½	1½	1 to 3·28	2090	1959	25	2	—	0

The most striking inferences from these data are, that Leinster exceeds the other provinces in the total amount of crime; Munster in the proportion that the total of the convictions bears to the petty offences, and also in the amount of atrocity; while Ulster and Connaught, the one the most Protestant, the other the most Catholic of the four provinces, exhibit the smallest extent of crime, whether as to quantity or atrocity, and in each the amount is nearly equal, as will be evident on taking into consideration the population of each respectively.

In the foregoing calculations the large cities and towns which have jurisdictions distinct from those of the county in which they are situate, have not been included, because the exciting causes of guilt in a population so highly condensed must be, in a great degree, essentially different from that of the country at large. Indeed the character of the population, as dispersed through the country or collected in masses, should also form an element in the estimate of relative offence. Considered in this respect, the following table, exhibiting the number of cities and towns in each province, the population of each of which is 6000 or upwards, may serve to throw farther light upon the subject:—

Province.	Cities or Towns, whose Population is					Total.
	100,000 or upwards.	100,000 to 10,000	10,000 to 8000	8000 to 6000		
Leinster -	1	5	1	3		10
Munster -	1	3	4	10		18
Ulster -	0	3	2	0		5
Connaught -	0	1	0	2		3

Here, again, Munster, in which crime appears to be most prevalent, has also the most densely aggregated population.

To prosecute the inquiry farther, to see the relative proportions of crime in the several counties, would lead to an extent and minuteness of detail beyond what can now be approached. Yet the subject is not less important than curious; for, to come at the true means for arresting the progress of guilt, and ultimately attaining its extinction, the workings of this eating cancer in the vitals of society must be traced to its origin in the smaller aggregates, in order to arrive at sound conclusions as to its bearings on the total population. Yet some light may be thrown on the subject to aid those who wish to proceed in the investigation, by the following table, exhibiting the proportionate density of the population in every county, together with the state of crime in its highest and lowest degrees in 1836. In this table

the counties are arranged according to their proportionate population, and the initial of the province they belong to is attached to each; and the same details in the counties of cities and of towns are also added:—

COUNTY.	Population.			Crimes.					Ratio of		
	Total.	Density.		Petty Offences.	Capital Offences.	Murder.	Arson.		Convictions to Population.	Petty Offences to Convictions.	Capital Offences to Convictions.
		Souls.	Acres.								
Dublin	L. 83,042	to 1.31	602	546	—	—	—	—	1 to 104	1 to 1.108	1 to 249
Armagh	U. 220,651	to 1.44	498	470	2	—	—	—	1 to 443	1 to 1.060	1 to 249
Monaghan	U. 195,532	to 1.67	288	253	—	—	—	—	1 to 678	1 to 1.142	—
Down	U. 352,571	to 1.73	384	335	6	1	—	1†	1 to 918	1 to 1.146	1 to 64
Louth	L. 108,168	to 1.85	290	279	1	—	—	—	1 to 369	1 to 1.039	1 to 290
Cavan	U. 228,050	to 2.07	98	64	—	—	—	—	1 to 2327	1 to 1.531	—
Tyrone	U. 302,943	to 2.12	271	238	5	1	—	—	1 to 1118	1 to 1.188	to 54
Londonderry	U. 222,116	to 2.33	300	257	4	1	—	—	1 to 740	1 to 1.167	to 72
Longford	L. 112,391	to 2.34	275	252	4	—	—	—	1 to 409	1 to 1.091	1 to 69
Antrim	U. 314,608	to 2.41	412	292	4	—	—	—	1 to 763	1 to 1.410	1 to 103
Cork	M. 700,359	to 2.44	960	841	—	—	—	—	1 to 729	1 to 1.022	—
Tipperary	M. 402,598	to 2.51	1303	1055	22	5	2	5†	1 to 309	1 to 1.235	1 to 59
Sligo	C. 171,508	to 2.53	136	111	3	—	—	—	1 to 1261	1 to 1.225	1 to 4
Roscommon	C. 239,903	to 2.54	401	360	8	—	—	—	1 to 598	1 to 1.111	1 to 50
Carlow	L. 81,576	to 2.69	665	635	2	—	—	—	1 to 122	1 to 1.047	1 to 331
Queen's C.	L. 145,843	to 2.72	585	543	2	—	—	—	1 to 249	1 to 1.077	1 to 292
Westmeath	L. 148,161	to 2.82	552	483	5	1	—	1	1 to 268	1 to 1.163	1 to 110
Limerick	M. 233,505	to 2.88	375	492	4	3	—	—	1 to 406	1 to 1.167	1 to 144
Kilkenny	L. 160,283	to 2.96	393	342	2	—	—	—	1 to 408	1 to 1.149	1 to 196
Leitrim	C. 141,303	to 2.97	281	272	—	—	—	—	1 to 503	1 to 1.070	—
Wexford	L. 182,991	to 3.08	477	460	1	—	—	—	1 to 383	1 to 1.087	to 477
Clare	M. 258,262	to 3.10	238	147	5	1	1	—	1 to 108	1 to 1.612	to 47
Waterford	M. 148,077	to 3.12	231	180	8	2	—	4†	1 to 640	1 to 1.283	1 to 29
Fermanagh	U. 149,555	to 3.15	287	496	1	—	—	—	1 to 521	—	1 to 287
Meath	L. 177,023	to 3.20	155	101	6	—	2	—	1 to 1142	1 to 1.534	1 to 26
Kildare	L. 108,401	to 3.62	365	315	15	—	—	—	1 to 297	1 to 1.166	1 to 24
Mayo	C. 367,956	to 3.63	1026	988	4	—	—	—	1 to 358	1 to 1.083	to 254
King's C.	L. 144,029	to 3.66	700	634	11	2	—	2	1 to 206	1 to 1.104	to 64
Galway	C. 394,287	to 3.78	246	228	10	2	—	—	1 to 140	1 to 1.079	to 25
Donegal	U. 298,194	to 3.91	863	339	—	—	—	—	1 to 821	1 to 1.070	—
Wicklow	L. 122,301	to 4.04	207	164	1	1	—	1¶	1 to 590	1 to 1.262	to 207
Kerry	M. 264,559	to 4.34	503	445	9	—	—	—	1 to 526	1 to 1.108	1 to 51
COUNTIES, OF CITIES, AND OF TOWNS.											
Dublin	L. 203,652	—	1687	1008	19	—	—	—	1 to 121	1 to 1.677	1 to 88
Cork	M. 107,907	—	728	617	—	—	—	—	1 to 148	1 to 1.165	1 to 182
Limerick	M. 66,575	—	1085	998	—	2	—	—	1 to 61	1 to 1.087	1 to 181
Galway	C. 33,120	—	134	129	—	—	—	—	1 to 247	1 to 1.004	1 to 134
Waterford	M. 28,821	—	166	144	—	—	—	—	1 to 174	1 to 1.152	—
Kilkenny	L. 23,741	—	137	133	—	—	—	—	1 to 151	1 to 1.180	—
Drogheda	L. 17,365	—	77	59	—	—	—	—	1 to 225	1 to 1.305	—
Carrickfergus	U. **8,698	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

Not less important and interesting is the inquiry into the proportionate state of crime in the three great sections of the United Kingdom. A general view of this part of the subject may be had from the following table:—

* For murder.

† For murder.

‡ Two for murder; two for intent to murder.

§ The excess of punishments for petty offences above those of convictions in general is occasioned by several having been sentenced to fine or whipping, as well as imprisonment; and these sentences are here set down as separate.

|| For murder.

¶ For murder.

** The convictions for Carrickfergus are included in the Inspector-General's returns among those of the county of Antrim.

Divisions.	Population.	Conviction.	Petty Offences.	Capital Offences.	Executions.
England	13,897,187	14,771	8,925	494	17
Ireland	7,767,401	18,110	14,284	175	14
Scotland	2,365,114	2,223	2,152	2	1

The facts here brought to light lead to conclusions singularly important. The gross population in each of the three divisions may be estimated in round numbers at fourteen, two and a half, and eight millions; or, in order to get rid of the fraction, at twenty-eight, five, and sixteen half millions; and thence the following table may be constructed:—

	Population, in Half Millions.	Ratio of Convictions, 1 to every	Proportion of Petty Offences to Convictions.	Ratio of Capital Offences, 1 to every
England	28	942	3 to 5	28,340
Ireland	16	442	7 to 8	45,714
Scotland	5	1063	1 to 1	1,125,000

The variations here are considerable and extraordinary: in the comparison Scotland ranks pre-eminently high; and though much allowance must be made for the difference of the Scotch and British system of criminal jurisprudence, yet, even with every fair deduction on that score, the comparative nullity of capital convictions and executions evinces a high degree of moral feeling in the great body of the people there; for, whatever be the law, atrocious crimes must be visited with condign punishment. In comparing Ireland with England, it appears that though the number of convictions in the former country is double those in the latter, yet the amount of capital convictions is nearly in an inverse ratio in not being above one half in proportion to the population. It also appears that the proportion of petty offences to the total number of convictions in Ireland is considerably greater than in England.

The general inference from the whole statement is that while crime has increased considerably in Ireland during the time through which an exact registry of its progress has been kept up, it has decreased considerably in intensity; that the number of those committed and discharged as innocent has also considerably diminished; and that, therefore, a continuance of the principle of a substitution of certainty for severity of punishment, by a persevering adherence to the modified system of criminal jurisprudence, now being, for the first time, acted upon in that section of the empire, will lead to annual returns of crime and punishment as clean as those of England and ultimately as those of Scotland. The prospect of such a result is worthy of a perseverance in the experiment now in progress.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

EVERY country and people has a physiognomy peculiar to itself, and a character more or less picturesque. Nature creates the one; in the other, we find the reflex of manners, customs, and institutions — of all, in short, that springs from art and civilization.

In Spain, the picturesque is found in the very streets. Monks, gipsies, and students, the *Toreros**, the *Manolas*†, and the *Miquelets*‡, together with banditti, offer a wide and rich field for the pencil of the painter, and the pen of the philosopher. Every form of many-coloured life exhibits an individual impression, whether the eye rests upon ecclesiastics or laymen, on the inhabitants of the north or of the south. Their very dress and language betray the different professions to which each party belongs, and the provinces from whence they come. The peculiarities of the nation still live partially in the pages of Cervantes, and more than half of the picture has been already sketched by his inimitable pencil. To complete it, will require, what we can scarcely hope to meet with, a Spanish Sir Walter Scott.

If Scotland, whose features are somewhat uniform, although picturesque, and whose history, till the time of the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, was scarcely known beyond the borders, could, in despite of such disadvantages, furnish subjects so full of interest to a master-painter, what exquisite sketches could not such a genius discover in Spain — so rich in events since the time when the modern Saragossa re-enacted the tragedy of the Saguntum of ancient days !

To paint the Spaniard, however, the artist must be no servile imitator of the Scottish novelist. Like Murillo, he must be born in the country, and be attached to it by every tie of love; or he will want the power to perceive all the minute shades of the national character, and to invest them with the vivid colours of truth. Moreover, he ought to visit many climes, and come in contact with strange faces, that he may be enabled to understand the peculiarities of his countrymen, and to exhibit them in bold relief.

The nobility and middle classes, as they exist at present, offer little to the notice of the painter, but much to that of the politician. Yet, while the latter will be at a loss to guess even the future destinies of Spain, the former will be able to trace the stream of Moorish blood in the internal feelings of the Spaniard, which are as warm as his external deportment is cold. No where, except at Rome, do we meet with so many monks, and the other symbols of a religion of shows. Processions cross each other daily in the streets. The churches, pillaged by the marshals of the Empire, are still resplendent with marble and gold. In that country the Inquisition was as atrocious as it was useless, inasmuch as there was no chance of Protestantism being established among a people sensual to excess, and who to the single virtue of sobriety strangely unite an insatiable thirst for continual excitement. Neither Calvin nor Zwingle could have made themselves intelligible to an illiterate, or even to an educated Spaniard; and still less to the women who fill the streets, squares, and balconies, and mount upon the house-tops to see, almost weekly, a St. Michael *en tonnelet*,

* Bull-fighters.

† A sort of country policemen.

‡ Inhabitants of the suburbs.

and a Ste. Justine in a hoop of gold tissue, or a St. James with his cross of Calatrava, or the Virgin with her interminable train, holding a kerchief in her hand, and weeping, like a young widow in high life, most becomingly.

In Germany the case is quite the reverse. The prominent points in the German character are to be seen, not in the procession of priests, nor in the exhibition of the *matadores*, but in their literature and universities, which are the cradle of their great men and events. It was from an university that Protestantism rose up at the bidding of the courageous professor of Wittenberg, who left as a legacy to emancipated mankind the name of Luther. It was in the universities of Germany that the elements of the storm were collected that burst upon the devoted head of Napoleon, as it was in the monasteries of Spain that the first effort was made which led to the downfall of the imperial dynasty. It was in Germany that the professors and students armed themselves with songs for their friends and swords for their foes, rushed to the field of Leipsig, and kept alive the flame of freedom, which burnt so fiercely in the strife of 1813, long after it had died away in the rest of Europe, and which gave rise to the very acme of ingratitude on the part of the emancipated sovereigns, who, by the decrees of the congress at Carlsbad, deprived the universities of their time-honoured privileges. It is to the unremitting exertions of Fichte that is due the resuscitation of the Prussian eagle, after it had been struck down by a more powerful enemy. Surrounded by a crowd of ardent youths, the hero deposited in the hearts of his followers the seed of the real tree of liberty; and boldly broached and vigorously upheld the right to rise against the might of the oppressor. To the notions thus promulgated by the new school professors, Arndt and Jahn gave the sanction of their authority; nor did Prince Hardenberg, the founder of the *Tugendbund*, hesitate to range himself under their banners; while "Country, King, and God!" became the rallying cry of the volunteers of Schill, at Lutzow, and of the students in Germany, who, like Körner, the Tyrtæus of his day, knew how to gain the meed of never-dying glory in a contest, where the numerical superiority of the enemy seemed to render all resistance hopeless. Even at the present day, Hanover affords a convincing proof that, if public spirit has made any progress, if in Germany any form of government is to exist other than absolutism, it will be owing to the impulse given by the universities; and if by the exertions of persevering patriots the representative system is ever destined to assume any consistent shape, all the honour must be given to the professors, who have taught Germany that independence is the high road to the happiness of man.

With these facts before us, it will be interesting to examine into the nature of those university bodies in which the grammar of Gottsched first gave a form to the language of Germany, and thus enabled it to become the fitting medium for the thoughts of a Voss, a Schiller, and a Göthe. And the review of these admirable institutions, that have given birth to productions not easily to be equalled, will be the more acceptable, as the diet of Frankfurt has attempted, with a parricidal hand, to destroy a system of education to which Germany owes all that is great and glorious in her history, literary as well as political.

For a long time the universities of Germany differed in no respect from those that were to be found elsewhere in Europe. Both had their origin in the middle ages, and preserved equally the spirit of that period. They enjoyed an independence nearly perfect, and formed, as it were, distinct petty states. When, however, modern philosophy first made its assault

on the sentiments and institutions of the middle ages, although it found many supporters in the students of Germany, it was unable to destroy all the prejudices in favour of the past. Hence arose three sects in Germany — viz. those who were desirous of preserving the customs of their father-land, those by whom every thing old was decried as the remnant of barbarism; and those who held a middle course, and who were neither anxious to preserve all that was rusted by time, nor to introduce all the glittering novelties of reform.

Of these three parties, the first existed at Heidelberg as late as the year 1818, when it was changed into corporations, such as were found in the middle ages, and from which were derived the ceremonies of the *flotteburschen*, or gay companions, as the party called itself.

In a month or two after the commencement of the University year, the students, to the number of two or three hundred, or more, formed a grand party, under the name of the *General Commercial Company*. The banquet took place in a large room, filled from one end to the other with tables. At the head of each was placed a chair for the president, who sat with a naked sword in his hand as the emblem of power. The *fête* commenced as soon as the presidents, in number about six or eight, struck the table with their swords, and pronounced the words "*Silentium ; ad loca.*" — "*Silence ; to your places.*" At this signal each took his seat. The band then struck up the national hymn, and the students thundered out the praises of the reigning prince. After this the president arose, put his hat upon his sword, over which he placed cross-like the two first fingers of his right hand, and gave out in a solemn tone the following oath : — "I pierce my cap, and I swear to conduct myself ever with honour, and to be always a noble *bursche*." The president then passed his sword and hat to his neighbour on the right, who in his turn rose and pierced *his* hat, and the rest followed in order, until the whole party were standing, and not a hat in the room remained untouched. The sword was thus brought round with all the hats strung upon it to the president, who replaced them one after the other upon the heads of their owners, and, laying his sword upon the head of each, he pronounced, as he covered the party, these words : "I cover this head, and upon it I place my sword. Long live our brother !" Upon this the whole party replied in chorus — "As long as we recognise him we will call him brother, and will call him a knave who does him wrong." The presidents, with their hats placed on the hilts of their swords, finished the ceremony by covering each other's heads; after which the students commenced their *dry-drinking*. Let not, however, the reader imagine that the parties engaged in this perilous career with the characteristic imprudence of youth. Near the banquetting hall was a large room filled with straw for those who were destined to die. It still bears the frightful name of the chamber of death (*Todtenkammer*). But, as man is immortal, those who were buried in the night rose again the following day, and brought from the tomb only a violent headach, or, perhaps, some marks on their clothes of what had been placed there by their fellow-dead.

These ceremonies will, of course, appear to sober John Bull at once ridiculous and barbarous. But the brotherly feeling which they engendered in the German universities more than counterbalanced all their absurdity. It was in those boisterous meetings that friendships were formed which ended only with life. Here it was that an *esprit de corps* took its rise, which united all the students, no matter how wide the differences were between them in other respects. It was here that the young men were

taught to consider their word of honour as sacred; and the student who failed in this point was universally cut by his companions.

It would answer no purpose to enter into a minute detail of all the whims and follies of the students; the counterpart of which is to be seen, not only in the military schools of France, but in every society of young persons, no longer tied to their mother's apron-strings, and let loose upon an opening world, with no better compass than a restless imagination which turns, like the streamer, to every change of wind. There is, however, this peculiarity in the students of Germany. Their greatest extravagancies of conduct sometimes arise from the very sobriety of their thoughts. For example, since the time when the party, whose ceremonies we have just described, became extinct, the German students, instead of dividing themselves into societies whose appellations and rites are of recent date, have enrolled themselves into others, that bring with them the associations of times long gone by. Of these societies (*Land-mun-schaften*) each has its own dress, armorial bearings, and regiment; and not a student is to be found who does not belong to some one or other society. His pride is, not that he is an Austrian, Prussian, or Hessian, but that he is one of the *Suevi*, or *Cherusci*, or a Vandal, or a Lombard. Their notions of glory and liberty — the result of their classical studies, are too vast to be bounded by the *inglorious* present. As soon as the philosophy of Rousseau and the songs of Schiller got possession of the German universities, the students began to dream of a state of nature, and to acknowledge no other country than what obtained the admiration, not a little suspect, of the jaundiced eye of Tacitus. A recital of the follies which this mental delusion gave rise to would lead to reflections of a character at once laughable and serious; and we would willingly introduce here a full account of the dress and manners of some of these university corporations, did not facts more important demand our attention. We cannot, however, omit to mention one, the origin of which is purely of a philosophic nature. The corporation, *Eruditi*, had, for its leading principle, a disregard of the ridicule which the doctrine of a community of goods—at least as far as tobacco and beer were concerned—had provoked. The whole society smoked with a single pipe, formed of the trunk of a tree hollowed out, in which various smaller pipes were inserted; while the beer was drawn through long necks from a single barrel.

These associations had the organisation of a republic. Every six months each corporation elected a president intrusted with the internal administration, according to the regulations laid down by the general assembly. The presidents of each association formed together an university tribunal, which represented the interests of the students. The duty of this tribunal was to take cognisance of the remarks written in the *Burschen Comment*. It pronounced the verdict of infamy against those who had been guilty of infractions of the law, and, in cases of appeal, it decided upon the revocation of the sentence. The party who thus appealed was compelled to fight a duel with four students chosen by the convention. These duels formed the principal business of the students in Germany. Scarcely did a day pass without one or two taking place on the most trifling grounds. To have even an idea of what happened on the right bank of the Rhine, it was absolutely requisite to see with what indifference the students of the faculty of Poitiers went out to fight a duel. It must be confessed, however, that the duels in Germany are more terrible in name than in reality. The swords, it is true, are as keen as a razor, but the combatants are dressed in such a

manner as to avoid nearly all the evil consequences of coming into contact with so fatal a weapon. The head is defended by a broad-brimmed hat, supported by a thick iron wire; the neck is surrounded with numerous silk-cravats; and the whole body is protected by a large bandage of leather, while two thirds of the right arm are enveloped in a mass of silk-handkerchiefs. The only parts exposed are, the face, the upper half of the breast, and a portion of the right arm, and the only wound which is mortal is inflicted by passing the sword through the side, and under the right arm. Most of the blows are aimed at the face, and hence the large scars which grace the students of Germany. The swords belong to the associations, and the students who are not members of any corporation must borrow them, together with those for the seconds, who are dressed in the colours of the society to which they belong. The latter are generally the most experienced duellists. They stand on the left of their principals, and ward off the blows given in that direction. Three fourths of the *rencontres* end without a wound, and scarcely one in twenty produces a week's illness to the combatants.

There is another kind of duel, still less dangerous, and peculiar to the students of Germany — the *battle of the bottles*. This, like the preceding, has its written laws, forms, and tribunals. Address a student by the name of *learned*, and you must wash out the insult by half a pint of beer. If he replies by calling you *doctor*, the law requires a pint. If to the replication of *doctor* a rejoinder is made by the appellation of *Marciniche*, a pint and a half must settle the quarrel; and if the answer *Marciniche* meets with a rebutter in the word *Ruppel* — which are the names of two students, who have left behind them a great character in the university) — a quart is the measure* of the penalty. If to the rebutter in *Ruppel* you give a surrebutter, by calling the party the *University-bailiff*, two pints and a half is the penalty, and three if the surrebutter is met by the appellation of *pope*. All these insults must follow each other in a certain order; nor is it permitted to call a person *pope* without having previously addressed him as *learned*, nor without having paid the penalty of the draught. Formerly two other terms of reproach formed the climax of seven insults. But the appellation of *Dévil*, to which that of *God* was given in answer, has fallen into desuetude, and with it the penalty of drinking, for the former, fifty pints, and for the latter of continuing the battle of the bottles till both rolled dead-drunk under the table. With regard to the formalities observed in this strife of drink, he who is dishonoured by being called *learned* sends his second to his adversary, who selects his own. "Bring forth the weapons," cries the last: when two glasses are brought out, holding each half a pint of beer. The second then examines if the weapons are equal; and, if they appear not to be so, he brings them to an equality by drinking first out of one and then out of the other, until the other second cries, "The weapons are equal;" when, placing the two glasses before the combatants, he says, "Handle arms;" whereupon the two principals lay hold of the glasses. "Put yourselves in position," and they carry the glasses to their lips. "Fight," and they drink. The law, however, requires them not only to drink, but to empty their glasses, without leaving a heel-tap or spilling a drop; which is technically called *bleeding*. If the glass is not drained dry, the second of the other party pours out what is left upon the table, and calls the delinquent a *Philistine* — a term of reproach applied by the German students to all other individuals, their professors alone excepted.

He who refuses to take up the glove of defiance when thrown down is considered unworthy of being a drinker, and has the mark of infamy attached to his name by the order of the convention.

In the rear of customs so little in accordance with the advance of civilisation, and so well ridiculed by Göthe in one of his scenes in *Faust*, serious reflections are sometimes found to present themselves. "The life of a student has not always been that of a dog, who is continually turning himself round to bite his tail." Tradition sanctified the follies of the students, who, however, when the hour of graver thoughts and nobler actions arrived, were not wanting to themselves, nor insensible to the appeals made to their better feelings.

Shut out, during infancy, by the walls of their schools from the world that surrounds them, the students of Germany lived, till they came to riper years, in a land peopled with dazzling dreams, and with all the generous and exalted, but eccentric feelings of youth. Their education, based on the literature of Greece and Rome, and strongly imbued with the popular poetry of their own heroic ages, prevented them from viewing, but with feelings of disgust, a world of reality, where they can discover no trace of that land and those virtues which cheated their fancy in the morn of life. It is this transition from an ideal to a real existence which was depicted so strongly in the songs of Schiller, the favourite poet of the German student. He who would enter into the full sense of the poet's words, and workings of his feelings, need only skim over his little poem, *Die Ideale*, or his *Su die Freunde*, and dwell upon every line of *The Robbers*, where he has exhibited all the intensity of his love for what is noble, lovely, and sublime.

When Charles de Moor appeared on the stage he exclaimed, "This age, begrimed with ink, makes my heart sick when I read my Plutarch!"

Such is the language of a German student, when he carries his views beyond an university life. The perusal of the writings of antiquity leaves behind it a feeling of exaggerated greatness. From hence are found to emanate actions perhaps eccentric, but which attest in the actors a sincere and deep desire to arrive at the good, the true, and the beautiful. It is here that we must look for the origin of that meditation and patience which give such force to the German character. Here, too, is to be traced the source of that tendency to ancient forms of government which is seen in the universities of the Rhine, — a tendency that Göthe has openly avowed with so much *naïveté* in his *Faust*, where, says the hero of the piece, "we please ourselves with the idea of an increased population, of greater patriotism, and more extended instruction, — and yet we are only bringing up a nation of rebels."

The serious and reforming spirit of the students of Germany exhibited itself especially in 1813, when Germany commenced its grand crusade against Napoleon. At that time even sovereigns installed themselves professors of liberalism, and were as ready to support liberal ideas, when their crowns were in danger, as they have since been to persecute them when that danger was removed. When, after the peace, the students had returned to their universities — eye-witnesses of the heroism with which Körner died on the field of honour, fighting for the freedom of his father-land, — they felt a natural desire to introduce into their political life all that experience had taught them. Conscious of the dignity which their title of the liberators of Germany had conferred upon them, they blushed for the silly and brutal orgies in which they had previously indulged. It was to feelings like these that the celebrated *Burschen-schaft* owed its origin; an association intended to introduce a reform in the university life. It abolished the battle of the bottles, and established courts of honour (*Ehren gerichte*), to which the students were required to submit their quarrels before they fought. These tribunals were truly courts of reconciliation, by which considerable

sums of money were economized, which before used to pass into the strong box of the men of the law. The members of the *Burschen-schaft* adopted a plain dress, and a studious life; while their amusements consisted in gymnastic exercises, calculated to restore that strength to the body which perpetual study is apt to impair. At the university of Jena all the old associations disappeared; and, in the others, they were nearly swept away.

The sovereigns of Germany could not but sanction the statutes of the *Burschen-schaft*, when presented to them. They who had conceived the idea of this association had been the recent saviours of their common country; and it was impossible to blast the hopes which the sovereigns themselves had so lately encouraged. But, while the higher powers openly approved of the new association, they restored underhand the old corporations, and invested with honours the customs of the past. Subsequently they put down, by an interdict, all university associations, and thus extinguished the *Burschen-schaft*. The pretext for this universal proscription was the murder of Kotzebue, committed by a student who belonged to the latter society. Nothing could better exhibit the character of the German students than this tragedy, the result of a fanaticism of which it would be difficult to find a parallel elsewhere. To minds of such a temperament, it is absolutely requisite, for the regeneration of Germany, that a master-spirit should arise to fix and regulate the enthusiasm of the students. Schiller was their god during his life, and it was he who impregnated them with his philosophy and poetry. To Schiller succeeded Augustus William Schlegel as the object of worship. Far inferior to his predecessor, he was nevertheless the first preacher of romanticism, the fervent admirer of the middle ages, and of all the poetry which that period produced. Like Schiller, he had studied and wished to imitate the simple and lovely forms of ancient art; like Schiller, too, he lauded and magnified the artlessness and energy of an age not as yet spoiled by over refinement. Both had this in common, that neither recognised as subjects fit for poetry any except such as were noble and lofty in word and in deed. They differed, however, in this respect, that Schiller drew his inspirations from the beautiful and the sublime, without regard to time, place, or person; while Schlegel reserved his admiration for the poetry of the middle ages, when the catholic religion was the star in the ascendant, and was shedding all its imposing splendour upon the court, the camp, the cloister, and the human heart. This was the feeling which led him to translate *Calderon*, and to place the catholic poet of Spain above the English dramatist who graced the reign of Elizabeth. Hence the violence of his attack on Kotzebue, who considered the actual state of Germany as the model of perfection, and who never dreamed of looking beyond his own country for subjects of poetry. It was upon this principle that he conceived and published, without effort, his numerous volumes, which were not only relished, but devoured greedily by a public to whom the very idea of a country was unknown, and by whom all social improvements were regarded as an utopian dream; a notion which even the present age is apt to indulge in, and to exclaim, with *Candide*, "All is for the best, in this best of all possible worlds!"

Schlegel asserted, perhaps with reason, that the world did wrong in bowing down at the shrine of Kotzebue, whom he accused of the design to destroy or pervert the moral character of the nation — a charge of a very grave character indeed, and one that was likely to give rise to "deeds without a name," in the case of persons who let their imaginations run before their reason.

Convinced that the very existence of Kotzebue was dangerous to the

welfare of his country, one Follenius, a madman, stirred up another madman, in the person of George Sandes, to murder a man convicted in their eyes of the crime *læsæ majestatis* in the court of Parnassus. To accomplish their purpose the better, by raising up a prejudice against Kotzebue, and hunting him down as the destroyer of his country, he was publicly accused in *The Nemesis*, a journal so called, of acting the part of a spy in the pay of Russia. Be the fact what it may, no sooner was the murder committed than it served as a pretext for the decree which broke up the *Burschenschaft*, no member of which but Sandes was concerned in this act of fanaticism.

The last ordinances of the diet of Francfort have left to the discretion of each government the regulation, not only of its universities as a body, but the conduct, and even the studies, of its individual members; and thus the *coup de grâce* has been given to every science.

Hanover is a recent and remarkable instance of the effect of these unfortunate decrees; and, at the present moment, the life of the German universities, once so redolent of joy in all its freshness, and so full of high and generous aspirations, has become

————— “like the fat weed that rots
On Lethe’s banks.”

The students can no longer learn with the elements of science the duties of free-born citizens, nor expect to reap the fruits of a regenerated society. The universities have lost at one and the same time their character and their charter, and they drag on a soulless existence, mortifying to themselves, and contemptible almost in the eyes of their oppressors. Whatever ridicule may, however, be thrown upon institutions founded in the middle ages, and still preserving the impress of the past, as revolting to our present tastes, yet we cannot but regret to see a nation, renowned for all the kindlier feelings of the heart, and some of the deepest productions of the mind, destined by a single blow of absolutism to stand, like the lightning-blasted oak, encumbering the ground which it once adorned.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

WE broke off our last month’s notes in the midst of the annuals, and we now resume our brief hints of criticism with the same class of publications, which especially belong to, and mark the season.

Perhaps one’s taste becomes more fastidious as these gorgeous volumes increase upon us, developing such apparently endless varieties of designs, or recombinations, as to involve us in a small perplexity of choice, which is hardly worth trying to get out of by any serious effort of judgment; but, however this may be, we were beginning to grow wearied of the grand plates and tinsel bindings of these works, and to long for something more readable and substantial, when we received Heath’s *Book of Beauty*, which at once put us into a good humour with the whole race of annuals. This splendid publication is edited by the Countess of Blessington, who has succeeded, not only in drawing round her a group of distinguished writers, but, which is still more to the purpose, in catching them in their most felicitous moods. The prose stories are all good, dramatic, brisk, and full of life. The poetical contributions are executed with care, and some of them exhibit great power, and are of a nature to survive the perishable literature of the day. The range of the greater part of the verses, is limited to such handsome things as the writers can say of the exquisite portraits of the female nobility which embellish the book, and which form a magnificent gallery of living beauty,

brought out with the utmost refinements of art. A few of these poetical inscriptions are touched with an epigrammatic felicity that inspires them with permanent interest. Of all the annuals that have yet reached us (and we believe we have now seen all that are likely to be issued) this volume approaches nearest to our ideal of perfection in this way.

The "Keepsake" rejoices in a bustle of titled authors, who, it is to be regretted, are not as good in the performance as we have a right to expect from the promise. But it is a pleasant thing to see the aristocracy thus coming personally, and with all their other honours upon them, into the fields of literature; and, on that account, it is not very desirable to look too critically into their slight contributions. The poetry of this volume is certainly of a very indifferent character; but then we have a fair compensation for deficiencies of that kind in the vigour and novelty of the prose articles, and in the richness of the embellishments. The literature of the Keepsake is not altogether very striking: it leaves a faint impression on the mind of the reader: but the book is, nevertheless, a very elegant book for the drawing-room, diversified in its contents, and as splendid in its appointments as any work of the season.

"Heath's Picturesque Annual" is distinguished from the majority of its contemporaries by being dedicated to a single subject—the history and description of Versailles. It is a volume for the library, no less than the drawing-room; and will afford the reader as much real enjoyment of an intellectual kind as the lover of art will derive from its magnificent engravings. The historical narrative is drawn chiefly from a French work, and the description of the present state of the palace, and its attendant stars in the park, is supplied by Mr. Leitch Ritchie. Notwithstanding the innumerable histories and sketches we have had of Versailles, and the Court of Louis XIV., and the wits and beauties of that age of gallantry, there is a charm of freshness in this book which will render it universally acceptable. The fidelity of the illustrations—executed with marvellous skill—will be recognised by every one who has visited that celebrated place.

In the "Gems of Beauty" we have a superb series of Spanish subjects, illustrated by the Countess of Blessington in fanciful and descriptive verses. This is essentially a picture book; even the verses are little pictures set to music; and a pictorial feeling floats through the pages, which will set the reader dreaming of serenades and balconies, masks, carnivals, and holidays. The unity of the work gives it a distinctive and remarkable character, which is well sustained throughout both by the artists and the poet.

"Portraits of Children of the Nobility," edited by Mrs. Fairlie, also occupies a special niche. The plates are all portraits, and, apart from their personal interest, may be noted amongst the most finished productions of the burin. The literary contents consist of verses appropriated to the several subjects of the engravings, and are furnished by some of the most popular writers of the day. The topics insisted upon by the authors are, of course, monotonous enough; but they are, perhaps, as interesting collectively as such offerings to the spring-beauty of childhood could be rendered.

There have been very few Travels of interest published during the last few weeks. Of these, the principal is Mr. Frazer's Winter Journey (Tâtar) from Constantinople to Tehran, including travels through various parts of Persia, &c. Mr. Frazer was appointed to convey despatches, in 1834, to the Persian court, at a time when the whole country was in a ferment of revolution, in the daily expectation of the death of the Shah, and the contest of almost innumerable claimants to the throne. The history of that eventful interval is well known to our readers; but the account which

Mr. Frazer gives of the intrigues at Tehran, the jealousies and dissensions amongst the chiefs, the incidents of the civil strife which he witnessed, and the traits of national character which, during that exciting period, were so strongly developed, will be read with intense curiosity. The volumes are written in a very unaffected, but a distinct and graphic style, and are full of novel particulars concerning a kingdom which is every day becoming more closely bound up with our interests in India; nor is this work worthy of attention merely for the sake of its political revelations, but also for the admirable sketches it contains of the costume and habits of the population, and the personal adventures of the author. The journey to Tehran presents a series of strange pictures and hardy feats, and introduces us, for the first time, to the difficulties of Tâtar travelling, a mode of progressing through a country which perpetually exposes a stranger to all sorts of accidents. The Tâtar is the guide; and as he is always a perfect master of the art of horsemanship, even to a point of excellence that would puzzle the most adroit equestrian at Astley's, the gentleman who entrusts himself to his convoy, is compelled either to follow him at the risk of breaking his neck, or to loiter behind with the comfortable prospect of perishing in the snows. There is another feature in Mr. Frazer's volumes equally attractive and curious, his description of Persian scenery. The rich valleys, the gleaming uplands, the fragrant and beautiful woods, and the smiling fields of wheat and barley, spontaneous in their luxuriance from the amazing fertility of the soil, afford many pages of very pleasurable reflection, and realize, in the poetical images they suggest, a succession of enchantments that will constantly put the imagination involuntarily rambling amongst the fables of the Arabian Nights.

A second volume of the *Shores of the Mediterranean* has been published by Mr. Standish. It consists chiefly of historical and descriptive accounts of the principal places on the margin of the Mediterranean, an elaborate account of Constantinople and its ancient edifices, and some sketches of Granada, her kings, and wars, and the religion, customs, arts, and literature of the Arabs. The author has brought the results of much research to this undertaking, and enlivened it in the execution by a running personal narrative of his travels in the scenes he describes. The work is agreeably written, and has the merit of compressing into narrow limits a considerable quantity of valuable information.

Our scanty gathering of travels terminates with a work entitled "*Cutch; or Random Sketches in Western India*," by Mrs. Postans. The province of Cutch is about 500 miles distant from the Presidency of Bombay, and is situated in the most northern part of Western India, having the Indus as a boundary on the west side. From its remote position it is one of those stations of which very little has hitherto been written, although should the steam navigation of the Indus be ever carried into effect, it will one day become a place of considerable importance to our commercial interests. A residence of some years in Cutch, afforded Mrs. Postans ample opportunities of investigating the character of the people, and the resources of the province; and the book before us is the result of the notes she made during that period. It is a work of more than ordinary merit, full of instructive details, clever sketches, legends, and practical suggestions. The scene it discovers to the reader is new, and it is treated in a spirit of truth and intelligence that renders it familiar. In addition to the literary claims of the volume, there are several very interesting coloured plates, from drawings made by the author, in which the costume of the Rao and some of his followers is given with excellent effect and apparent fidelity.

The department of Fiction — which, except in the serial reprints of esta-

blished favourites, has latterly been on the decline — presents throughout the month but three novels. “Melton de Mowbray” is the eldest born of the triad. The incidents of this story are very carelessly put together, and the power which the author evidently possesses of producing sterling pictures of real life is somewhat sacrificed to the imaginary necessity of making his characters act a sort of pantomime, through a multitude of extravagant and improbable scenes. The characters themselves are heedlessly drawn, and, with one or two exceptions, are unfaithful to their own individuality. But, in other respects, the novel is not destitute of merit. It is relieved, here and there, by some passages of nervous reflection, and a few sketches of the public men of the latter part of the last century, that give a temporary interest to particular parts of the narrative, and only make us regret the more that the writer did not bestow an equal amount of care upon the whole. In the “Lost Evidence,” we have a romance of vivid, dramatic action, intricate and full of variety, crowded with figures perpetually in motion, yet distinct and stamped with special characteristics. The charm of this work lies in the deep interest of the story, and the bold painting of that back ground of history, of which the author has ingeniously availed herself, to throw out into stronger relief the fictitious personages who fill the stage. The performance is highly creditable to the abilities of Miss Burdon, who combines with literary power a large measure of artistical feeling. A languid story, by Camilla Needham, called “Ada,” may be briefly dismissed as a faint effort to describe the life of a coquet. It is overdone — not in the strength of the colouring, but in the excess of the outlines. It is deficient in vigour, probability, and earnestness; and, although it conveys a moral lesson to the sex, it is steeped in too much maudlin sentiment to make a very lasting impression.

Three little books of poetry solicit a few lines. The most interesting is a translation, by Mr. Latham, of a new piece from the Swedish of Elias Tegner, entitled “Axel,” a snatch of ballad verse that closely resembles the Mazeppa of Lord Byron. This piece is not remarkable as a characteristic specimen of national poetry, but is rather to be commended for the grace and melodiousness of its lines, and the romantic beauty of the scenery and incidents it describes. Mr. Latham’s translation is executed with admirable taste and feeling, and preserves all throughout, as closely as the language will permit, the peculiar and simple spirit of the original. “Geraldine,” by Mr. Tucker, is a continuation of the Christabel of Coleridge. This must be regarded as a bold undertaking, and, perhaps, ought to be treated with lenity in proportion to the difficulty of success. But seeing that Mr. Tucker is well qualified to succeed on original ground (as other poems in the same volume satisfactorily testify), we are the less disposed to remit the sentence of censure for his failure in this attempt to complete the unfinished design of Coleridge. Except the mere imitative phraseology, and the forms of the verse, there is nothing in Geraldine that can be considered as strictly following out the glorious fragment to which it furnishes a conclusion. The story is all well enough, and perhaps as good as Coleridge could have desired; but we miss the musical rhythm, and that exquisite infolding of the expression, without which all such trials of skill are no better than idle exercises of dexterity. “A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England,” by Mrs. Frances Osgood, is a collection of miscellaneous poems, the majority of which have been already published in different periodicals in this country and America. The poetry of America is, generally speaking, deficient in originality. It has all the characteristics of imitation, — crudeness in plan, weakness in expression, and an extraordinary want of skill or taste in the adaptation of means to

ends. It is impossible not to feel, after reading a variety of American poems, that the authors have been inspired by books and not by nature, and that they are, in fact, only giving out, in new forms and fanciful turns, the suggestive images which have been deposited in their memories by former writers. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there is frequently a delicate beauty and touching tenderness in American poetry, which, in spite of all its exaggerations and heresies, cannot fail to move the sympathies of the reader. Some influences seem to break in upon them from their fine wild solitudes, their gigantic forests, and their turbulent rivers; they write occasionally as if they had got a glimpse of some far-off marvel of the world, which filled their eyes for a second, and vanished, leaving them in a condition of wonder and delight, without the power of satisfying their yearnings, or of wholly describing their enthusiasm; and there is, not unfrequently, a certain sense of primitive grandeur, which, although it may not be very clear or strictly truthful in its exposition, nevertheless imparts a peculiar colouring to their works, which is not to be found in the poetry of old countries, and still less in the modern poetry of England. Mrs. Osgood is one of the most distinguished American poets, and approaches, perhaps, more closely than any of her contemporaries to our standard of excellence. Her productions have much of the bounding elasticity and freshness of genius in them, and exhibit considerable freedom of manner, and rather a remarkable facility in versification. We certainly have poets in this country, — some too whose names are spells in our gilt books, — who would suffer in comparison with Mrs. Osgood.

A quantity of almanacs for the ensuing year has been showered on the public from numerous bibliopolic quarters. This fry of ephemera hardly come within the scope of our notice; but, as almanacs are very useful publications for every-day purposes, we may add, that of all those we have looked at, that entitled "Hannay and Dietrichsen's Almanac," appears to contain the largest amount of general practical information; while the "Sporting Almanac," addressed expressly to those who take an interest in the amusements of the turf, the field, and the river, in agriculture and out-of-door exercises, is the most complete production of its kind that has appeared.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

NOTES ON THE MONTH. — It is remarkable that, when the Roman year of ten months was divided into twelve, December continued to retain its name and place. The ancients dedicated its first day to the worship of the central fire, proving themselves Huttonians by anticipation. The fortune of women was also worshipped on this day. John de Medici, Leo X., whose glory it was to be the patron of Raffiello, died on this day in 1521. The second day should be kept by all the missionary societies in honour of St. Francis Xavier of Navarre, the apostle of the Indies, who died in China on this day in the year 1552. It was the day of Austerlitz, in 1805, and is the first day of the ecclesiastical year 1839. On the third, Nicolas Breakspear, an Englishman, mounted the papal chair in 1153. • Another Englishman (the late Cardinal Weld) was a candidate. On this day, in 1688, James II. abdicated the throne of England, although Pope Innocent XI. had just issued a medal to celebrate the return of England to the arms of her nursing mother, the Church. Belzoni and Flaxman both died on this day. The fourth is a naval day; on it, the Navy Board was founded in 1625, and the Navy Office in 1644. The navy of Alfred, Elizabeth, and of James II., when Duke of York, were this day victorious; and in 1805, on this day, Nelson's body (in the Victory), returned to England. On the 5th, in 1056, Macbeth was slain, and Mozart was born on the same day, in 1792. On the sixth, the "Old" Pretender, then (1670) an infant, was hurried away "for safety" from Whitehall to Lambeth Church by his mother. Henry of Windsor, the unfortunate Henry VI., was born on this day in 1421. It is the day of St. Nicholas, whose worshippers are children and sailors, and whose "clerks" are thieves. On the seventh of this month, B. C. 43, Cicero was assassinated. In 1683, Algernon Sydney was beheaded; and Ney was shot in 1815. Christina of Sweden and Mary of Scotland were born on the eighth, the former at Stockholm, in 1626, the latter at Linlithgow, in 1542. Horace was born on

this day at Venusia, B. C. 65. On the ninth, in 1150, began the great frost, which ended in February : Milton was born in Broad Street this day, 1608 ; and Vandyke died in 1641 ; it is also the birth day of Gustavus Adolphus, "the Lion of the Protestant league." On the tenth, in 1581, Elizabeth signed the warrant for Mary's execution : in 1697 Hogarth was born ; and in 1825, the commercial panic raged. The eleventh is a halcyon day, the queen of Winter reigns : in 1282, the head of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, crowned with willows, was stuck upon the Tower ; and in 1625 the great plague began on this day in Whitechapel. St. Colman, St. Columba, St. Corman, St. Finian, and other Irish and English saints of the fifth century, are celebrated on the twelfth. In 1653, Cromwell snatched the bauble from before Sir Harry Vane, and dissolved the long parliament. On the thirteenth, in 1566, Sully, and in 1553, his great master, were born ; and in Scotland, James V., the royal poet, was born on this day in 1546 ; and on the same day in 1585, Drummond of Hanthowrden. On the fourteenth, in 1647, two suns appeared in the sky at Oxford, not that the scholars saw double, or had been too much in the sun ; but that the false medium deceived them. On this day, in 1546, Tycho Brahe was born ; and in 1799, Washington died. The fifteenth produced Nero, A. D. 37, and Timoleon, in B. C., 327, died on this day, a somewhat striking contrast. On the sixteenth died Pepin the Fat, perhaps of grief that grouse-shooting was over. In 1215, the barons of England were this day excommunicated, and London laid under interdict. In 1653, Cromwell on this day assumed the protectorate. On the seventeenth, the war in India was ended in 1805, by the submission of the Rajah of Berar to the now Duke of Wellington. The founder of Guy's Hospital died this day in 1724, and Bolivar in 1830. On the eighteenth, in 1555, a John Philippott, doubtless an ancestor of a Right Rev. Prelate of our own day, was burned in Smithfield. In 1659, the plague stayed this day, and in 1783, Pitt became Secretary of State. On the same night in 1812, Napoleon entered Paris incog., and at midnight, on his return from Russia. On the nineteenth, in the year 69, Vitellius burned the capitol at Rome. On the twentieth, Richard the lion-hearted was entrapped by the mouse of Austria, 1192 : the Dulwich gallery was given to the public on this day by Sir Francis Bourgeois, in 1810 : the first assembly of the Scottish Church was held this day in 1560. The twenty-first is the shortest day : in 1667 the Whigs considered it a long one ; the name then stood for the persecuted : St. Thomas's day is but half the usual length ; because, perhaps, his twin brother claimed the rest. Lord Bacon, the first Lord Keeper, received the Great Seal on the twenty-second of December, 1558 : on this day in 640, the splendid libraries of Alexandria were used as fuel to heat the public baths withal. On the twenty-third, B. C. 486, Xerxes succeeded to Darius on the Persian throne. On the twenty-fourth, in 1247, Robin Hood died ; and in 1814 peace with America was signed on this day. The twenty-fifth is still so far sacred to religion and jollity, that we need not commend its keeping to the reader : William the Norman received the wassail bowl this day in 1066, at his inauguration ; and in 1642, on this day, was Newton born. On the twenty-sixth, in 1745, the Pretender landed and created a sensation ; as did John Wilkes, who died on this day, 1797 : masques and plays were acted at Whitehall in honour of St. Stephen : Lear was so produced in 1606. The twenty-seventh is memorable as the death-day, in 1814, of Miss Joanna Southcote. On the twenty-eighth, the members of the Temple used to get up *folies* in honour of the holy innocents. The *folies* of the Templars now are not perhaps so innocent as when Childermas was a great holiday. On the twenty-ninth, in 1170, Beckett was assassinated at the altar of Canterbury cathedral. On the thirtieth, in 1535, was formed the well-abused society of the Jesuits. On the thirty-first, in 1384, John Wickliffe died. In 860, the Mediterranean Sea was frozen over on this day ; but it is a great consolation to us who feel here the reign of winter and his icy flaw, to recollect that it is Midsummer at the Cape of Good Hope, a pleasant word with which to close our notes on the old year.

THE PRESS AND THE PRINCE.—If the press now and then depreciates a noble character or destroys a good name, how often does it confer the distinction of excellence and fame, where the first does not exist and the second would be otherwise unattainable. If it seems to administer to grossness, of what refinement is it not also capable ! If it appears to sympathise with vulgar tastes, with what exalted apprehensions of virtue is it not likewise inspired ! Of which quality the following anecdote is an indication, the reader must decide. We find it in one of the most popular of our journals, and ere this it has most probably appeared in them all.

It should be premised that the anecdote is expressly stated to be "communicated by a correspondent." Now the correspondent of a daily paper is, we need not say, in nine cases out of ten, the most perverse and impracticable of all literary prodigies out of bedlam. When a gentleman is unanimously voted by his friends, a simpleton "past all surgery," and a bore beyond all reclamation, he infallibly takes it into his head to become a correspondent. When he is proved, even to demonstration, to be utterly and hopelessly incompetent, he joins the sect of the Epistlearians. No sooner does he convince his family that his stock of opinions consists of one only—and that a wrong one—than he flies to pen and ink to commemorate the fact. When he can do nothing at all, he writes a long letter to the editor of an (invariably) highly influential and widely circulated journal. It would seem

from a close and regular perusal of literary eccentricities, headed "To the Editor of," &c., commencing with "Dr. Johnson has very justly observed," &c., and ending with, "I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c. Humanitas," or Vindex, or Inquirer, or Veritas, or Justicia, or One of the old School—it would seem from such contributions to the sum of popular wisdom or virtuous indignation, that people never dream of writing to newspapers but when they have exactly nothing to say. When they do not know what in the world to think upon a subject that agitates them, they sit down and write letters to public journalists. But enough of the correspondent and his class. Here is the anecdote:—"Prince George of Cambridge is remarkable for his candid and open disposition. Playing one day alone with the young Count L—— in the principal drawing-room of the palace, they heedlessly upset and destroyed a very costly piece of *bijouterie*, which the Duchess had expressly charged them neither to touch nor approach. 'On her return her Royal Highness discovered the accident, and demanded how it happened. 'I,' said Prince George, stepping boldly forward, 'I did it, mamma.' On being subsequently asked why he had taken the entire blame on himself when his companion was equally implicated, he replied, 'Because I was the eldest, and ought to be punished most; and because,' he added, 'I looked in L——'s face and *thought he was about to deny it, and to say what was not true.*'" Now it is to be regretted that this correspondent, who is so devout an admirer of truth, did not take care that his story should be true. As we, like himself, can appreciate a candid and open disposition, and wish that such a blessing may have fallen to the lot of the prince, we comfort ourselves with the conviction that this testimony to his youthful Royal Highness's magnanimity is false. How very little candour and openness will set up a prince in magnanimity! Think of the virtue of taking the entire blame upon himself, and then charging the companion he protects with a sin much blacker than the original offence! Think of the heroism of avowing the fault, and then turning upon his fellow culprit with an avowal of a suspicion that would more than counterbalance fifty times the generosity. What notions of a candid and open disposition this correspondent must have. Observe what it is here made to consist in—"I told a falsehood in saying that I only was in fault; L—— was a sharer in the offence, but I was his senior and his friend, and a generous and affectionate impulse prompted me to protect him. I took the entire blame on my own shoulders, I screened my partner in delinquency, I shielded my playmate from the risk of punishment even at the expense of truth—truth, of which I am so passionately fond, that I was shocked to see by L——'s look that he was about to violate it, and deny his participation in the prank. Rather than he should do that, rather than he should injure himself in your opinion by saying what was not true, I said what was not true myself. I at once did that, which he *looked* (to my thinking) about to do. I generously screened him from the consequences of his first fault, and I prevented him from perpetrating the second which he *looked* about to commit. Of course I reveal both now—the one he is guilty of, and the one I thought it possible he might become guilty of, because you put a question to me which I am bound to answer, being of a candid and open disposition." This is a long speech for a Prince, but it is the plain English of the reply which our admirer of candour and openness has so flatteringly put into his young Royal Highness's mouth; and does certainly exhibit an apt illustration of what sometimes passes for frankness and friendship in this world. Friendship has been publicly discussed this month with more freedom and piquancy than usual; and our grave commentary upon a ridiculous story may be pardoned as not unseasonable.

THE ALDERMAN AND THE OVERSEER — A CONTRAST.—The Court of Mayor and Aldermen of London has done itself honour by conferring upon one of its members a peculiar mark of distinction. We quote it in the form in which it has been voted:—"Resolved unanimously,—That this Court cannot too highly appreciate the continued acts of kindness and humanity of their brother magistrate, John Pirie, Esq. and Alderman, in administering his powerful influence, by sending home poor and distressed seamen of foreign countries who have been improperly drawn away; and particularly in the case of the distressed boy, Richard Symons, who is about to be restored to his home and his parents through the Alderman's kindness; thereby advancing the cause of humanity, and upholding the honour of the City of London." This tribute we believe to be deserved, a thousand times over, by a series of generous and disinterested kindnesses to the poor, rendered in the name of that humanity which they elevate and ennoble. Whatever ridicule may be ordinarily associated with the idea of a blushing alderman, there can be none here; albeit, the gentleman so honoured blushes to find his generosity fame. By way of contrast, we may cite the cheeks of an overseer, who has been figuring at the more courtly end of the town, and who is evidently incapable of blushing when he finds his cold-hearted notions notorious. A well-dressed young man, labouring under dreadful bodily affliction, his left arm and leg crooked and withered, crawled into a police office, and related a story of almost incredible suffering and privation. He had travelled from Liverpool, in the hope of finding employment as a clerk—had failed of course—and was starving. As he had slept a night in St. James's parish, the magistrate sent for the relieving overseer. That personage, a Mr. Bryant, having heard the story, said—"He says he has been walking about the streets several nights. He must,

therefore, have committed a number of acts of vagrancy. What were the police about that they did not take him into custody, and have him punished?" It was gently urged that punishment was not exactly what was needed by a starving man, with limbs withered up by a paralytic stroke. "Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Bryant, "his story is incredible. How could such a cripple suppose that he would obtain a situation in London? I should wish to have him sworn to the truth of what he has stated." The young man readily took the oath, and underwent a searching course of interrogatories. His parents, now dead, had long lived respectably in Liverpool; he and his brother—the eldest not eighteen—had struggled after their death, sold the furniture, and lived upon the produce. The brother procured employment; but he, failing to obtain a clerk's situation in Liverpool, set off to London with 27s. in his pocket, hoping to be more fortunate here. He was set down in London, having expended his money in coach fare, &c., with the exception of five shillings. He paid for a bed three nights; but, finding his funds rapidly decreasing, and having the horrors of famine staring him in the face, he gave up the bed, and from that time (eleven days) he had been an outcast about the streets. And what saith Mr. Bryant, the Samaritan of St. James's?—"Mr. Bryant: And with half-a-crown in your pocket you preferred walking about the streets to paying for a bed?—Applicant: I knew no one in London, and, therefore, I thought it would be better to keep my money to buy food with." The magistrate thought the saved money, and the refusal to beg until reduced by the pangs of hunger, points in the poor lad's favour. Not so, Mr. Samaritan Bryant, who insists that the lad convicted of poverty is clearly guilty of perjury also.—"Mr. Bryant: I must say his story is too incredible. Now, young man, as you came to get a situation as clerk, you say, I suppose, then, you have had some education?—Applicant: I have.—Mr. Bryant: And could not that education furnish you with sufficient sense to enable you to know that a cripple like you stood no chance of getting a situation here, especially as you could not succeed in finding one in Liverpool?—Applicant: I thought I should have a better chance in London." Mr. Samaritan Bryant is in the same story still.—"What he states is incredible. I ask your worship to look at his crippled state, and then to say if you think a young man in that decrepit condition could have come to London to obtain employment as a clerk?" One of these Bryants in every parish would, in a few weeks, produce an insurrection indeed—the poor against the rich—the dinnerless against the dining classes throughout the land. Verily there is need of a Pirie or two upon the bench, to counteract the chilling effects of such ignorant and iron-nerved incredulity, and to keep alive a few warm hopes in the heart of humanity.

FRENCH FASHIONS AMONG THE MOB.—The resolution of all London that Marshal Soult should experience a reception at their hands the very reverse of that which the small malignity of a miserable clique would have awarded him, appears to have left behind a feeling that half Frenchifies the "rabble" in reality. The English people, the least educated of them at least, have not yet grown out of their early and cunningly nurtured admiration of military grandeur and excess of power; and they have grown into a liberal and enlightened appreciation of all that was really great in Napoleon's character. It is from a combination of these two causes, perhaps, that the following, among several similar manifestations of feeling, took place the other day. "Prince Napoleon came *incognito* from Leamington, for the purpose of enjoying the annual pageant of Lord Mayor's day. Apartments had been taken for him at Blackfriars, commanding a view of the procession by land and by water. The police having interfered to obtain a passage through the crowd for the carriages containing the prince and his suite, he was recognised by the rabble, who immediately crowded around and greeted him with loud acclamations, and cries of 'Long live Prince Napoleon,' 'Vive l'Empereur,' 'Buonaparte for ever,' &c. The "Vive l'Empereur," we hold to be apocryphal—a polite flourish of the reporter. The "Buonaparte for ever," is as much as is credible even now, and infinitely more than the fathers of the Lord Mayor's showmen would believe, were they to step out of the city churchyards into Cheapside and hear it. We shall have a touch of the language itself, however, by and by:—

"After the school of Stratford atte Bow,
For French of Paris is to them unknown."

The very sentiment is expressed already; the very words of the exclamation will be caught up anon; and then, our nobility and gentry will not deny an approach to refinement in the "rabble," whatever they may say to the "rabble's" rational notions of patriotism and liberality; and then, too, the French themselves will, perhaps, surrender their claim to rank first in politeness, and own that a London mob is an assemblage of the "finest gentlemen in Europe."

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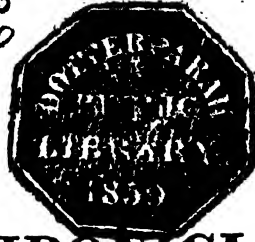
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THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY INQUIRY.

SINCE the investigation of the comparative efficiency of stationary and locomotive power for the working of railway traffic, which took place antecedently to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, nothing has occurred in the progress of the art of transport by steam of equal interest, or likely to be attended with results of greater or more general importance than the inquiry which has arisen out of the dissensions among the shareholders of the Great Western Railway.

A carefully considered and well-directed course of experiments has been instituted with a view to obtain for the shareholders of this enterprise the most authentic information respecting the relative merits of the different modes of constructing railways, the various applications of locomotive power upon them, and the nature and amount of the obstacles which that power has to encounter. Neither expense nor labour has been spared to render this investigation full and comprehensive, and its results have been proportionately important in relation — not merely to the immediate question in which the investigation originated, but in relation to the powers and capabilities of railway transport generally. As this subject will embrace many points offering considerable interest to all that large section of the people of this country who desire to invest capital in such undertakings, or have occasion to avail themselves of the facilities which this improved method of intercommunication offers, we shall not think our pages unfitly appropriated if we devote, in the present number, some space to a statement of the leading facts which have been unfolded in this investigation, and to some explanation of the consequences with which they must be attended. It would have been gratifying to us, if what we had to state tended to confirm the splendid speculations in which those who have devoted their attention most to this subject, have for years indulged, anticipating the realisation of a rapidity of intercommunication as far exceeding that which is at present attained, as the present rate of travelling exceeds that which we were accustomed to on common roads; but, unhappily, circumstances have been brought to light in this inquiry which we fear will shiver to pieces all those brilliant anticipations, and will demonstrate that nature herself has interposed a limit to the speed of intercommunication between her children which cannot be passed, and many circumstances tend to show that the powers of steam have already brought us very close indeed to that ultimate barrier.

Since the results of this investigation have only been made public through the report which has just been circulated among the shareholders, we shall, in the first place, briefly advert to the circumstances in which it originated, state the manner in which it has been conducted, and finally explain some of the results which have attended it.

All the great lines of railway which have been constructed, or are in progress, not only throughout this kingdom, but on the Continent of Europe, are constructed, with very trivial variations, upon one uniform principle. After the ground has been levelled, and the bottoming properly prepared, stone blocks, measuring from eighteen inches to two feet square, and twelve inches deep, are placed at intervals varying from three to five feet from centre to centre, according to the weight and strength of the rails intended to be used. On the centre of the upper surface of each of these blocks is placed a cast-iron chair, having a cushion of prepared felt between it and the stone block, and pinned down to the block by iron pins driven into wooden pegs previously inserted in holes drilled in the stone. These chairs are the props which, from point to point, support the rails, the stone block being the foundation of the chair. The rail is manufactured by the process of rolling in lengths, regulated by the distance between the chairs; thus, if the chairs be three feet apart, the rails are manufactured in length of fifteen feet, five chairs supporting each rail. If the chairs be five feet apart, then rails of the same length are supported by three chairs. If the chairs be four feet apart, the rails are rolled into sixteen feet lengths, and are supported by four chairs. The stone blocks are placed upon a firm bed of broken stone, or other well-consolidated matter, so that as little yielding as possible shall take place beneath them, and that the rails shall maintain their position with the utmost practicable truth and accuracy.

In those parts of a line where a valley or low ground is crossed by an artificial mound raised upon it, the earth of which such mound is formed requires a considerable time to become consolidated, and until it be consolidated, the use of these massive stone blocks would be attended with many difficulties and much inconvenience. On such parts of lines of railway, therefore, it has been customary to substitute temporary supports for the rails, by laying across the road rough beams of wood, usually formed of larch timber split through the middle, the flat side being placed downwards, at the same intervals as those at which stone blocks on other parts of the line are used. To these timbers the chairs which support the rails are pinned. This mode of construction has less stability than that already described, but as the mounds or embankments on which it is used are subject, for a considerable time, to subsidence or *settling*, as it is called, these cross timbers are found to be capable of being packed up with much less trouble, and at less expense than stone blocks. They are therefore adopted and continued on embankments, until the materials of which these embankments are formed become completely consolidated; the timbers are then removed, and stone blocks substituted for them, as in the other parts of the line.

Such briefly is the mode of construction of every principal railway in the kingdom, the Great Western Railway alone excepted.

But besides this uniformity which has been observed in the method of construction, our railways are also in accordance in another respect of vast importance, in the details of their operation. The rails on which the wheels of the carriages and engines roll, are all of them at precisely the same distance asunder. Let it be remembered, that the tires of the wheels of a railway carriage, unlike those of carriages used on common roads, have upon them a flange or ledge, which projects from the inside of the tire, and falls on the inside of the rail. It is these flanges or ledges which keep the wheels upon the rails, and prevent the carriage from running off at either side; they in fact give to the carriage, in relation to the rails, the character of a body which moves in a groove. Now this

being understood, it will be at once perceived that there exists between the carriage and the rails an immutable relation, so that carriages or engines constructed for a railway of one width, would be quite incapable of being used on railways of another width. Now, as it is obviously impossible to foresee the manner in which the innumerable ramifications of railway communication may intersect each other, or how a stream from one great channel of transport may become tributary to another, it was obviously a matter of paramount importance to provide that the carriages and machinery of any one railway should be capable of running or working upon any other. No reason, physical or mechanical, existed to guide the earlier railway engineers in the adoption of any particular magnitude for this important element. It so happened, whatever might be the chance which led to it, that the width of $56\frac{1}{2}$ inches obtained early currency, and with that width the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was constructed. The branches of that railway were necessarily constructed of the same gauge; the Grand Junction Railway, designed to connect Birmingham with Liverpool and Manchester, ran into one of these branches, and was consequently constructed in the same gauge; and, in a word, all the chief railways adopted the same uniform width.

That it was not the necessity imposed by each railway running into another of a similar width which induced this uniformity is, however, proved by the fact, that lines of railway between which there exists scarcely a possibility, much less a prospect, of a future junction, agree in it. Thus the railway from Vauxhall to Southampton, has the same width as that from Euston Square to Birmingham, and yet how improbable is it that the one line shall be carried into connection with the other! There is, in fact, a disposition to uniformity, unless some strong reason exists for dissent, and to this disposition only can be attributed the invariable adherence to the same gauge throughout the kingdom.*

To this mode of construction a few unimportant exceptions have existed in short railways, with comparatively small traffic. The Manchester and Bolton Railway, for example, is laid down according to a different method; and in America, where timber is cheap, and in many places stone not easily procured, and where the traffic on the line of railway forms, in most cases, an insignificant fraction even of the smallest amount of traffic of the least frequented railway of this country, other modes of construction are used. Thus beams of timber are laid on the surface of the ground, in the direction of the rails, and on these the rails are fastened down; the timbers thus supporting each rail of a line are held together at convenient distances either by cross timbers or iron bars. But though these methods of construction are used, it has not been any where pretended that they were the best, nor have they been used in any place where a considerable traffic is expected, and where stone is accessible at a moderate cost.

In the localities in which the London and Southampton Railway lies, stone is difficult to be procured, and accordingly the cross bearings of wood already described, called sleepers, are used as the support of the rails through a great part of the line. But it may be stated generally, that in a line constructed for any considerable traffic, and where stone blocks can be procured without an immoderate expense, they are always adopted as the supports for rails, except in the case of embankments already mentioned.

The same accordance which has taken place between the various railways of this country in their mode of construction, and their magnitude of gauge, has prevailed very nearly to the same extent in the method of

* Some short lines in Scotland have adopted a wider gauge.

working them. The magnitude of the wheels of the carriages and engines is a very important element in the working of these lines of communication. Numerous experiments made on the resistance of bodies moving one upon another have conspired to prove that the resistance of wheels and axles are inversely as their magnitudes. Thus a wheeled carriage rolling on a given surface will, other things being the same, suffer only half the resistance if its wheels be doubled in height; but in making this comparison, it is essential that the condition of *other things being the same* should be attended to. Thus, if by enlarging the wheels their weight be increased, that increase alone will, on its own score, produce a corresponding increase of resistance, and such increase must be placed against the advantage gained by increased magnitude.

But on railways another, and far more important consideration, presented itself in relation to the question of the magnitude of wheels. The danger to which railway carriages are most obnoxious is that of running off the rails. Unlike horse carriages, constructed with a perch, and provided with means of changing the direction of the moving power, railway carriages leave no power in the hands of the conductor, but will, as a matter of mechanical necessity, run forward in whatever direction accident may throw them. If, therefore, they run off the rails, they will certainly run off the road; and if this happen upon an embankment, their course will be down its side, nor can any effort or skill of the driver of the engine avert this misfortune. Now it is demonstrable that flanged wheels, such as those used on railway carriages and engines, will have a facility of escaping from the rails in the direct proportion to their magnitude: the larger they are the more liable are they, therefore, to this accident.

The wheels of the carriages and waggons which have been uniformly adopted on all the great railways throughout this country, and, we believe also, throughout Europe, have been three feet in diameter. The working wheels of the engine, on the magnitude of which the space through which the train is propelled at each stroke of the piston depends, have been, with a few exceptions, from four to five feet in diameter; and we are not aware that, of these exceptions, any have exceeded five feet and a half, and even these have been but few.

The working of railways having fallen into this uniform usage, the Great Western Railway commenced its operations, and the engineer, Mr. Brunel the younger, under whose directions it was placed, having devoted much consideration to the grounds on which the usages just explained had been established, arrived at the conviction that they had no sound foundation as a matter of general theory, and that if they were practically expedient, they were only so under particular circumstances, and could not be admitted as rules from which no departure was to be allowed. He appears first to have directed his attention to the *method of construction*, which he pronounced, in his Report and representations to the Directors of the Great Western Railway, to be essentially defective. In his Report of January, 1838, he says, —

“In all the present systems of rail-laying, the supports, whether of stone blocks or wooden sleepers, simply rest upon the ground, and consequently only press upon the ground with a pressure due to their own weight; this is trifling compared either with the weight which rolls over them, or the stiffness of the rail which is secured to them. The block or sleeper must lie loosely upon the ground; if you attempt to pack under it beyond a certain degree, you will only raise it: and for the same reason, it is impossible to pack under the whole surface of a block or sleeper; one corner or one end is unavoidably packed a little more than another, and from that moment the block or sleeper is hollow elsewhere. If this block yield as the weight rolls over, the rail itself, resting on the two contiguous

supports, is sufficiently stiff to raise it again, and the support becomes 'still more hollow': such is the operation which may frequently be observed by the eye, more or less, in the best laid railways."

Mr. Brunel further maintained, that as the Great Western Railway would differ from all other great lines of the kingdom in its section, being, with the single exception of a steep inclined plane of considerable length, nearly a dead level, and not having at any place curves of short radius, it was capable of being worked at vastly greater speeds with perfect security than other lines, and that therefore such arrangements ought to be made as would enable the proprietors to use engines on it of a power and magnitude proportionally greater than could be required on other railways. This consideration chiefly appears to have induced the adoption of a greater width or gauge of rails. The common gauge of four feet eight and a half was rejected, and seven feet substituted in its place. The road-structure was also essentially changed. Instead of strong rails propped by chairs at equal intervals, and sustaining the weight of the wheels merely by their rigidity between those intervals, Mr. Brunel determined that the rails should be placed upon a continuous support. He therefore laid down longitudinal timbers, on which he fastened the rails by screws, placing a cushion of felt immediately under the rail, and between the felt and principal timber a thin layer of harder wood. The beams of timber to which the rails were thus attached were tied together by cross-pieces at certain intervals, called *transoms*, which, besides giving increased stability to the structure to resist vertical pressure, had also the effect of maintaining the width of the rails unaltered. These transoms were strongly bolted to the longitudinal timbers, and extended quite across both lines, of rails, converting the whole into one connected structure of carpentry.

The framing thus constructed, and laid down on the surface of the road properly prepared to receive it, was not very dissimilar from a method which had been partially practised on some railways of limited traffic in this country, and more especially in the United States. But Mr. Brunel foresaw that such a structure would not possess sufficient stability for the great amount of traffic which he was entitled to anticipate on the Great Western Railway, especially with the extraordinary speed which he was ambitious of attaining, and which he considered the peculiar qualities of the line rendered practicable. He says in the Report already quoted:—

"Where continuous longitudinal sleepers have been tried, they have also been laid loose upon the ground; having no weight themselves, their length has rendered it impossible that they should be well supported by the ground underneath, or that they should continue so even if it were practicable to lay them well in the first instance.

"It will be perceived at once that two lumps or two hard pieces in the ground may leave such a timber unsupported for the interval of twenty or thirty feet in length; and under the weight of an engine running rapidly over, it must in such a case yield and spring from the ground."

This defect he proposed to remedy by attaching the cross timbers, by which the longitudinal supports of the rails were held together, to piles of timber driven to a depth of about fifteen feet into the earth. These piles being driven between both lines of rails, the entire structure would be as it were pinned down to the surface, so that any tendency which it might have to rise from its bed would be resisted by the strength of the piles acting upon the transoms. It may be asked, however, what would happen, supposing the bed or foundation of the timbers in this case to yield or settle under

them, which it might well be supposed to do by the elasticity of the structure yielding under the wheel and continually compressing the ballasting beneath the timbers. This Mr. Brunel foresaw, and states his method of obviating it in the Report.

"In the present plan these timbers, which are much more substantial than those hitherto tried, are held down at short intervals of fifteen to eighteen feet, so that they cannot be raised; gravel or sand is then rammed and beat under them until at every point a solid resistance is created, more than sufficient to bear the greatest load that will come upon it; as the load rolls over, consequently the ground cannot yield; the timber which was held tight to the ground cannot yield, neither can it spring up as the weight leaves it; and if the rail be securely fixed every where in close contact with the timber, that also is immovable. Such was the theory of the plan, and the result of the experiment has fully confirmed my expectation of its success."

The gauge of the rails and the structure of the road being thus settled, the engineer proceeded to develop his views by availing himself of the augmented powers of his road in the construction of his carriages and engines. It was a point well established both by theory and experiment, that the friction of wheeled carriages, other things being the same, would be diminished in the same proportion as the magnitude of the wheels are increased. The carriages of the Great Western Railway, therefore, instead of being supported on wheels of three feet diameter, were built on wheels of four feet and four feet and a half diameter. The engines also, instead of being driven by wheels limited in height to from five to five feet and a half, were impelled by gigantic ones varying from seven to ten feet in diameter. The capacity of the carriages and the accommodation offered by them were augmented on a like scale. With such preparation, and about twenty-two miles of the line completed, the railway opened between London and Maidenhead. To expect that such a bold innovation could be attempted and carried into effect without expressions of dissent among the proprietors and the public would be to evince a great ignorance of the human mind. Even had they been attempted by an engineer of longer standing, and whose powers had been tried by other great public works, unanimous confidence on the part of the shareholders could not have been anticipated. How much less then was it to have been calculated on in the case of an engineer whose first great public work was this very railway! Mr. Brunel was favourably known among his friends, and respected for considerable scientific acquirements. But he was young; and his very years, if nothing else, limited his experience. A strong feeling, hostile to the whole system of proceedings recommended by Mr. Brunel, was therefore excited and expressed, among a large and influential minority of the shareholders, who, we believe, struggled against it from the very moment it was first promulgated by the engineer. They contended that it was unwise to risk a large capital in an untried experiment; that the mode of construction universally adopted throughout the country upon the principal lines of railway had answered all the purposes of an extensive and rapid traffic; that the lines which had been in operation were worked with a large profit, and that their shares were at large and increasing premiums; that as practical men and men of business, they were disposed to let well alone; or if experiments were to be tried, that they should first be worked upon a small and inexpensive scale, and under circumstances in which their want of success would not be attended with the disastrous consequences which would follow the failure of a line so important as that connecting Bristol with the metropolis.

Soon after the opening of the railway, the public either found, or imagined they found, it more uneasy and unpleasant to move upon than other

lines, and a clamour without was added to the dissension within the proprietary body. The minority succeeded so far as to induce their directors to select some person or persons to institute an inquiry as to the actual qualities of the line as compared with other railways; to determine whether it had or had not those advantages imputed to it by the engineer, and whether it had or had not those defects which had been imputed to it by others. Several engineers of reputation and standing were requested by the board of directors to undertake the inquiry; but for reasons which it will not be difficult to divine, they declined it. Mr. Nicholas Wood was known as the author of an excellent practical work on railways, and, though not himself an engineer by profession, had nevertheless been connected in so many ways with the construction and operation of lines of railway, that he was justly considered by the directors as a fit person to whom such an inquiry might be entrusted. Mr. Wood undertook the task upon the condition that he should be permitted to institute an extensive series of experiments not only on the Great Western Railway, but on other lines, with a view to bring directly to the test of experiment the comparative stability of the lines, the power of the locomotive machinery upon them, the speed of transit accomplished, the ease and regularity of motions of the carriages, and the amount of resistance which they severally offered to the moving power. But Mr. Wood's local engagements at Newcastle-on-Tyne rendering it impossible for him to execute himself so extensive a course of experiments, he requested and obtained the consent of the directors, that the principal part of these experiments should be entrusted to the superintendence and management of Dr. Lardner.

Under these circumstances this important inquiry commenced on the 17th of last September, and has been prosecuted without intermission from that time to the middle of last month. A more extensive and varied course of experiments has thus been made than was ever before accomplished on railways, or probably than ever could have been accomplished, except for the peculiar combination of circumstances which in this case produced it. The magnitude of the interests at stake, and the importance of the public bodies concerned, conferred upon the parties conducting the inquiry powers and opportunities which would in vain have been sought under any imaginary circumstances. Dr. Lardner himself, aided by Mr. G. T. Clarke, one of the assistant engineers of the Great Western Railway, with a large body of mechanics and other assistants, have been daily engaged for the last three months in experiments on a large scale on the Great Western, the London and Birmingham, the Grand Junction, the Liverpool and Manchester, and the Manchester and Bolton Railways. Neither expense nor labour have been spared to confer the last degree of precision on these experiments; and an accurate record has been preserved of them, which forms the substance of the Appendix to Mr. Wood's Report. This voluminous mass of facts has not yet been published; but we trust that data so valuable to the public generally will not be permitted to be lost, and that if the shareholders of the Great Western Railway do not think fit themselves to publish these experiments, they will at least authorise their publication.

Since the limits which must be imposed on this article necessarily preclude us from entering into the details of this important Report, we shall select only such points connected with it as appear to offer most general interest.

To test the formation and stability of the road, it was determined to observe the effects which the rails and their supports suffered by the action of the wheels in passing over them. Mr. Wood contrived and con-

constructed instruments for this purpose, consisting of a simple lever, the shorter arm of which was placed either under the lip of the rail itself, or under a staple attached to the rail, so that when the rail would sink the arm of the lever would be depressed, and if the rail would rise the arm of the lever would rise also by the superior weight of the longer arm. Thus every motion of the rail upwards and downwards would produce a contrary motion in the opposite end of the lever, and as the arms of this lever were unequal in the proportion of about six to one, the actual vertical deflexion of the rail was exhibited on a proportionally magnified scale by the motion of the longer arm. In order to register these deflexions, which usually were produced with great rapidity and in considerable number by the wheels of a train successively passing over the rail to which the instrument was attached, Mr. Wood adopted the same method as was previously used in several other self-registering machines. A narrow strip of paper of considerable length, being rolled upon a small cylinder, was gradually unrolled from it to another cylinder, and as it passed from the one to the other it was drawn over a disc against which a pencil was pressed, which was carried by the longer end of the above-mentioned lever. The motion of this pencil upwards and downwards produced by the deflexion of the rail would, if the paper were quiescent, merely draw a vertical line upon it; but by the motion of the paper under the pencil every separate motion of the pencil upwards and downwards produced a waving line, the summits of each wave exhibiting the magnitude of each deflexion. Three of these instruments were constructed by Mr. Wood, with a view to expedite the taking of the observations, so that being applied to different parts of the rail, three sets of deflexions would at the same time be taken by one passage of a train.

It will be perceived that the effect of the instrument was only to measure the deflexion of the rail downwards or upwards. After Dr. Lardner had been some time engaged in experimenting with these, he succeeded in constructing another set of instruments capable of measuring similar effects in the lateral or horizontal direction. These instruments consisted of a compound lever by which any motion of the shorter arm was magnified fifty times, so that when the shorter arm was drawn back or drawn forward in the horizontal direction through the fiftieth part of an inch, the end of the longer arm was moved upwards or downwards according to the direction of the motion of the shorter arm through the space of an inch. The shorter arm of this lever bore by a hardened steel point upon a flat circular disc of steel constructed on the end of a short rod or cylinder moving horizontally in guides. The other end of this cylinder was presented to the side of the rail, to which was attached a hardened steel point which bore upon the disc; so that the cylinder, thus moving in guides, was placed between the two steel points, one attached to the rail, and the other to the short arm of the lever of the indicating instrument. The longer or indicating arm was furnished with a pencil, which registered its indications on paper in the same manner as in the instruments contrived by Mr. Wood for registering the vertical deflexions. The two sets of instruments combined rendered the means of observation of the effects of carriages upon the rails complete. It is evident that the rail could not suffer any effect, which would not be felt, measured, and registered by one or both of these instruments. To the experiments made with these instruments, at least one third of the whole period of this inquiry was devoted, and many hundred diagrams were taken exhibiting the effects produced not only on the rails themselves, but on the chairs by which they are supported, on the timbers, where

timbers were used, and on the stone blocks on which other railways are supported. These diagrams are preserved bound in volumes, and in the possession of the Directors of the Great Western Railway. Mr. Wood subsequently caused the extreme deflexions produced by the engines and carriages to be measured, and has given the numerical results in a tabular form in his Report. No numbers, however, can convey the accurate perception of the effects which the rail undergoes by the working of the wheels upon it, which may be obtained by the inspection of these diagrams themselves.

It should also be stated that the Report has been prepared so recently after the conclusion of the experiments, that there has not been sufficient time to get all the horizontal deflexions properly examined and compared. These latter will exhibit effects, we apprehend, more important, and certainly more novel and unexpected, than those which were obtained by the vertical instruments.

For example, it was naturally expected, before the instruments were applied to the rails, that the lateral motion of the rails under the wheels would always be *outwards*. The tire of the wheels has a conical form, which gives their combination the effect of a wedge, tending to force the two rails of the same line asunder; or, in other words, to widen the gauge; it was, therefore, to be expected, that the rails would bend outwards while the wheels were passing over them. It is understood that this was found generally to take place when the instruments were applied to the rails of the Great Western Railway, but on all other railways, the rails exhibited as frequently a yielding *inwards*, and in some instances no outward yielding whatever was indicated.

In addition to these tests of the effects produced upon the rails by the traffic over them, Dr. Lardner proposed to apply another which would show the state of perfection with which the rails were laid, or their state after the lapse of any length of time. It is evident that on a straight line of railway the two rails on which the wheels of the same carriage rest ought to be at the same level, so that the carriage may stand in a truly horizontal position. A newly constructed road ought to be laid with sufficient precision to effect this; but after being worked for any length of time, it cannot be expected to preserve it. One rail will subside more than the other, owing to the different degree of firmness of its supports, and of the ballasting beneath them; in fact, the rails will lose the correctness of their relative level, and the carriage, when resting on them, will not be as truly vertical in its position, as it would be on a well and newly made railway. An instrument was contrived and constructed, which being rolled slowly along the rails, wrote upon paper as it went with considerable precision the extent to which the rails of the same line departed from a common level. The operation of this instrument may be easily explained. An iron tube of about an inch in diameter is formed of a length equal to the gauge of the line, or the width of the rails; at each end of this are two shorter legs at right angles to it, open at their ends; thus, when the intermediate tube is placed in the horizontal position, the two short legs may be brought to the vertical position; and if the horizontal tube be extended between the lines of rails, the vertical tubes will be immediately over the centre of each rail. Now let us suppose this instrument fixed to a vertical frame, and placed on wheels or rollers, which shall rest upon the rails; let mercury be introduced into it until the horizontal tube and about half of each of the vertical tubes are filled. If the rollers which support the instrument be now made to rest upon the rails, the short tubes being in an upright position, the two

surfaces of the mercury in the short tubes must, by the laws of fluids, be at the same level. If the rails be not at the same level, then the mercury will stand higher in the tube which is over the lower rail, than in that which is over the higher one. If the instrument be reversed, the mercury will also reverse its position relatively to the instrument, and will still stand higher in the tube which is over the lower rail.

When the instrument is adjusted, which it may easily be by this process, so that when the rails are truly level, the height of the mercury in one of the tubes is accurately known, then every change which that column of mercury undergoes, while the instrument is rolled over the rails, will indicate a corresponding departure in the rails from the common level, that departure being twice as great as the rise or fall of the mercury.

In order to make this instrument register its own indications, Dr. Lardner placed on the column of mercury in the tube a float, the rod of which, resting above the tube, moved in guides, so as to rise and fall regularly on the surface of the mercury on which it rested, rose and fell; to this rod was attached a pencil, under which, paper being moved in the usual way, a curve was described, whose height above a datum line was always equal to half the departure of the rails from a common level.

Among the several instruments, the invention and construction of which have arisen out of this important inquiry, there is not one which has equal general utility with this self-registering level, and it is only to be regretted that its construction was completed at so late a period, that it has not been applied as extensively to the different lines as might have been wished. Its use, however, will not be confined to this investigation. The advantages which it will offer as a test of the condition of a newly-made line, or of the manner in which the contractor will preserve one in operation, is obvious. It will be a check whose indications cannot be disputed, and they are indications which involve the best qualities of a well-made line. It is evident that its usefulness in practice may be extended by adding to it two other instruments on the same principle, to be rolled each along the same rail. The object of these would be to register every change of level of each rail, independently of the other, in addition to the register preserved by the present instrument of the departure of the two rails from a common level.

The branch of the inquiry on which that portion of the public who availed themselves of the line showed least hesitation in pronouncing a judgment, was that which to a scientific inquirer presented the most formidable difficulties. This was the question as to the degree of uneasiness, or amount of irregularity in the motion of carriages. The fallacy of all judgments in subjects of this kind founded upon the mere impressions of sense was so well understood, that the idea of trusting them could not for a moment be entertained. The state of the nerves, the influence of external circumstances, the general condition of bodily health, or even the hour of the day, and a thousand other trivial influences, are known to produce such effect upon our estimates of mere personal ease or convenience, that in attempting to decide a question of the relative ease or smoothness of any two carriages on any two lines, by the feelings of the travellers, we should not only have a number of conflicting opinions equal to the number of individuals whose judgments were consulted, but should receive even from the same individuals contrary opinions at different times and under like circumstances. It was, therefore, very properly decided to refer this, as well as all the other questions, to instrumental and mechanical tests. But considerable difficulties were encountered in accomplishing this. Mr. Wood

first attempted to measure the irregularities of the carriage motions by a pendulum placed on a stand on the floor of the carriage, intending that this pendulum should register its own vibrations, and that these vibrations should be taken as the indications of the motion. This instrument having failed, Dr. Lardner, after several unsuccessful attempts, at length contrived an instrument which answered the purpose by writing down the irregularities of motion in a system of signs, not giving direct and absolute measures of this motion, but comparative estimates, which would perfectly represent the relative smoothness and ease of different carriages on the same or different railways. The principle of this instrument is simple, and its form and construction may be easily understood.

An iron tube is extended across the floor of the carriage from door to door, from which rises two perpendicular legs at each door to the height of about twelve inches. The horizontal part of this tube extending along the floor is filled with mercury, which likewise fills the legs to the height of some inches from the angle of the tube, being similar in all respects to the tube used in the instrument for recording the relative levels of the rails. The principal irregularity of motion to which railway carriages are liable being a lateral swinging to the right and to the left between the rails, this motion immediately affects the horizontal column of mercury which fills the tube extending along the floor, and the inertia of this column causes the column in the vertical tubes to oscillate in proportion to the lateral vibration of the carriage. A float is placed on the mercury in one of the vertical tubes, which bears a pencil similar to that described in the self-registering level, which pencil inscribes on paper each particular oscillation of the mercury, and its exact extent.

This, however, is only one of several irregular motions to which the carriages are liable. Another of these is a rocking motion arising partly from the former lateral vibration, and partly from the irregularity of the level of the rails, either side of the carriage alternately sinking and rising, either as the relative levels of the rails change, or as the conical tires of the wheels mount upon them and descend by the lateral vibration. This rocking motion would cause a body placed at either side of the carriage alternately to ascend and descend in the vertical direction through a corresponding space, and at similar intervals. This motion was measured in the apparatus in the following manner:—A siphon barometer, formed of an iron tube of nearly an inch in bore, was placed at the side of the carriage near one of the doors. This barometer would be raised and lowered as the side of the carriage itself was elevated and depressed by the irregularity of the motion; and this alternate vertical motion being imparted to the mercury in the barometer, the latter, in virtue of its inertia, would receive a corresponding oscillation upon the same principle as the horizontal column in the tube was affected by the lateral motion. A float was placed in the shorter leg of the barometric siphon, which was made to inscribe the vibrations on paper in the same manner as the other instruments.

Besides this rocking motion, railway carriages, like others, are liable to more or less alternate vertical shake common to the whole body of the carriage; and although it was manifest that this was the smallest in amount of all the irregularities of motion, it was deemed right to ascertain it. This was accomplished by a small self-registering siphon barometer placed in the centre of the carriage. All these three instruments were probably mounted upon the same frame, and their three pencils were made to act upon as many discs over which the paper was moved. The rolls of paper were all moved by the same winch, which acted upon a worm and a system of wheels driven

by a common band, so that all the papers moved on the respective discs at the same rate, and received upon them the inscriptions corresponding to the different motions. In front of each disc was provided a stamp, bearing upon it the letter indicating the kind of motion recorded on the paper. Thus to the disc at which the horizontal motion was written the stamp H was printed; to that on which the vertical motion was inscribed the stamp V was printed; and that on which the rocking motion was recorded was exposed to the stamp R. All these punches were attached to a common rod, and moved together by the lever provided for that purpose. A person stationed at the window of the carriage at the moment of passing each quarter of a mile, struck the lever with his hand, and punched a letter on the paper which moved over each disc. These letters divided the paper into spaces corresponding to each quarter of a mile, and vertical lines were subsequently drawn upon it, which resolved the diagrams thus formed into portions corresponding to each particular quarter of a mile of the road traversed.

In this manner the number of jolts of the carriage, and the nature and amount of each jolt which took place in each quarter of a mile, were registered.

So satisfactory have been the indications of this instrument, that by inspecting the diagrams the general state of the road can be with great certainty pronounced. In passing along a newly made line, for example, it is at once rendered manifest when the train passes from a cutting to an embankment, the latter being in a state of settlement, and therefore presenting more irregularity of surface. The instrument indicating horizontal motion shows also, with considerable distinctness, the blows of the flanges against the rail, the effects of bad joints, and almost every other defect incidental to the laying of the rails.

The instrument also exhibits the departure of the rails from a common level by the change of direction of the line, on either side of which the vibrations of the instrument for lateral motion are made. But to understand this indication perfectly, and indeed to appreciate the instrument itself, the diagrams should be inspected.

A vast number of experiments extending over several hundred miles of railway in repeated trips have been taken with this instrument by Dr. Lardner, and they form part of the Appendix to the present Report. An attempt has been made by Mr. Wood to reduce one of them to a numerical table, by causing the number of vibrations in each quarter of a mile to be counted, together with the average extent of each vibration, and the whole to be tabulated. Such a table, however, would but ill supply the place of the diagram, which speaks a language that cannot be adequately interpreted by arithmetic.

The application of this apparatus also showed in a very conclusive and satisfactory manner that the ease and smoothness of the motion of a carriage depend on other circumstances than the goodness of the road or of the carriage. Thus a carriage placed in the middle of a train will have less motion than it has when placed at the end of it. Also the carriages of a train coupled by Mr. Booth's couplings, which convert the train into a column in some degree solid, will show less motion than if coupled simply by chains. A carriage also which much overhangs its wheels shows more motion than one whose wheels are farther apart; the end body of a carriage than the middle body; a carriage heavily loaded less motion than when more lightly laden. The speed of the motion has also a material influence on its irregularities, the lateral swinging between the rails being greatly increased by

the increase of speed; but, *ceteris paribus*, these irregularities are always proportionally small as the road is well constructed. If the diagrams taken by the experiments of Dr. Lardner be carefully examined with reference to the circumstances in which they were taken, they will illustrate all these truths.

Curious and interesting as were the questions for the investigation of which these several instruments of observation were contrived, the subject transcending all others in importance, not only with a view to a comparative estimate of the merits of different systems of construction, but as it affects the whole question of railway transport, and as it involves the practicability of realising those speculations of vastly increased powers of speed which have fascinated the public of late, was the *actual amount of resistance opposed to the moving power at present on railways*. Whether the system of Mr. Brunel shall affect a material reduction of this resistance is a question whose importance will mainly depend on the result of the former inquiry.

Most readers will be disposed to ask with astonishment, how it is that a question of such vital importance in railway practice has not been long since set at rest? The answer is, that since the capital of the country has been put in motion by the railway mania, engineers have been too much engrossed by the immediate occupation of planning and projecting lines of railway to attend much to a question which they regarded as of rather an abstract nature; that according to the habit of practical men, they formed an estimate of this resistance (from eight to ten pounds per ton of the gross load on the level line), which for all practical purposes they regarded as sufficiently correct; that although no one could tell the grounds of this estimate, nor indeed did there appear any (save what is vulgarly called "The Rule of Thumb"), it was tacitly acquiesced in by all who were interested in the subject.

Many obstacles also presented themselves to those scientific men who were disposed to enter on such an inquiry, by an extensive and rigorous course of experiment. Such experiments are attended with considerable expense, are not quite free from danger, and railway companies are not always willing to allow the traffic of their lines to be impeded as it would be liable to be by such proceedings upon them. The question is also attended with some difficulties, partly mathematical, and partly of a merely practical kind.

Some years since a French gentleman, M. de Pambour, made a course of experiments on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway with a view to determine the amount of this resistance. The results he obtained, however, were not satisfactory, nor were his methods of inquiry such as would have afforded correct conclusions.*

It is not necessary here to notice his calculations more fully, as we shall presently show that the investigation now before us presents the question of resistance altogether in a new light.

The resistance offered to the tractive power by a carriage proceeding with a uniform motion on a straight and level railway is produced, partly by the friction of the axles of the wheels in their bearings, partly by

* In the mathematical formulæ which follow from M. de Pambour's reasoning, and which he uses in his calculations, he has wholly omitted the effect of the momentum of the wheels of the carriages in accelerated and retarded motion, so that his formulæ, in fact, represent the motion of a sledge, and not that of a wheeled carriage. The effect of such an error is far from inconsiderable, where the weight of the wheels and axles is so great as in railway carriages.

the rolling of the tires on the rails, and partly by the inertia of the AIR which the carriage displaces in its progress.

By a degree of accuracy of mechanical construction, which is within the present limits of engineering skill, and by a good system of lubrication, the friction of the axle in its bearing may be reduced to an exceedingly small amount.

The amount of resistance which attends a rolling motion is small, under the most unfavourable circumstances, as is manifested by the facility with which enormous weights are moved even on the rough surface of the earth, when coarse rollers of wood are placed under them. How insignificant, therefore, that part of the resistance must be which proceeds from the rolling of the tire of a wheel accurately finished in the lathe, on the surface of a not less accurately rolled iron bar laid as truly even and level as art can effect, may be easily conceived.

The resistance proceeding from these causes has been generally considered to be the same at all velocities; and if such be the case, it would follow that the expenditure of the moving power, in transporting a load over a given distance, would, so far as this source of resistance is concerned, be the same whether it were carried at five miles or fifty miles an hour. Some slight differences, however, on this point have existed between the results of the experiments of those philosophers who have inquired respecting it. Coulomb conceived that his experiments showed a slight decrease of resistance with the increase of speed, while Morin and others maintain that it is quite independent of the velocity. All these series of experiments were, however, made at velocities so much less than those at which railway carriages move, that any laws of friction established by them should be applied with considerable caution in railway investigations. Some of the experiments made in the course of the inquiry now before us raise a doubt on this point, and suggest a probability that the resistance from friction *decreases* as the speed is increased.

To these sources of resistance, and to these only, have those who have devoted their attention to the practical working of railways, hitherto directed their inquiries. To reduce these to the lowest possible amount by the excellent construction of the carriages and engines, and the exquisite perfection of the road on which they move, has been the object to which the engineering profession has addressed all its powers, and with what signal success it is needless here to say. Such carriages and such roads could never have entered into the contemplation, even of the most sanguine speculator on the progress of art.

The remaining source of resistance — the AIR — has been overlooked, or, if it received a thought, it was regarded as bearing so small a proportion to the other causes of resistance, that, without producing any error of importance, it might be confounded with them; that its effect might be calculated on the same principles; and that the estimate of resistance thereby obtained, would be sufficiently near the truth for all practical purposes. That estimate was, as we have said, at the usual speed of railway trains, from eight to ten pounds per ton of the gross load.

We shall presently see how far this assumption, and the estimates based upon it, are countenanced by the immediate results of experiments.

It appears from the Report before us, that the method decided on for investigating the resistance upon the Great Western Railway, was the common method of observing the rate at which a train in motion is gradually retarded. If it be admitted (as it has been always assumed to be), that friction is the only, or the principal retarding influence, it must then

be admitted also that the velocity which a carriage will lose when not impelled by any force will be equal in equal times. On this principle, proper formulæ were constructed by Dr. Lardner, in which due allowance was made for the effect of the momentum of the wheels of the carriages in rotation; and in order to obtain as great a number as possible of distinct experiments, from which a mean value of the friction might be deduced, he divided the interval between the moment at which the carriage was dismissed with a known speed, until it came to rest, into a succession of short intervals, for each of which the velocity was observed. By such means the velocity lost in each of these successive intervals was ascertained, and such velocity formed a datum from which the amount of friction or resistance might be calculated.

Upon applying these formulæ to a number of the experiments, a result was obtained, which was so unexpected, that in the first instance it was deemed to be an error of calculation. It was found, in fact, that the computed amount of resistance for the first interval in each experiment after the train was dismissed was enormously greater than any estimate which had ever been made of that resistance. Thus it was found, that when the train was started with a speed of about thirty miles an hour, the computed value of the friction was about twenty pounds a ton, instead of not exceeding, according to the common estimate, eight or ten pounds! The idea that this proceeded from any error of calculation or of observation was soon dispelled by finding that a like result followed from every experiment, and every calculation, without exception. It was also observed that the computed value of the resistance was greatly increased where the velocity of the train was considerable at starting. It was farther observed that the computed values for the successive intervals until the train was reduced to rest were gradually less, the computed value for the first interval being generally two or three times greater than for the last.

No doubt now remained that the resistance which was developed in these computations was a real resistance of much larger amount than any which has been hitherto contemplated, and that it has a direct dependence on the velocity, which it is known friction has not.

The atmosphere of course presented itself at once as the cause of this resistance. It has been established by the experiments of various philosophers, that this resistance within the limits of their experiments increases as the square of the velocity; but their experiments did not extend to railway speed, and therefore could not be assumed with certainty as a datum. It was thought necessary, therefore, to reduce the question to immediate experiment on the railways themselves; and although such experiments as those just adverted to, computed by the formulæ which were used, gave results which could not be far from the truth, it was considered, that where an effect was indicated by the calculations so very different from what practical men have hitherto supposed to exist, such a result should, if possible, be deduced more immediately from experiment, and be made more independent of calculation founded on mere mathematical reasoning. For this purpose Dr. Lardner proposed, as an *experimentum crucis*, to dismiss a train of coaches at a high speed down a steep inclined plane, and to observe with precision the extent to which it would be accelerated in its descent by the gravity of the plane. If it were true that the resistance indicated by the above calculations were really that of the atmosphere, and that that resistance increased as the square of the speed, it was expected that in the descent a speed would be obtained which might

produce a resistance equal to the gravity of the plane, and that when that happened, no further acceleration would take place, but that the train would move uniformly to the foot of the plane. It was farther proposed to select a second plane less steep than the first, and to make upon it a like experiment; the gravity upon the latter being less than upon the former in proportion to its inclination, a less speed would produce a resistance in equilibrium with it, so that each plane would have a limit to its accelerating power, depending jointly on the resistance of the air, and on the weight of the train.

It was likewise proposed to vary the weight of the train upon the same plane, in which case the limiting velocity would be varied in a corresponding manner.

These experiments were accordingly tried with complete success, the results verifying all that was anticipated from them. The two planes selected for the purpose were the Whiston Inclined Plane on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and the Madeley Plane on the Grand Junction Railway, the former descending at the rate of one in ninety-six, and the latter at the rate of one in a hundred and seventy-seven.

A train of four coaches, loaded with a weight equal to forty-two passengers, was impelled from the top of the Whiston Plane at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. Its velocity was observed to increase for a few hundred yards, when it obtained a speed of thirty-two and a quarter miles an hour, with which it descended uniformly to the foot of the plane.

The same carriages deprived of their load were started in like manner down the plane, when they were found to attain a velocity of thirty-one miles an hour, which received no augmentation during the descent.

In like manner on the Madeley Plane a similar train was started, and it gradually attained a speed of twenty-one miles an hour, which it retained until it completed its descent. Each of these experiments was repeatedly tried, always giving nearly the same result.

Here, then, are facts which, being independent of all theory or calculation, cannot be either evaded or disputed. A load of eighteen tons has a gravitating power down one in ninety-six, amounting to four hundred and twenty-one pounds; that gravitating power was, it appears, balanced by *some* resistance when descending at thirty-two and a quarter miles an hour. This resistance amounting to four hundred and twenty-one pounds was of course composed of friction and the atmosphere. If the friction were taken at the common estimate of nine pounds, the friction of this coach train would be one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and it would then follow that the atmospheric resistance at thirty-two and a quarter miles an hour was two hundred and sixty pounds!

But even this would appear too low an estimate of this hitherto neglected opponent to railway speed, for, by comparing the uniform speed obtained in the descent of the Whiston Plane with that obtained in descending the Madeley Plane, assuming that the atmospheric resistance is in proportion to the square of the velocity, Dr. Lardner found that the value of the friction could be obtained, and the value which he obtained for it was by this process a small fraction more than five pounds a ton. If this value be correct, that portion of the whole resistance due to friction would be about ninety-three pounds, leaving three hundred and twenty-eight pounds to the account of the atmosphere!

This very low value of the friction was deduced by a process in which nothing was assumed, except that the resistance of the air is as the square

of the speed, and that the friction of the two trains used in the two experiments was the same. The two trains were certainly not composed of the same identical coaches, but they were composed of coaches similar in construction, equal in weight and equally loaded, and were supported on a similar number of wheels of like magnitude; and, in short, no reason existed for supposing that the friction could be materially different.

By varying the load on the Whiston Plane it was also ascertained that the resistance of the air did not vary sensibly from the proportion of the square of the speed. If the squares of 31 and of $32\frac{1}{2}$ be taken, they will be found to be very nearly in the proportion of 15.6 and 18, which was that of the loads used.*

Much on this interesting subject still remains for investigation, and many more experiments will be necessary before the mean amount of the atmospheric resistance to railway trains can be considered as ascertained with the requisite degree of precision. Meanwhile it is indisputable that this resistance at the common speed of passenger trains is of very formidable amount. That part of the resistance which arises from friction has probably been reduced as low as it is likely to be. At all events, whatever importance may have heretofore attached to its further diminution, it can now have very little weight in the economy of railway transport. Even supposing the whole friction annihilated, we should not be relieved from much more than twenty per cent. of the present expenditure of power in passenger traffic. But since it is as impossible that this annihilation of friction can take place as that the perpetual motion should be discovered, it may be safely assumed that we cannot practically reckon on any increased economy of power worth serious attention, by any further improvements directed towards the diminution of friction. To what, then, it may be asked, are we to look for that diminution of resistance which appears indispensable for obtaining the increased speed after which railway engineers aspire? It is an ascertained fact, that every augmentation of speed will produce an augmentation of resistance, not proportional to the increase of speed, but in the vastly greater proportion of the increase of the square of the speed. Thus if the railway train, tried upon the Whiston Plane, were required to be moved at sixty miles an hour instead of thirty, the resistance which it would suffer from the atmosphere, instead of amounting, as it did, to about three hundred and twenty-eight pounds, would amount to one thousand three hundred and twelve pounds, to which ninety-three pounds being added for friction, would give a total resistance of one thousand four hundred and five pounds! Thus the power of the engine to accomplish this double speed would require to be increased in the proportion of four hundred and twenty-one to, one thousand four hundred and five! If, then, the present engines are cumbersome and unwieldy, and overload, and injure the railway, what is not to be feared from engines capable of producing a power of an energy so enormously greater, and producing that power with double the speed! We are sure that no sober practical man will differ from us when we pronounce that in the present state of art the accomplishment of such an object is impracticable.

When we commenced this article, the meeting of the shareholders of the Great Western Railway, convened to receive the Report, was appointed for the 20th ultimo, and at the time of its publication their decision would

* The full discussion of this course of experiments on resistance, including the details of the experiments themselves, and all the consequences which were obtained from them by the mathematical investigation, is understood to be in preparation for publication. The experiments themselves are stated in the Report to form part of its, as yet unpublished, Appendix.

probably have been made upon the question before them. That meeting, however, having been postponed till the 6th instant, we feel that we shall pursue a more proper course by abstaining from any comment on the substance of the Report which might have an influence upon their decision. We shall not, however, infringe those rules which we consider to be dictated by justice and propriety, if we conclude with a few observations on some points to which it appears to us the attention of the shareholders should be directed, to enable them to arrive at a sound and just decision upon a question in which their interests are so deeply involved.

The experiments on the deflexion of the rails under the pressure of the traffic will first demand attention. There can be, we think, little difference of opinion that that mode of construction is best, which, other things being the same, exhibits the least yielding under the traffic. But in ascertaining the comparative stability of different lines by the experiments which have been made, care should be taken, first, that the experiments have been carried to a sufficient extent in each case to give a fair average result; and, secondly, that they have been distributed so uniformly over each line as to remove any effects which might arise from local imperfections, either natural or artificial. For example, a line of one hundred miles may have a short portion on a bad natural bottom, such as clay, while the principal part of the remainder of the line may be on a good natural bottom, such as gravel. It would clearly be fallacious to deduce the stability of the whole line from experiments which from accident or otherwise were exclusively or principally made upon clay.

In like manner a part of a line may be from local and temporary causes in confessedly bad order at the time of the experiments. If the principal part of the experiments were performed on such a part, it is equally obvious that the result would afford no fair average effect.

Again, it may be questioned whether the mere effect of the deflexion of the rail under the wheel is, *per se*, a serious defect in the road. When rails are laid on chairs, supported by stone blocks, there can be no doubt that a deflexion will take place mid-way between the successive chairs. This effect, however, is expended first on the elasticity of the rail, from which it is conveyed in a mitigated degree to the chair, and if the stone block on which the chair rests be tested, possibly the effect transmitted to it will be scarcely sensible.

One of the injurious consequences attending deflexion is, that if it be conveyed to the ballasting or foundation of the road, it is continually liable to unsettle the stones and timbers in the bed which supports them. If it appear not to have this effect, then its injury is, in a great degree, limited to the increase of resistance which it will produce to the motion upon the road; and as it appears that this increase, however considerable, must form a most minute fraction of the real resistance opposed to the moving power, it may be safely disregarded.

These observations are general, and offered without any particular reference to the facts which will come under decision.

As to the comparative ease of the carriages on different railways, that can, we conceive, only be decided by careful comparison of the diagrams which have been made by the instrument that has been used to measure and record these irregularities of motion; but it is evident that in such a comparison the same precautions are necessary, as in the examination of the deflexions; indeed, more care is required, since the irregularities in question are dependent on a greater variety of causes. The same causes which influence the deflexions likewise, of course, influence these; but the latter are still

more affected by the speed of the train when the diagram is taken, by the place of the carriage in the train, and by the place of the instrument in the carriage. Something, though we apprehend not a great deal, is likewise due to the construction of the carriage itself, putting out of view, of course, the case of a decidedly defective coach. We are altogether sceptical as to the possibility of deducing any mere arithmetical conclusion from such diagrams.

The question of the comparative resistance on different lines, so far as that resistance depends on friction, is one of considerable difficulty. The process by which the small amount of friction-resistance is extricated from the large mass composed of the resistance of the air and friction taken together, is one of a delicate and difficult nature, the solution requiring the application of the highest branches of transcendental analysis, and even with the aid of this power, the friction cannot be determined unless the amount of atmospheric resistance be assumed, or be previously computed; in fact, the two resistances due to friction and the air are so combined in the formula which results from the investigation, that it is difficult to determine either independently of the other. It is probable, however, that after this question, now novel, has received a due portion of attention from mathematical inquirers, and after more extensive experiments have been made to form the basis of mathematical calculation, the respective amounts of these resistances may be obtained with some precision, but at present it may probably be more prudent to consider the relative amounts of friction on different lines of railway, and with different systems of construction to be *sub judice*.

The fuel consumed by the engines, being the representative of the quantity of power expended, is a most important element, and this, it will be seen, ought to be considered with immediate reference to the speed maintained. As the resistance increases in so vast a proportion relatively to the speed, it is a consequence that no skill on the part of the engineer can evade that a proportionally great consumption of fuel must take place; in fact, this enlarged consumption is the price paid for the increased expedition. To form a just comparison, therefore, of any two lines with reference to the fuel, they must be considered with reference to traffic carried on at the same speed.

Such appear to us to be a few of the principal considerations which should be entertained by all who wish to arrive at a sound practical conclusion on this question. We repeat, that we entirely abstain from expressing any opinion or deducing any conclusion from the experiments actually made. These are stated with much clearness in the Report written by Mr. Wood, who has deduced from them his conclusions, and these conclusions are in the hands of the shareholders; but he has likewise given all the details of the experiments on which those conclusions are founded in his Appendix, which, though not printed, is, we presume, accessible to all who have an interest in the undertaking.

PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

CHATEAUBRIAND quotes a story from Gregory of Tours, that the soldiers of King Lenvieldus found the monastery of St. Martin, between Saguntum and Carthagera, abandoned by every body except the old abbot, who was quite bent with age, but nevertheless *fort droit* in virtue and holiness. A soldier wanted to cut off his head; but this soldier fell on his back and expired. It is a type of Spain. Decrepit Spain, like the ancient solitary of the convent, always thinks herself invulnerable; and the fate of the soldier has always attended those who assailed her. The genius of her people, so unlike the rest of Europe, idle, braggart, and comic, must be thoroughly understood ere we can find a clue to those marches and counter-marches ending in nothing, ere we can know this country, where, if one party gain a victory to-day, instead of following it up and putting an end to what others would finish at once, the conquerors halt upon the field of battle to publish a boasting dispatch until their foes return to drive them away, and act the same farce in their turn — where, if they do not take a city to-day, they will to-morrow; and where, if it be urged that Don Carlos may before that morrow be master of Spain, the hidalgos answer that they took six hundred years to drive out the Moors, or quote the saying of that true Spaniard, the patient Sancho, in which is contained the whole practical wisdom of this world, “There is a remedy for every thing but death.”

And yet the incredible superiority of the two greatest writers of the Peninsula, Cervantes and Camoens, over their contemporaries who dreamed and speculated by the side of human nature, is that they were both men of action. The former a soldier, a man of letters writing for the stage, a tax-gatherer, an agent of affairs, seeing all kinds of men, fit for every thing by his great sense, except to grow rich, imagined that book which, as the Spaniards say of Don Quixote, is divinely written in a divine language, which bears the stamp of national genius, and still more signally of the human mind — bold, inventive, and eternally reasonable. The latter a knight and a poet, whose life reads like a little Odyssey, composed amidst privations of all kinds, the first epic poem of Europe; and yet those rude passages of his life did not alter in him that sweet disposition of high intellects to judge mankind moderately and by their least repulsive side.

When we cast our eye over the section of Portuguese literature, which is that with which we shall now occupy ourselves, we perceive poets, historians, and novelists who existed long before our own classics, and recalling to mind the many nations among whom their language was diffused, we are led to inquire why, after producing such masterpieces, it ceased to be cultivated even in the beautiful land of which it is now the only glory. The power of the Spaniards has often done wrong to the military renown of the Portuguese; the same has happened to their literature. The two languages had a common origin, the masterpieces which fixed them appeared almost at the same epoch — and yet Lope de Vega and Calderón were more known in Europe than Saa de Miranda, Ferreira, or even Camoens himself, who preceded them. This indifference must be attributed to the geographical position of Portugal, and still more to the political relations of the two countries. The Portuguese, all-powerful in Asia, were nothing in Europe. Spain imposed her laws and arts upon a portion of the neighbouring populations. However ignorant we may have been of Portuguese literature, we may affirm that it is as rich as the Spanish, and would have

acquired even greater celebrity if a political convulsion had not arrested its progress. But all considerations are trivial compared with the relative importance in the history of civilisation and humanity which the Peninsular idioms are destined to assume. A prospective glance at the vast continents of America, enclosing regions fit for the support of man, and surpassing in extent and fertility that narrow zone of arable land which circles the Old World, opens up such views of the future greatness of the human race, as to lead the intelligent mind to conclude that the scheme of Providence has yet to be developed upon a scale of which we can form at present but a remote conception — a prospect only comparable to that which astronomy has opened up to us in infinite space. The languages of Spain and England are thus destined to become the tongues of so great a moiety of the species, that those of modern Europe must sink into comparative insignificance. When the valley of the Mississippi shall alone contain within its bosom three hundred millions of civilised inhabitants, the language and literature of a few millions of French or Germans must lose their supremacy. That universal language which for the purposes of science and philosophy engaged the attention of Leibnitz and other great minds will have thus in some degree been realised. The Spanish and English tongues, into which all fractional components must merge in the New World, are destined hereafter to be the instruments of knowledge of the largest number of civilised men the world has ever seen.

If what Madame Dacier says be true, that all modern tongues are but barbarous jargons when compared with the classics, it is consolatory that that tongue which bears the greatest affinity to the noble language of Rome is destined to survive, perhaps the most lasting memorial of its speakers. Copious, expressive, and concise, the Spanish already presents a fit instrument of knowledge. As the perfection of a language is the consequence of its being the medium of a civilised people, it may happen that this very perfection, which, in the case of the Sanscrit, is thought to prove an antiquity of six thousand years, may hereafter corroborate the existence of Rome!

It is not, however, with philological disquisitions that we intend to trouble ourselves. The Latin corrupted by the conquerors became the language of Galicia, Portugal, and Castile. The French then came with the arrival of Count Henry of Burgundy to modify this idiom. A fragment of a poem on the occupation of Spain by the Arabs, attributed to Roderick King of the Goths, belongs, it is said, equally to both languages. Political commotions soon made a marked difference. Two different courts modified their languages. Among the Spaniards, the Arab exercised all its influence. Its guttural sounds were adopted, and gave to the language that energetic nobleness which has gained it so many admirers. The Portuguese preserved more harmony. The song of Gonzales Hermiguez, and that of Egaz Moniz are specimens of the language at this epoch. It had become singularly appropriate for the expression of tender, pathetic, or impassioned sentiments, and Ferreira, who had himself done so much for its progress, rightly conceived its characteristic charm when he said that the Portuguese Muse, the heiress of the muses of Greece and Italy, softly sang and softly sighed — "*A musa Portuguesa docemente suspira, docemente canta.*" With a singular resemblance to the Provençal language, it possesses that simplicity which is so poetical in the Troubadours, as shown by M. Raynouard in his learned work. Such as it was fixed by the great writers of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese language has also much analogy with the Spanish; and Montemayor's sonnet, which may be equally read in both

languages, is a sufficient proof of it; but their genius is different, and the Portuguese has preserved much more of the Latin forms.

The researches of Sismondi and Bouterwek have developed to us a world where at first sight we had only beheld a chaos. The philosophical revolution effected by such writers as Ginguené, at a time when the literary riches of all nations had become so considerable as to require classification, is one of the best of our age. Had that clever writer survived, the immense analysis of all the literatures of Europe which he contemplated would not assuredly have failed to comprise the history of Portuguese literature.

Obliged to reject a crowd of details, the brief sketch here offered reduces itself to a barren nomenclature. Literary Portugal may be compared to one of those islands of which navigators have seen the coasts, but of the riches of which they are completely ignorant. We can only afford to cast a rapid glance over the most remarkable men who have appeared at various times, principally confining our attention to a few of comparatively modern date.

In reflecting upon this literature, we remark how often it has experienced complete changes and revolutions in a very short time, owing to political circumstances. After a few rude essays, it was encouraged by a king and legislator, who was himself a poet. It is at this period that we behold Lobeyra, the author of the *Amadis de Gaul*, which, translated by the father of Tasso, exercised so great an influence throughout Italy. A spiritual simplicity in the narrative, a certain amiable malice which is not satire, constitute the charm of the French *fabliaux*. The Italians, in their old novels, are sufficiently soft, flattering, and simple in appearance, but more vicious than tender, more intriguing than gallant; they are too often tragic. The Spaniard in his antiquities, distinguishes himself by a simplicity so noble that it is inimitable, and by sentiments so beautiful that he may well be proud of them. All the French warriors are lovers in their tales, all the Spanish lovers are warriors whose proud love expresses itself with exaggeration; — such is the spirit of the *Espejo de Amadores*. They are also at times interesting, from the native piquancy of their style, as well as from the knowledge they afford of the manners and customs of the age.

The following is a specimen from Moraes of a conversation which takes place between a doctor and a knight, who discourse together about their pre-eminence at a period when the sciences and arms enjoyed a high consideration. “I know,” says the knight, “that reasons are the arms with which you have always fought, and it is not extraordinary that you know how to conquer those who never made any use of them. But, master Doctor, I will make to you an observation. What would you say if you found yourself on a flat plain, surrounded by a thousand Moors — if you beheld their cuirasses sparkling so near, that you could tell the metal of which the plates were made, and the dazlings, like butterflies, would not leave your eyesight? Ah, Señor Doctor! you have never found yourself in front of a hundred huge bombards aimed against your breast; you have never seen those faces yellow as wax; you have never called upon the Holy Virgin without having any one to help you; you have never fled to save your life; you have never been obliged to quit the ground in the presence of all the world; you have never heard cries and blasphemies against heaven, at the moment when your legs were entangled together. Oh, but you would have forgotten then both the Code and the Digest!”

Portuguese literature from this era begins to develop itself; but it is some time before it offers any thing remarkable, until the moment, at least, when nature created a poet. In the fifteenth century appears Bernardin

Ribeiro, who, by addressing himself to the heart, makes the charms of his poetry be felt. Endowed with the most precious quality that a writer can possess, he marks a brilliant period. His chivalric melancholy paints an age of agitation. He is a poet without art which was born subsequent to him. Under the reign of Emanuel, the Portuguese language assumed the same physiognomy as the Italian under Leo X., the Spanish under Charles V., and the French under Louis XIV. In the sixteenth century appeared two legislators of their Parnassus, Saa de Miranda and Antonio Ferreira. Presenting a union of the happiest and most brilliant qualities, they speak to the heart and the intellect, and, by meditating upon the ancients, introduced new measures, and brought the language to perfection. The former, endowed with great sensibility and simplicity, follows the ancients as his guides, while abandoning himself to a contemplative spirit, which denotes the passionate admirer of nature and the wise friend of mankind. The latter, brilliant, correct, and elegant in his poetry, unites dignity of language to charm of versification. He occupies himself essentially with the forms of style, and we perceive that he has studied them deeply. When he lays aside the rules which he seeks to inculcate, and allows the language of his heart to speak, he produces a masterpiece, as, for example, his *Inez de Castro*. His genius created the second regular tragedy of Europe. Dedicating himself to the theatre, he next wrote the first comedy of character, and thus laid open the legitimate path of the drama to modern Europe. Gil Vicente, the contemporary of these two great men, less imitative because he addresses himself to the taste of the nation, devoted himself to the stage and made his own rules, or rather he listens to none; he stamps the vices of his age in a manner to be comprehended by a whole people. After having instructed them, he animates them with his gaiety, and, at the same time, interests them by his pictures of chivalry and religion. Around these men are grouped several authors less celebrated, but who shone by correctness, harmony, and that contemplative melancholy which distinguishes the inhabitants of the south. Affectation is often seen side by side with nature with them, and an oriental image frequently leads them from the path of correct taste. Diogo Bernardes is of this number, as well as Andrade Caminha.

But while these poets enjoyed the favours of fortune, and could sing in the bosom of courts the exploits which excited the admiration of the world, a man unknown to all, poor and exiled, owing nothing to fortune, and all to his own courage, shared those exploits which he aspired to celebrate. Agitated by the passion which made the destiny of his life, thinking one moment of his misery, the next of his country's glory, he escapes from tempests, gives the world the *Lusiad*, and expires in an hospital. It is not the fine harmony of his style, and the grandeur of his imagery, which have made Camoens survive time, — it is the fire of a noble spirit, which penetrates all hearts, of whatever age or country they be.

In the third period Camoens is dead, but his spirit animates his age. He seems to have bestowed a portion of his chivalrous dreaminess and ardent sensibility upon a few minds. Rodriguez Lobo leads us along with him into the bosoms of the fields, and borrows from nature his smiling images. Like all those who feel more than they can express, there is a vagueness in his poetry, and a want of animation in his thoughts.

Cortereal is another of Camoens' contemporaries. He is a poet-warrior, and is indebted to his own sensations alone for the beauties which appear in his works, for the burden imposed by antiquity is too heavy for him.

The glory of Portugal seemed to have fallen and expired at the fatal battle of Alcaçer Kebir.

The nation is next enslaved, but Pereira de Castro transports us into the midst of the magnificence of ancient mythology; but the pomp of Olympus has ceased to move us.

Violante do Ceo, Faria e Sousa, Vasconcellos, &c., mark the age of false taste which covered Europe at one period, beginning in Italy with Marino, in Spain with Gongora, in England with the imitators of those Precieuses Ridicules whom the satire of Molière transfixed in France. A few ridiculous conceits, the most frigid and hacknied terms of mythology, insipid madrigals, and the cold puerilities of tiresome pastorals, — such was literature until Antonio José appeared. He is too imperfect, too negligent, and too trivial to survive his age, but he possesses originality, and the infamous Inquisition, by burning the poor dramatist alive, gave his name a melancholy pledge of immortality. Writers who had the courage to struggle against the united efforts of jesuitical despotism and ignorance, paid the forfeit of their lives for their intrepid devotion. The Tagus was seen to deposit upon its shores and before the walls of the capital the dead bodies of those who were thrown into the sea from the forts of Cascaes and Bugio. Under monkish and jesuitical influence, every thing was disgracefully subjected to a censorship; the works of the great masters were altered. From that moment commenced that time of brutalisation in which authors who treated of mythological subjects began with intimating that they did not adopt the fictions of the poets as religious dogmas, and believed in nothing but the God of Christians. But as every thing that exists is subjected to the alternative of advancing or retrograding, this state of things could not last long; neither, on the other hand, could there be in literature a complete and sudden change all at once. The odious power which stifled all thought was at last overthrown — the intellects of men awoke. An able minister, the great Marquis of Pombal, gave a new impulse to study and commenced a literary reform, — the society of Arcadians was founded. Many imitators of the ancients illustrated its foundation, — Garzaon and Diniz da Cruz are the most remarkable. They resuscitated the taste for ancient literature; their brilliant versification recalls their good models, and from their manner of thinking, more than from their style, we see that they have read the French authors. The following cantata by Garzaon is beautiful, and marks the careful imitator of Virgil: —

“ DIDO FORSAKEN.

“ Ya no froixo Oriente branqueando.”

“ Now glimmering in the purple orient sky,
The snow-white sails of the Dardanian fleet,
Amidst the gilded ocean's azure waves,
On wings of prosperous breezes fade away.
The lorn abandon'd Dido,
Loud-shrieking, wanders through her regal halls
And seeks with maddening eyes, yet all in vain,
The fugitive Æneas.
Carthage, her new-born Carthage, nought presents
But silent gloom and dark deserted shade;
With frightful lashings on the naked shore,
Hoarse sound through night the solitary waves;
Perched on the golden spires
Of the exalted domes,
Nocturnal birds sinister omens cry,
From the marmoreal tomb
All horror-struck she deems.

A thousand times the cold and pallid dust
 Of dead Sicheæus, with heart-thrilling voice
 Invoking, calls 'Eliza, O, Eliza!'
 To the tremendous deities of Orcus
 An offering she prepares,
 But shuddering sees around
 The altar's pile, for incense-breathing smoke,
 Dark foam fermenting in the golden urns,
 And wine o'erturned, to streams of blood transformed.
 Her pale yet beauteous face,
 With frenzy fired, now burns,
 Her hair dishevelled flows;
 And soon her trembling footsteps near approach
 The asylum once so blest,
 Where, of her faithless hero,
 With deep heartfelt emotion,
 She heard the impassioned sighs and lulling plaints.
 There the remorseless Fates, exulting showed
 Troy's shining spoils, which, o'er the splendid couch
 In festoons hanging, to her sight displayed
 The lustrous shield, and bright refulgent sword.
 Sudden, with hand convulsive, she lays bare
 The fatal blade, and, on its goring point
 Urges her tender alabaster breast,
 Murmuring in crimson jets of sparkling foam
 The warm blood leaps in torrents from the wound;
 Tinged with the purple dye, the marble halls
 Tremble and start — the Dorian columns shake —
 Thrice she attempts to rise,
 Thrice agonised, upon the couch reclines
 Her fainting form; now unto Heaven she lifts
 Her tear-dissolved eyes;
 Then wildly gazing on the burnished mail
 Of the false Trojan fled,
 Some dying words she uttered, and the sound
 Of their last wailing mournful accents rang
 Along the sculptured roofs, and Echo sad
 Long time with sighs the dismal tones prolonged.
 Sweet pledges so tenderly
 Cheerished whilome,
 Ere Jove had determin'd
 My flight to the tomb;
 From Dido distracted
 The soul now receive,
 From torments despairing
 Her spirit relieve;
 Sad Dido abandoned,
 Thou has languished thine hour;
 Of thy Carthage renowned
 See the proud turrets tower;
 But thy spirit indignant,
 Where the dread Charon plies
 His bark o'er the torrent
 Of dark-boiling Phlegethon,
 Hovering flies."

Francisco Manoel is one of the chiefs of this school, and is both an energetic and elevated writer, of whom more anon. Bocage, his contemporary, belongs also to the same period; but this young poet, a voyager like Camoens, and, like him, too, unfortunate, seldom inspires sympathy, save when misery wrings from him a few bitter plaints, because we feel that these are true. The following sonnet paints sufficiently well his brief and agitated existence: —

"Meu ser evaporai na vida insana."

"My life exhales in woe and strife insane,
 And stormy passions which my bosom rend,
 Oh fool, I thought, fond wretch, I dreamt in vain,
 Life's mortal essence Time nor Chance would end.

To me what countless suns did Hope extend
 Vain-glorious years that Fancy false did feign !
 Now Nature frail, with slavish power doth bend
 To evils twined with Life's primeval pain.
 Oh tyrant pleasures, by your might controlled,
 Say to what dark abyss my bark doth drive ?
 Lord ! ere in death this spirit weak hath fled
 Into the peace of a dominion cold,
 One moment grant to him, whose hours are sped,
 And teach him how to die, who ne'er could live !"

Brazilian literature born in the seventeenth century has produced several poets. Duraon acquaints us in a picturesque and interesting manner with the customs of its ancient inhabitants. Basilio da Gama, detested by the Jesuits, has sung those countries in which they founded an empire. His varied pictures present much interest and his style is correct and elegant. Finally, we have to enumerate writers who merit the attention of critics, such as Caldas, the unfortunate Gonzaga, and the elegant author of poems addressed to the ladies of Bahia.

The history of the Portuguese prose writers does not offer less interest perhaps than that of the poets. The same causes developed their talents, the same circumstances imparted to them their lustre. But in that country in which the East seems to have animated with its brilliant imagination the chivalrous exaltation of Europe, the different writers have not always submitted to the laws of reason and philosophy. Astonished at the surprising facts which they had to transmit to posterity, historians thought themselves obliged to borrow the language of poetry, and if they often exhibit exaggeration in their style, we must attribute it as much to the grandeur of the events which acted upon their ardent minds, as to the sallies of their imagination. In the fifteenth century, when a crowd of warriors mingled with the ardour of combats the love of poetry, when knightly troubadours began to ennoble the Portuguese name, we perceive arising the father of history, the natural, exact, touching, and philosophic Fernand Lopez. Azurara relates conquests like a man who had seen the places in which they had happened : finally, Bernardin Ribeiro appeared ; and if we only consider him as a prose writer, he is superior to his age ; or rather, he prepared the glory of succeeding ones. The sixteenth century, the golden age of Portuguese literature, at length arrived. All the dazzling allurements that glory could possess belonged to the nation. Proud of his traditions, intoxicated with brilliant hopes, every Portuguese forgot the language of humanity. Two men then appeared with courage to rebuke the people. Ozorio deplored the cruelty of his contemporaries. The historian Barros, to whom Pope Pius IV. erected a statue, exalted still more their courage. He visited that land of Africa, where, according to his own expressions, there was not a river, bank, or rock that was not dyed with the blood of Portuguese. Fond to idolatry of his nation, brilliant courage absolves every thing in his eyes, as though he were a knight speaking to his companions in arms and leading them on to new exploits. Castanheda, Couto, Albuquerque have always the elegance of truth. Finally, during this great period they had a diplomatist and a narrator full of interest, in Damian de Goez, and a voyager in Mendez Pinto whose style makes amends for his unbridled imagination. These great historians had for their remarkable successors Frey Luis de Suza, Jacinthe Freire, Dandrade, and after them Vieyra, the most eloquent man of his age.

The impartiality which rejects the prejudices of time and country is only acquired after long civilisation. Dazzled by rapid conquests, whence their

nation derived all its splendour — led on by a religious zeal which did not permit them to discern the just from the unjust — believing themselves called by a particular mission to make new discoveries, they are brilliant in their mode of narrating facts and cruel in their reasonings, quoting a miracle worked against the infidels at the moment when we are led to expect a reflection of pity for the sanguinary deeds they had committed in the name of the God of peace.

Their writings have all the enthusiasm of the age. They had no need to seek elsewhere for lofty deeds to celebrate, they had only to cast their eyes on what was passing around them. Their imagination needed not to surprise by invention, for the truth of history was essentially poetical among them. Unknown seas traversed for the first time, immense empires discovered, a handful of men opposed to entire armies, and those armies vanquished, the treasures of India deserting Venice and accumulating in the port of Lisbon, a new nature unfolding its splendour to the eyes of those inhabitants of Europe who had fancied themselves the most favoured by climate, such were the elements which they had to describe, which excited the imagination of their poets and developed their original character as writers. Even at the present day, when we look back upon the Portuguese of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and view their conquests over the inhabitants of India who were infinitely their superior in riches, and all the arts of civilisation, we cannot help feeling astonished at that religious impulse which caused such wonders. But Catholicism, which had effected so many great and holy things in the Old World, which destroyed idolatry wherever it penetrated, which saved the world from the emperors of Rome, which civilised the barbarians, which abolished sacrifices all over the earth, which proclaimed the liberty of man in separating the spiritual power from the temporal, which caused the chains of the slave to fall, which put an end to the murder and exposure of infants, which imparted the unity of God to the world, and which created, according to Montesquieu, that right of nations which antiquity knew not, fatally changed its aspect in the history of Spanish and Portuguese conquest. After having destroyed superstition it restored it; after having saved the new climes from the despotism of their princes, it cast them back under the feet of the Inquisition; after having civilised the barbarians, it opposed itself, in the name of infallible texts, to the progress of human science and morality; after having abolished sacrifices throughout the earth, it re-establishes them universally, and more than once immolated whole populations upon its altar. Yet their historians, in writing history in a manner more brilliant than sage, more chivalrous than philosophic, wrote it at the same time in a manner singularly useful, for they thus caused it to be read with eagerness and developed the national spirit.

By a singular fatality the ballad literature, which in Spain is so rich and beautiful, is lost to the student of Portuguese, the *Concioneiro General* published in 1510, of which Sir Charles Stuart possessed a copy, being out of print or illegible.

It will thus be seen that the distinguishing characteristics of Portuguese literature in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries still continue to imbue their modern poets: these are the spirit of Platonism, Christianity, and Chivalry which was born in Italy with Dante and Petrarch, and the pastoral or purely descriptive. In a former number we endeavoured to convey to the reader some idea of the Drama, as it was conceived and created by a man of genius in the seventeenth century, the original of the tragi-comedy — lofty, measured, Spanish and sublime — of Corneille; and of the tragedy —

abstract, amorous, ideal, and divinely elegiac — of Racine. The spirit of Christian love platonic and chivalrous, which everywhere pervades Calderon's drama, shines in its lustre, although the conclusion of his pieces will often appear to convey a morality or rather a faith purely catholic. To adopt the principle of religious heroism as a means of exciting emotion is not the taste of the present day in Portugal; but it is chiefly by means of a distant view of the haven of faith, that this poet in his Autos rewards the hopes and fears "beyond the visible diurnal sphere," by which the sufferers in his mortal scene were actuated, dismissing the spectators

"In calm of mind, all passion spent. — *Samson Agonistes*.

It is this highest life which Sophocles shadows forth in his masterpiece wherein after the pathetic scenes of *Œdipus Coloneus*, he veils the horror and pity by the interposition of a deity and the assurance of a haven of repose and purification for the dying hero. A drama must, however, be regarded as an unfit medium for inculcating a dogma of faith. Such a moral end is not always true to nature, and nothing is beautiful but the true. A profound pathos has been excited by Calderon in his "Constant Prince," a play founded upon the religious constancy of a Portuguese prince, and which the accomplished Augustus Schlegel has not thought unworthy of translating into his native tongue. In fact, every deserving work of the Portuguese and Spanish poets has already been rendered with admirable success into the rich and flexible German, — models which all translators would do well to follow in their faithful adherence to the metrical forms of the original. To the *Magico Prodigioso* the world is indebted for the *Faust* of Goethe, through which that drama might have also become the remote inspiration of Byron's "Manfred," Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and other works of the same lofty description. But although the works of Calderon and Lope during the time of Spanish domination held exclusive possession of the Lisbon stage, it does not appear that the romantic theatre found any followers of note among the Portuguese. The classic models of Ferreira Miranda and Camoens were born in the age of Portugal's greatness and expired with the loss of her political independence.

Almost all these poets have cultivated the eclogue, elegy and pastoral romance — the first with simplicity, their successors with increased harmony, elegance and ideas. Contemplators of nature, but with minds biassed towards the brilliant ideas of love and glory, their shepherds speak too often like knights and have that melancholy exaltation which belongs to men continually crossed in their affections and hopes. In order to express their love, they multiply incessantly the most exaggerated comparisons, because this sentiment already so romantic among them was still more exalted by warlike expeditions: and we might apply to them what *Ginguené* says of the first Italian poets: — "Instructed in the school of Platonism, they departed so far, in their amorous poetry from all that is vulgar and terrestrial, that they also often departed from what is intelligible and human. The women who were the subjects of these verses were as much flattered by this elevation of style as by that of the sentiments;" — harangues, in short, which we cannot help thinking were very much to the reproach both of Plato and Cupid. Nevertheless by a happy union, elegance is oftentimes joined to beauty of style, and in the descriptive poetry we always feel the observers of nature painting with charm what they saw before their eyes — beautiful forests, the blue ocean and the fertile banks of streams. We remark also that all objects of pastoral life are ennobled in their eyes, — that in their eclogues they introduce all kinds of animals,

and that a ridiculous delicacy never makes them seek for pretended terms to designate those which have nothing noble about them. They thus enlarge the domain of bucolic poetry — they

“ Call the vales and bid them hither bring
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues,”

with the truest delicacy of language, the chastest purity of style, even when painting the delirium of the most exalted love, at a period when the works of other nations were disfigured by indelicate blemishes. The success of Gay's Pastorals in English literature is a well-known proof of the charm of natural description. Though written for the purpose of ridicule, this one quality rendered their popularity certain. Bernardin Ribeiro and Saa de Miranda, both knights and poets, are models in their way. The latter, the favourite of a monarch, traversed beautiful Italy and picturesque Spain to imbibe his inspirations and returned to end his days amid the rustic scenes which best agreed with his melancholy and pensive turn of mind. Nothing can better paint the touching impression which he left in the memory of his friends than the verses of his contemporary Diogo Bernardes. “ He lived all his years because he neither feared nor hoped anything. Amiable inhabitant of our retreats, who could follow thy traces in these mountains and woods? Thou didst charm by the sweetness of thy song all that presented itself in thy way. Returned from foreign lands, thy virtues excited envy and created admiration. Now a long sleep closes thine eyes; it opens mine to tears, and all here weep with me.”

The gentle urbanity of Saa de Miranda is also recorded in a pleasant anecdote which has escaped many biographers. It is said that the poet having been inveigled into a contract of marriage by the brothers of a lady whom he had never seen, finding her at the first interview neither so young nor beautiful as he had been led to expect, instead of exhibiting any anger at the deception, courteously stepped up to her and presenting his walking stick, said, “ Chastise me with this staff, madam, for having come so late.” It will doubtless delight our readers to learn that the match was a happy one and that he died of grief for his wife's death. “ Passenger,” says his friend Bernardes, in his epitaph upon him, “ contemplate this tomb: it is adorned with palms: the ivy and the laurel here are seen: but it is empty. Fate has willed it thus. The body of Miranda should repose here, but it is afar. His soul was pure — it has fled to the skies: there it awaits its mortal remains. The crown of Saa must be woven of two laurels, one of the knight, the other of the poet.” Miranda's lines upon his children are also very delicate and Grecian. They read like an epitaph from the Anthology.

“ WITHERED FLOWERS.

“ Roses bloom, and from buds they leap into opening flowers;
Forests and valleys rejoice in the children of Spring:
But we, O friend, behold no more of the beautiful valleys
The beautiful children, we go no more to the flowery grove;
For ah! our beauteous buds, Cleanth and Rhoda, bloomed
Yestreen, and both to-day are faded into dust!”

Claudio Manuel da Costa deserves a distinct place. Brazil reckons him her first poet, and Portugal one of her best. He has left some excellent sonnets competing in the style of Metastasio with the best canzonets of the delicate Italian poet, and his palinode addressed to his lyre, imitating the well-known one of Metastasio to Nice, *Grazie al inganni tuoi*, or the *Gracius at cielo doy que ya del cuello* of Garcilasso, is worthy to stand side

by side with its excellent models. The novel and majestic scenes of nature in that vast region cannot fail to give their poets more originality, variety of imagery and expressions of style than appear in them at present. European education extinguishes the national spirit, — they seem to be ashamed of showing themselves Americans, and hence a spice of affectation and an impropriety which give the foil to some of their best qualities.

After Diniz, the immediate place among Anacreontic writers belongs to another Brazilian, — Gonzaga, better known under his pastoral name of Dirceu, and by his Marilia whose love and beauty he has celebrated in his lyrics. Some of these pieces are of great beauty; and yet, if the author, instead of painting in Brazil, Arcadian scenes and pictures entirely European, had described his native plains in their local colours and his amiable and ingenuous Marilia like the Virginia of St. Pierre, seated beneath the shade of palm-trees, while the superb lory, with his purple wings, flew around her head, the fleet coati bounded through the dense thickets, like the hare of Europe, or the scaly armadillo passed with heavy pace along the river side, or had amused herself in weaving for her lover a garland, not of roses or jessamines, but of the white flowers and vermilion berries of the odoriferous coffee tree, the picture would have been more in harmony with a tropical climate. "We cannot doubt," says Humboldt, "that the climate, the configuration of the soil, the physiognomy of the vegetables, the aspect of a smiling or a savage nature, influence the progress of the arts, and the style which distinguishes their productions." "The mind becomes that which it contemplates," says Rousseau; and future Brazilian poets, whether leading us through the boundless forests and magnificent scenery of their country,

"Per maria, ac montes, fluviosque rapaces,
Frondiferasque domos avium, camposque virentes," — LUCRETII'S.

or striking their lyre to the notes of Petrarch, must feel its influence and cease to look at nature through the spectacles of books ere they will produce a masterpiece.

But an undue proportion of pastoral poetry shows poverty of intellect and mannerism. It is the result of a narrow conception of the sympathies of mankind and of the art itself. For of what does poetry treat? Of all those common-places which are the foundation of the human mind and upon which it has meditated since the beginning of the world. It speaks of the finite and the infinite, — the transient and the permanent, — time and eternity, — life and death, — the flowers that live for a day and the mountains that defy ages, — the rapid pleasures that fly like a shadow and God who endures for ever. It treats of whence we came and whither we go, — of what we must do and what we must think, — whither wander those heavens that nightly march like a silent army under an invisible chief, — what is this pensive and ardent soul which dreams of eternity and notwithstanding seems born to perish like the meteors of a summer's night. The moral world is also the world of poetry, as well as that figured, coloured world that surrounds us and is reflected in our minds. With more calm magnificence than the pomps of nature itself it opens upon us like the Elysium of Virgil, —

"Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo : — Solemque suum sua sidera norunt."

But we must stop short. "Enough!" says Rasselas to Imlac, after a similar specification, "I perceive that no man can ever be a poet." Few,

indeed, is the number of those to whom has been entrusted that celestial mission !

There is a school of poetry abounding in strange wild allegory, derived from the Italians of the middle ages, of which Dante's *Canzone Voi ch'intendendo il terzo ciel movete* : and Camoens' "Elegy," beginning * *A piedade humana faltava*, may be taken as fair specimens. It has been revived in our days by a consummate master with all the startling effect of novelty, in an exquisite work, which, for angelic beauty, surpasses its fine models as much as Virgil's gold surpassed the refuse of Ennius. It is only when following the strange, ethereal, dreamy fancies of Shelley's "Epipsychidion," or the Mozart-like harmonies of his lyrical muse, that we perceive in what the very soul and essence of ideal poesy consist. Like the "Delia" of Tibullus, his muse, to whatever she turns, and to whatever subject directs herself, still exhibits the furtive grace that pervades her soul and animates all her motions, —

" Illam quicquid agat quoquo vestigia vertat
Componit furtim subsequiturque Decor."

A union of the pastoral with this platonic elevation marks some of Gonzaga's poetry and, notwithstanding we have been rather severe towards the rustic pipe, could we but succeed in rendering the charms of the Portuguese into our rude vernacular, we would not scruple to say with the shepherd in Virgil, "*In tenui labor at tenuis non gloria*." The concluding lines seem borrowed from those of Tasso, on his own imprisonment, addressed to his friend Stiglion, which cannot easily be translated into English verse, —

" Tu che ne vai in Pindo
Ivi pende mia cetra ad un Cipresso
Salutala in mio nome e dile a viso poi
Ch'io son dagl'anni, e da Fortuna oppresso."

* The following is a translation in prose. We have not attempted one in verse, remembering the words of Statius, which Lord Strangford forgot.

" Vive precor, nec tu divina Æneada tenta
Sed longe sequare et vestigia semper adora."

" Human pity failed me — friendly people turned aside from me. In this perilous state I no longer found a land toward which to direct my steps. Air was refused me, which all other beings respire — in fine, Time and the world abandoned me. What a profound and difficult secret to comprehend ! to be born to live — to behold oneself wanting in every thing which is necessary to pursue that existence, and yet be unable to use it. And these ills I recall not like the man who, after a furious tempest, relates the circumstance in a favourable time. Uncertain Fortune carries me still towards such miseries that I fear to make a single step — I no longer seek to shun the evil which threatens me — I pretend no more to the good which fails me — I brave the wickedness of men, for I depend upon a Providence divine. In meditating on this truth I sometimes find a consolation to so many miseries. But, when swayed by human weakness, I cast my eyes over time, I can only obtain a remembrance of years already passed. Tears of sadness are then my only comfort ; and I cannot dry them, save by permitting my imagination to create for itself a fantastic image of joy.

" Ah ! if it were possible that Time could retrograde like Memory, that finds again the traces of our first youth ! If it were possible that, renewing the ancient history of my errors, it could transport me into the midst of those flowers in which I lived during my youth, and that then the resemblance of a long and melancholy sentiment should become my sweetest satisfaction ; that I could find once more the amiable conversation of my mistress ; that I could explain to her my new thoughts ; that I could once more behold the country, our walks, the signs of intelligence which she accorded me, her beauty, her looks, her charms, her grace, her affable politeness — that I could feel that sincere friendship removed from all base and terrestrial intention, such as I have never known since then ! Ah ! vain regrets, whither do you transport this feeble heart which cannot yet subdue the useless desire which you cause to arise.

" Say no more my Song, utter it no more. I could speak thus unconsciously for ages ; and if, by chance, any one should accuse thee of being long and fastidious, reply that I do not sing cold gallantries with the desire of praise, but that I unfold a simple tale of things which have happened to me. Would to God that it was a dream !"

It may perhaps add to the interest of the elegiac chaunt of Gonzaga to know that his sorrows were not feigned and that his fate was as tragical as that of Abelard. Implicated in a pretended conspiracy, forged for the purpose of confiscating the wealth of certain influential families in Minas Geraes, the unfortunate poet was torn from his mistress on the eve of marriage and plunged into a prison, whence he was transported to the coast of Africa, where he died.*

* "A PRIMAVERA.

"Eis torna a nascer o anno formoso
Zephyro brando e doce Primavera."

"Hoar Winter's past and smiling hours now bring
The purple time of flower-unfolding Spring;
The black earth crowns with verdure every vale;
The Naiad lilies lift their petals pale;
The meads, beneath the rosy-fingered morn,
Laugh out in joy, when from her starry urn
She scatters flowers: afar the shepherd man
Pipes a sweet song to universal Pan,
Upon his syrinx in the ilex grove,
And Pastor Ægon tunes his strain to love.
The merry mariners, o'er skulmbering ocean,
Zephyr now wafts with undulating motion.
Now Bacchus leads his Maenad band, each head
Vine-crown'd, with flowers and ivy garlanded;
And from their murmurous haunt the honied bees
Swarm in the hollows of the time-worn trees,
And build their odorous cells with busy care,
And all the many-voiced race of air.
The halcyons float around the foamless shores;
The swan in heaven aloft now sings and soars;
The swallow darts the arrowy stream along;
The nightingale tunes her accustomed song.
All come and sing, for ever as they fly,
How sweet is Love, whose very pain is joy!
It is the amorous hour when through all space
Mute silence reigns, and o'er the ocean's face
Night breathes her orison, and, with censor lit,
Swings out her incense, whilst the fire-flies flit,
Like winged stars, in twilight airy gane,
Towards Vesper's wandering shrine of icy flame,
Shining with rays so cold and luminous
Athwart heaven's gloom. O, bright star, pray for us!
Now under heaven all shapes repose or love.
The murmuring waves towards the white shore move.
The flower droops on its stem; the tranquil deep,
Under night's canopy is hushed to sleep.
The velvet moss carpets the vale beneath;
The embowering ivy winds her tortuous wreath;
The breath of Ocean, faint from orange bowers,
Floats laden with the lemon-scented flowers;
And gentle sounds re-echoing voice and lute,
Answer from far some lake-surrounding flute,
Dance on the shore, or melt each liquid tone,
With the soul's music in deep unison;
And night might seem, in its tranquillity,
The bridal of the earth and sky to be.
Yon light which, rising from the foliaged trees,
Gleams faintly through their void interstices,
Is a last signal by the seamen given,
To guide us onward to our destined heaven;
And, as that lamp expires, is Hope consumed,
A Pharos, by the hand of love illumed,
To light us o'er the zones of storm and calm,
To isles where Hope once more may pour her balm:
Isles where, 'midst incense-blossoms ever bright,
A bower is built afar from every blight;
From sorrow, and from guilt and pain's unrest,
A new Atlantis of the purple West."

The name of Francisco Manoel next demands attention. The Portuguese already reckon this modern poet among the number of their classics, although he only died at the commencement of the present century, after having survived the earthquake of Lisbon and the familiars of the Inquisition. Although living for the greater part of his life in France, his knowledge and study of the Portuguese were so profound as to render him at once the Horace and Boileau of his country; and in his *Epistles*, the philosophy of Horace and Pope is exhibited, adorned with the graces of a poetry always simple, strong and harmonious. From the works of Cicero he has gathered those principles of study and taste, as well as those

It seems some portion of the earth which lies
Far distant from the world's polluting eyes.
Not folded ever in its gelid snows,
But a warm heaven of most serene repose.
Here first, when Winter leaves his chariot throne,
Spring, with her morning-winged feet has flown
Within a spacious wilderness of blooms:—
Flowers of all hue leap from their dormant tombs,
Lifting their languid leaves reluctantly
From out their odour-breathing sleep, to see
The sun rise, all their unexpanded buds
Unfold to light, and hear the solitudes,
The inviolable stillness of the mountains,
Reverberate the sound-exulting fountains:
Here, twilight lawns, with violet moss inwoven,
Are canopied by azure clouds, all cloven
By graceful trees, where, as they bend and sweep,
The birds, in love-dreams lull'd, are rocked to sleep:
Silence and Twilight, both twin-sisters there,
Lure to their haunts the Daughter of the Air.
The wand-like lily, which in fiery noon,
Looks cold and pale, like the infantine moon,
The hyacinth, with its dew-stars still dissolving,
The light-enchanted heliotrope revolving,
Still charmed by the dying orb's decline,
And all sweet flowers, and sounds, and smells divine,
Make, of our home, a beaming Paradise,
Where we may wander, when the pale stars rise,
'Midst mossy walks, and fountain-lighted caves,
Whilst heard, yet scarcely heard, the murmuring waves
Flow on beneath our sea-environed bowers;
And Hope and Fear, aloof from the high towers,
Lure us no more, as Youth is lured to Sorrow,
Joy Pain, Life Death, or Night the envious Morrow;
Till from Oblivion's cave the voice shall rise,
Which shall allure our steps to freer skies."

"My song, go thou, and in the numbers sooth
With courtesy thy daring reasons grace,
For thou the mighty in their pride of place
Must win with gentlest wisdom unto ruth.
And, if thou flyest to Pindus lofty crest,
Where hangs my harp upon a cypress bough,
Salute it in my name, and say that now
I am by Fortune and by years oppress.
Truth, to the chosen few seek thou to prove,
And them from evil custom strive to woo:
Salute, I pray thee, in the sphere of love,
Marilia, Marcia, and thy Mistress too,
Our Leonor — all that blest band above!
Tell them, from me, to love, and not reprove;
But those deaf spirits and blind fies far away,
Who from the path of Heaven have gone astray;
So, when no more you have me with you, ye
May live in peace and tender amity."

of eternal truth and conduct to which his life conformed. The result is, that he has imparted to the Portuguese language the elegant conciseness, euphony, and purity truly Latin, that shine in the ancient classics.

Denounced to the Inquisition as a philosopher, he succeeded in saving himself from its fangs by his personal intrepidity in forcing his way through the familiars, dagger in hand, and escaped on board a vessel bound to Havre. On board he was chased by the corsairs of Barbary, a storm cast him on the coast of the Azores, the rocks of Jersey exposed him to peril; finally, however, he escaped. The French Revolution then burst; that memorable event absorbed all thoughts and interests. Resigned henceforth to his lot, living in the deepest obscurity, Manoel found his consolation in letters, which, in his instance, justified the magnificent eulogium pronounced upon them by Cicero. They were his companions and resource by day and night, by land and sea, in the solitude of fields, in the city, and in the miseries of exile. During a banishment of thirty years, speaking a language not his own, he has so carefully preserved his feeling of the classical beauties of that of his forefathers, its elegance and purity, that not a single Gallicism can be detected in his works.

Poems, epistles, philosophical and critical satires, dythyrambics full of fire and strength, eclogues, metamorphoses, fables, tales, epigrams and sonnets, compose his works, as well as a translation of Osorio's excellent life of King Emmanuel. Among all the Portuguese poets it is only given to him to marry all the chords of his lyre and to leave behind models of more than one species of composition.

Among his contemporaries Diniz is an elevated poet, a lyric full of soul and impetuosity; but his lyre has but one chord. His talents are confined to the Pindaric ode and to the *Os magna sonaturum*. It is generally admitted in Portugal, that Manoel and Diniz are the two first poets of the eighteenth century.

Their rivals, the unfortunate Garzaon, whom we have already quoted, and Maximiano Torres, are true and elegant poets, sometimes elevated but always sweet. They very seldom departed from the limits of the philosophic ode, the cantata and the sonnet.

Francisco Manoel excels in lyrical poetry. It is there that he marches with a firm step in the traces of the ancients, and if in some happy moments of inspiration he treads close upon them, he owes it as much to the truly antique genius and flexibility of his language, as to the natural turn of his genius. When he is Pindaric, we are agreeably surprised to see that he is always so in the manner of Horace, blending the sweet with the grave and the pleasant with the severe even in subjects purely heroic.

The great Roman lyric is without rival in that species of ode in which he proposes for his subjects the smiling philosophy of Epicurus, the art of deceiving the flight of time, the joy of festivals, the charms of retired leisure and voluptuous carelessness, a sweet oblivion of the pains and shortness of life; that philosophy which sports with death, mingles roses with the cypress, and to excite us to enjoyment, sometimes places a tomb in the distant perspective of the most delightful landscape. In such subjects Manoel eminently possesses the secret of grace; we admire the ease with which he bends the language to the purest and happiest forms of the Latin muse; we divine the deep studies which the natural ease and the masterly flights of the writer betray; we feel that he has anointed himself long with the oil of the Athleta, but we see not the traces. Manoel has so well appropriated that which constitutes the manner of Horace, the turn and choice of his ideas, the harmony of the rhythm, the march and stop of the strophes, the mixture

of the styles, the colours, contrasts, elegant precision, the art of blending the graceful gradations training back the subject from the occasional flights, the just proportion of the parts and of the whole which have been felt in Horace by the Quarterly Review, that some of Manoel's best pieces appear but a new scholium of the divine poet. Manoel is Horacian, not by copying his master like a slavish pedant, but by adapting to modern times and the customs of his country those external beauties which belong to all times and all nations. We perceive that the poet of the Tiber would have thus expressed himself in the language of Camoens in the eighteenth century. This ode on the Sage struggling against adversity contains many personal allusions.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum."—HORAT.

"Quem póde aos pés lançar soberbas iras
Do Fado riguroso."

- "The man who braves outrageous Fortune's ire
And wrath of rigorous Fate ;
Who fearless sees with unaverted eyes
The fickle-handed Power
That governs Antium, dealing good and ill ;
He, noble Sage, despiser of the Fates,
Superior to their frowns,
Shall dauntless view the roaring waves o'ertop
The crests of highest rocks,
Whitened with foam ; the deep o'erladen bark
Yield her defenceless sides
To points of wrecking shoals and yet preserve
Inalterably calm
A tranquil heart within his manly breast.
- "Nor when great Jove enraged,
With forked lightning, death and ruin strikes
The towers and lofty oaks,
Lowers his eyes, or curls with fear his neck ;
Rather he constant waits
With firmest step, shipwreck and thousand shades
That wait the frown of death.
- "For he not so unjust the Hand Supreme
Deems as the vengeful bolt,
To launch against the heart that, pure from crime,
Nought fears and nought desires.
Who loses fortitude amidst reverse,
Is like the warrior vile,
Who, in the combat, casts aside his shield,
To haste with coward speed
To lift, dishonoured wretch, his captive hand
Unto the conqueror's chain.
- "Freire, dear friend ! I saw with tranquil look
And soul of quenchless pride,
With arm upraised, her glittering poniard sharp,
Veiled Calumny direct
Against my breast, the ready chains prepared,
The dismal dungeons ope
Their yawning mouths, the infernal torches lit,
Nor yet mine eyelids turned.
- "I saw far off sharp Want and Poverty
Stretch forth their withered arms,
And evil Fame, and dark Obscurity
Unwind their mantle black,
To shroud me in the thick and heavy folds
Of the pretender's snares.
The orphan's groan, the widow's heart-broke sigh,
I felt at parting burst ;

My country's wrongs, my dearest friend's embrace,
 Nor shed one single tear ;
 Nought stayed my steps, I marched with fixed resolve
 To glorious exile doomed.

“ So Coriolanus, persecuted, fired
 By Envy's poisoned lie,
 Strode furious through the public streets and gates
 Of his ungrateful Rome.
 The tears of mother, wife, the illustrious name
 He and his children bore,
 Stifling within his full and throbbing breast ;
 And the deserted gates,
 That erst the hero's triumphs saw, all crowned
 With laurelled victories,
 Followed by spoils and slaves in countless train,
 Groaned as they witnessed then,
 Amid few friends, so downcast and so mute,
 The illustrious Exile bear
 To foreign household Gods his Virtues grand,
 To be deplored by Rome.”

It is to be regretted, that Francisco Manoel did not complete his *Fasti*, in which he attempted to imitate Ovid. We have also to notice his elegant translation of Wieland's *Oberon*. At the age of seventy-four he executed the most perfect of all the translations of Fontaine's *Fables*. A man of excellent sense as well as a true poet he knew the relative importance of the beautiful art which constituted his fame and his misfortune too well to exaggerate its political importance. Hear this ye poetasters !

“ Poetry is not prose,” says he, “ and as verses are not absolutely necessary to society, but only an elegant luxury, a magnificent ornament of the social edifice, it is necessary under pain of justest ridicule that this luxury be grand, noble, or graceful, that these ornaments be pure, and the artist be truly an artist.” He often quoted the passage of Voltaire, “ *Ecrire en vers pour les faire mauvais est la plus haute de toutes les sottises*,” and had continually under his eyes the passage of Petronius written on his desk, “ *Multos O Juvenes, carmen fefellit !*” Molière's *Alceste* could not have given better advice.

Strength and grace are the predominating characteristics of his works. The Horace and Boileau of Portuguese literature, he is also its Anacreon and Tibullus by virtue of a number of Erotic pieces in which are found the somewhat too fresh colouring of Albano and too great an infusion of the spirit of Ovid into things in which the pure simplicity of Tibullus or the Bard of Teios ought to have been his divine model.

The best picture of his life and mind, of his prosperity and adversity is found in his works. We there perceive the enlightened man, the rational philosopher, the Sage of Horace moderate in his pleasures even in virtue, the sincere friend whose character as a man of integrity and citizen stands unsullied. Persecution, exile, poverty, perfidy of his countrymen, and the wrongs of strangers never shook the firmness of his principles: fortune struck but could not humble or abase him. Self-esteem, that source of true courage and dignity, gave him strength to endure without repining and with the calm resignation of practical philosophy the most overwhelming calamities. He deserves that we should apply to him those beautiful words of Cicero, “ *Magna etiam illa laus et admirabilis videri solet, tulisse casus sapienter adversos, non fractum esse fortuna, retinuisse in rebus asperis dignitatem.*”

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

Introduction.

No attempt will here be made to discover new faculties in Shakspeare, or to teaze and torture the original meaning of his words. His main plots and purposes, heroes, heroines, and most admirable characters with which the world is familiar, form no part of our present purpose; and we are equally indisposed to meddle with the powers that called them into being. That deep-centred spring, of which the pregnant streams overflowed and fertilised the fields of thought and action, evolving new forms of human and super-human nature, and thus adding to the history of the populations of the real and ideal worlds, new classes of the finest elements for the contemplation of the artist, the philosopher, the moralist, and the searcher after knowledge or amusement — no attempt will here be made to analyse or discuss. Abundance has been already done in that way, though but little of it will be likely to accompany the text in its self-illuminated journey through successive posterities. Our purpose is sufficiently humble. Comprising nothing beyond the author's materials and suggestions, these studies, from the backgrounds of the great painter of "many-coloured life," have the vicarious advantage of being rendered proportionately permanent.

The object of these papers is merely to draw forth from their dim, mazy labyrinths and incidental niches, in the devious progress of the dialogue and narrative of Shakspeare's plays, those rudiments of character which his prolific genius called into precocious life; but which, while holding fused the elements of greatness for his main design, he could not wait to complete. That many of them may never have "come to their colour," right vision and proper senses; may be deficient in a finger or a nose, or be otherwise curtailed of their "fair proportions," is undeniable. Their effigies "come like shadows; so depart;" — and frequently flit across our sight with a rapidity that would seem like a quaint endeavour and device, by cloak or hood, or vague and evasive outline, to conceal their various imperfections, and perhaps altogether escape the eye. Many, nevertheless, even of those most visibly imperfect, will be found essentially entire when examined by the light of their introducers, and compared with correlative circumstances.

Thus, for instance, we see clearly what manner of man Samson Stockfish, the fruiterer, must have been, though nothing whatever is said of his character. But then, Justice Shallow, that lean iteration of nothingness, to whom, as Falstaff says, "a treble hautboy-case were a mansion," and whose youth could never have been more racy than a pan of skimmed milk; this poor Shallow, in his imbecile exultation over his "mad days," says, that he fought with Samson Stockfish, when he was of Clement's Inn. Shallow does not say he thrashed him; if he had done so, we should certainly have heard of it. No doubt it was a drawn battle; they shook hands in mid volley, and agreed to share the victory; or, some old spinning crone parted them with a distaff because they trod upon her garden patch at the back of Gray's Inn, where they fought. Can there be any doubt as to what sort of a man he must have been whom Shallow could have stood against, and lived

to boast of the deed? His very name of "Samson" suggests antithesis, and was probably a nickname; independent of his being a born *Stockfish*. We do not clearly conjecture what they could have fought about; but we feel satisfied that it was mutually involuntary. They quarrelled over some such matter as the two names of a pippin — both being right — and the bystanders pushed them together.

Caliban's mother, Shylock's wife, Falstaff's grandfather, and Falstaff's horse, are open to a similar process of induction. In many other instances, however, the leading circumstances of the life, as well as the main points of character, are stamped beyond dispute by the sign manual of the author, though they have scarcely ever been so much as noticed owing to the strong light of the towering figures in the foreground. Had not these Titans occupied the soul and all its senses, we should long since have been better acquainted with such clearly defined characters as Old Double, whose sturdy nature it was so difficult to believe even death had mastered; or poor Yorick, though nothing is seen of him but the bare skull.

The reader will thus perceive, and is requested to bear in mind, that our purpose is not philosophical or critical, and that he is only invited to join in a novel and pleasurable excursion to hunt out and bring to light for the first time some of these hidden creatures who inhabit luxuriant wilds, and to "go a-nutting" through the deep woods and meadows green, where Shakspeare's procreant feet have trod.

No. I. — *The Merchant of Venice*.

This play contains various undeveloped characters, with every one of whom we may easily have some acquaintance. With the majority we may become sufficiently intimate by a due contemplation of the masterly sketches thrown off from the poet's pen as he proceeds, and the rest are open to speculations, directed and instructed by the same authority.

Portia's father must have been a very extraordinary man. Possessing a subtle intellect, and a profound knowledge of character, he bent all his faculties to the construction of a trial and test for lovers, which should protect his daughter after his death both from rogues and fools. These two classes — they are pretty large ones — he resolved to blank at the very outset. But the prize of so much beauty and wit, no less than of immense riches, was certain to attract the foremost among *all* classes, and he accordingly set himself elaborately to work to counterplot every adventuring individual who came under any false pretences whatever. His plan insured his daughter a man of strong and single-hearted character, and one who moreover should be thoroughly sincere in his passion. Had Portia been subjected to the mere trial of the choice of three caskets, she would have been at the mercy of any man's good luck. It was the inscriptions upon them that acted as a metaphysical talisman. In all common cases of matrimonial alliance, even when a considerable degree of love is involved, people are invariably thinking of what they shall *get*. They expect to obtain so much affection, or so much money, or some of both. The gold and silver caskets hold out rich hopes and promises; the leaden casket calls upon the lover to *give* all he has. The very permission to make a choice is also preceded by an oath expressly calculated to drive most lovers in a contrary direction. This oath, the reader will recollect, bound them, if they chose the wrong casket, not only to take their departure immediately, and "never to unfold to any one" which casket they chose, but "never to speak to lady afterwards in way of marriage." This was a "facer" to the host of mere

gallants and fortune-suitors of all ranks, and accordingly we find at the outset, no less than six noble admirers, who inform Portia of their determination,

“ — Which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition of the caskets.”

ACT I. SC. II.

Here are six noble gentlemen, of no very bold peculiarity in their form of courtship, who seem to have concocted a sort of round-robin of a letter, and sent it to Portia, expressive of their unanimous pouting, and determination not to submit to the “imposition,” but to go away. Their child-like helplessness is conveyed with ludicrous simplicity in the foregoing words.

Against even the most cunning adventurers has Portia's father “hedged her by his wit.” The three caskets being of gold, silver, and lead, a sufficiently puzzling calculation would be originated in a merely cunning mind, by the consideration as to whether the choice of the gold would be thought to betoken an avaricious, or an ambitious disposition; that of the silver, a lukewarm policy, very bad in a lover, or a *juste-milieu* wisdom, very commendable in a husband; that of the lead, a mean or a modest spirit, — points of view which could not be decided without knowing the eccentric idiosyncrasy of the lady's father. “Again,” quoth the cunning man to himself, “this old fellow may have fancied that many would choose the casket of lead, because they thought he liked humility, which they would thus assume in the selection, — therefore he placed his daughter's portrait in the casket of gold. But as this would be giving the prize to the off-hand lover of externals, therefore he took it out again, and placed it in the casket of silver. But why in the silver?”

Leaving the merely cunning man in this predicament, with the portrait dancing to and fro in his imagination from one casket to the other, let us add to his character a considerable degree of impulse and will, and into what a state is he immediately thrown? “He will bother his brain no more, but take the casket of gold! But now the inscription comes into operation, — “Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.” That, of course, must either mean riches or Portia. But since many lovers had seen this inscription, and tried their fortune, some of them must, in all probability, have chosen this casket; it is plain, therefore, her portrait could not be in it, or she would have been married long ago. Without more ado I shall therefore hazard upon the silver casket. What says it? “Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.” No, this is evidently an ironical bait for vanity and self-love; I will not be caught by such a trick, which is evidently a sort of covered threat, and an uncomfortably appeal to the conscience. What says the leaden casket? — “Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.” The terms giving and hazarding may be applied at the option of the testator; besides, they comprise every thing, even to one's very life, and still without promising any thing in return. I am here called upon to give and hazard *all* for the mere chance of choosing; not I. Which then shall I choose? I'll think no more. — I choose the casket of gold, for that promises best!’ Whereupon the cunning man finds a skull, with a sarcasm in its eye, viz. a rhyming scroll in one of the sockets, telling him to go about his business.

All this — and how much more! — must have passed through the imagination of Portia's father, in designing and constructing the test of a sincere devotion, and a good understanding for his daughter's husband. The deeper

we ruminate over the various sections of his plan, the plainer we discover that ~~rest of~~ all intellectual characters — the practical metaphysician. Nerissa is so struck with wonder at the palpable results of his foresight, that she attributes it to some heavenly gift, calling him a "virtuous and holy man," who had "good inspirations" in making his will. The finer intellect of Portia alludes to the subtlety of his "hedging wit."

Against the admirable post-mortem practice of this "holy, virtuous, witty, inspired," and eccentric practical metaphysician, we beg permission to enter one protest. Involved and absorbed in the deep complexities of his many-sided manœuvre, he fell into the common error of taking a one-sided view of the result. He rather over-looked, or, we should say, endangered, the interests of the object, by too earnest and concentrated a devotion to the consummate skill required in its accomplishment. His daughter was a highly educated woman, (to be sure, she says, she is "unlettered and unschooled," but that is in speaking of herself to a lover whom she loves,) and she also possessed a naturally fine intellect, quick perception, and great personal address. Such a woman is certainly able to choose for herself, and must be a good judge of what is best for herself. Her father must have perceived her natural ability, and probably did much towards her education. His will, therefore, however subtly constructed, bears unjustly upon the freedom of choice to which such a woman was pre-eminently entitled. It also assumes a position, which we think doubtful. His plan insures (by the inscription on the leaden casket which contained her picture) a sincere lover for his daughter; — one who, unlike all the rest of the world, totally disregarding what he should *get*, is ready to *give* and hazard all he has. But as this cannot *necessarily* involve her sympathy, the assumption is that it is better to be loved than to love, or that the former is a sufficient guarantee for permanent happiness. This is questionable. He insures ~~his~~ his daughter strength of character, good understanding, and a thorough devotion in her husband; but he might as easily have tried to insure an equal degree of personal beauty in him as to insure a return of affection to any given qualities. Thus, after all his manœuvres, the operation of fate and chance claims its share in the result, as we invariably see amidst mankind's wisest schemings. Howbeit, his will did more towards the *best* chances for his daughter's happiness, than that of any other "will for the good of an heiress" ever yet made public.

Portia's suitors — such of them as never appear on the stage, or among the *dramatis personæ* — are admirably described by her in Act I., Scene II. She hits off their ruling passions, and main peculiarities of character and appearance with graphic and class-sketching precision.

The Neapolitan prince is first on the list. Portia says, "Ah, that's a colt indeed;" for, "he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself." This crowned specimen of a man with one engrossing idea, suddenly suggests the cause to originate in an hereditary tendency, and we are accordingly presented with another not over-nice character, in the Mother of the Neapolitan prince. "I am much afraid," says Portia, "my lady his mother, played false with a smith." This smith, moreover, must have been a man of an aspiring genius; the plain spoken suggestion being that he had successfully aspired to a princess, while his "love of his profession" was so strong notwithstanding, that he had transmitted his smithy qualifications to a royal posterity.

The County Palatine comes next, distinguished by a frown. It is the business of his life to look big. He is a sort of royal bloater whose love is

dried and cured upon a state recipe. Portia anticipates a very showy old age for him, "being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth." She declares she would "rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth." It is rather dangerous to follow Shakspeare's wit. The two next, — Monsieur le Bon the French lord, and Faulconbridge the young English baron, — are masterly finished sketches. The Scottish lord is distinguished with a political hit, and the young German, nephew to the Duke of Saxony, is shown up in a style almost amounting to a libel on the gallyantry no less than the sobriety of the country.

The Marquis of Montferrat, with whom Bassanio first came over to Belmont during the lifetime of Portia's father; and the "honest woman," Margery, wife to old Gobbo, and mother of Launcelot; and the Moor, or serving woman, who was "more than reason," and in conjunction with whom Launcelot Gobbo had previously accomplished a point less than pure reason; are mentioned in the course of the play. They are names, not characters. It is not our object to "force conclusions," and as nothing worth mentioning is said or suggested about them, we pass on to a more interesting person, — Leah, the wife of Shylock.

Leah, the wife, and we may say, the beloved wife of the not always fierce and bitter-souled Shylock, whose nature once alternated affectionate tenderness with his occasional fretfulness, or gusts of passion; Leah, mentioned only in a few passing words, and only upon one occasion, simply as Leah, a Jewish maiden who had given Shylock a ring in token of her love, is a character of touching interest, her mere name calling up innumerable thoughts and feelings, leading us back to Shylock's youth, to their early scenes of domestic life together, and to the influence they mutually exerted over each other's mind, habits, and general happiness. Leah appears to have been dead some years at the time of the play, and her daughter Jessica speaks of the "tediousness of the house" where she has so long been immured without any companion, her solitude being only enlivened by the odd merriment of Launcelot Gobbo. We once started the question to ourselves, as to whether Shylock had broken Leah's heart by his violent and irritable temper? The idea, however, was almost immediately discarded. We think Shylock was deeply attached to her; that between them existed a great affection; that her nature exercised a soothing and harmonising influence over him, drawing out the more kindly affections, and superseding, lulling, or absorbing the virulence, turbulence, and morbid spleen, the elements of which were inherent in his blood. When Leah died, it was all over with Shylock's humanity. He fell into loneliness, and selfishness, and accumulating, and grasping. Jessica was no comfort to him: she probably reminded him painfully of Leah by the force of contrast.

From the forced parallel Shylock draws between himself and the patriarch Jacob, in order to justify his usurious propensities, and from his swearing "by Jacob's staff," it would appear that in his own mind he regarded the patriarch as his model for character and conduct through life. Will it be considered a mere critical fancy if we suppose it possible that he was the more pleased with the idea from the circumstance of Jacob's wife (though his least favoured wife) being Leah; and that having arrived at a notion of the parallel to himself, he should cherish the idea the more upon the latter account. The thrift and shrewdness, however, of the patriarch were doubtless the qualities that originated the impression on his mind.

Shylock speaks with agonised bitterness of the rebellion of "his own flesh and blood." Jessica alludes to her mother, as well as to Shylock, without any affection, though he appears to treat her with kindness, and more

care than she was worth. Her robbing him of his ducats and precious jewels was bad enough in itself, and a bad sign of the sort of affection for a lover which could be associated with such baseness, and chiefly for the pleasure of squandering and gambling; but this act becomes heinously unfeeling when we find that she had stolen the ring she knew her father prized as a token of past affections, and set so little account by it that she gave it away for a chattering monkey! In the midst of Shylock's fury at the robbery and elopement with a Christian, and his grim glee at the ruin of Antonio, the recollection of Leah instantly softens him.

"*Tubal*. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break."

"*Shylock*. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it."

"*Tub*. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey."

"*Shy*. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise: I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."

ACT III. SC. II.

Tubal, however, calls him back from these feelings by saying, "But Antonio is certainly undone." Shylock evidently breaks off a painful train of thought with, —

"*Nay*, — that's true — that's true!"

This ring was evidently a most dear memento to Shylock's feelings; a little unlettered stone in which he could still read an epitome of the early history of his heart, and an epitaph on its now dead affections. It was exchanged for contempt, though to him it was beyond all price, because it had brought with it the love of Leah, his wife, now long since cold in the grave — her place unsupplied by any other sweet feeling in his desolate breast.

We are far from intending to try and make out a case in order to prove that Shylock was a sweet-tempered man, of regular habits, and well regulated passions. It is quite possible that the affection and tenderness he manifested towards Leah were, in a certain degree, the result of a reaction against outward circumstances and conduct, and a compensation to his own self-esteem for the splenetic humour he vented abroad. He was, no doubt, a "tiresome devil of a husband" at times, and a most difficult character to manage, or even to live with in an uninterrupted and unbroken course of harmony and happiness. He was always of an irritable disposition, with a morbid tendency to smouldering vindictiveness, and to brooding over and treasuring up the memory of offences, insults, injuries, and wrongs, as well as bad bargains. We will go so far as to admit, that we think the constant care and delicate management required on the part of Leah to deal with such elements, and the frequent inward emotions excited thereby, shortened her life. But this does not militate against the affection they entertained for each other; she, never uttering any complaints, nor, perhaps, having any express personal cause to do so; and he, not being aware of the constant anxiety and excitement he produced. If, therefore, Leah's life was something shortened, it originated in the natural difference of the characters and temperaments of herself and her husband; — Jessica, who is like neither of them, and cares for neither, being the anomalous product of the union.

After what we have said in illustration of the least amiable view of Jessica, it is only fair to propound a possible palliation. The whole of Leah's time and affection might have been so completely engrossed by Shylock — and no doubt she had "enough to do with him" — that, without intending it, she had always neglected her daughter. Jessica thus fell into a habit of no affection for her parents. If the cause thus originated, some excuses may be made for a young girl dwelling in such a house, and

under such ungenial circumstances, especially after Leah's death, when the evil genius of her father gushed out unrepressed and unsoothed. A critical friend has also started it as a question, whether the ring given for the monkey was really the turquoise; or, whether Shylock, the instant he hears that a ring was thus exchanged, merely makes an off-hand passionate assertion, in order to exaggerate her crime and his own misfortunes, which it only required the last disaster of the loss of Leah's maiden token of love to bring to a climax, and justify any desperation or anguish he might manifest?

Now, admitting there may be sound truth at bottom of the foregoing subtle query, and being willing to give Jessica the benefit of any further cause for doubt, we may as well offer the reader another query, albeit of a kind which will probably excite his risibility. It is this: if the ring — which one of Antonio's creditors showed Tubal — was not the turquoise, query, then, was any ring given at all; and, if not, of course there was no monkey given in exchange. In this case it is plain that the especial creditor was a mischievous wag — one who, perhaps, intended to mimic the prejudices of Antonio against the Jew; and being himself of simeous propensities, suddenly thought of a monkey, and "showed" Tubal "a ring" on his finger, and invented the story to plague old Shylock. All this, however, does not affect the fact of Shylock's "working himself up" with the belief that he had lost his turquoise by Jessica's unfeeling conduct.

It only remains to say a word or two about Portia's cousin — Doctor Bellario, otherwise the "learned Bellario," or "old Bellario." Truly he must have been a most good-natured judge. He joins in Portia's scheme of personating a "doctor of laws," furnishes her with his legal opinion and advice touching formalities, and sends his gown and wig to back it. This is not all: he writes a grave-faced letter, declaring that he is "very sick," and cannot come himself, but has dispatched a learned deputy, — adding, "we turned over many books together!" &c. The gravity of old Bellario's office and public character render the whole of this letter very ludicrous, though on the stage it goes off as if it were the dullest reality. It is Bellario's composition, not a copy from Portia's rough draft; or, if partially so, the old doctor has humorously interpolated the excessive compliments to the "young doctor's" learning, as a private inostensible joke between himself and Portia.

The rudiments of characters, which are sketched and suggested in the *Merchant of Venice*, are as follow:—

Portia's Father.	The Young German.
The Neapolitan Prince.	The Marquess of Montferrat.
The Neapolitan Prince's Mother.	Margery Gobbo.
The Smith.	The Moorish Woman.
The County Palatine.	Leah.
Mons. Le Bon.	Antonio's Creditor.
Faulconbridge.	Doctor Bellario.
The Scottish Lord.	&c.

We have thus presented some additional instances of the prodigality of life which exists in every nook and corner of the writings of our great dramatic creator. These rudiments of character, which lie folded up in the poetry of Shakspeare, open a new field for speculation. Except in a very minor degree, and at rare intervals, they are to be found in no other dramatist, and in no other writer. Therefore, the novelty of the task we have undertaken, combining in itself much labour, however pleasing, and much difficulty, however cheerfully encountered, may excuse our soliciting, now and for the future, some indulgence in the execution.

THE PYTHAGOREAN SILENCE.

Τὸ σιωπῆν λόγος.

" Silence is words, and discourse, and proof, and it is even reason itself."

How does it happen, that we have no great men now-a-days? Why is it, that although the many are greater now than of old, the few, who are comparatively great, are not so great as were the great men of antiquity?

Concerning the superiority of the present times we hear discourses to satiety; perhaps even to sickness itself; if, indeed, that sensation could be produced in the modern stomach merely by the unceasing repetition of tiresome truisms. We are told much of the mariner's compass; a wonderful instrument, no doubt, and in truth so wonderful and inexplicable, that it is fatiguing to think about it; of chronometers, and of other matters, whereby navigation has been so far extended, and so many discoveries have already been made, that parts unknown are no longer to be discovered; every headland, every rock, and creek, has been seen and measured; the precise level of each yard of earth, the just soundings of each inch of sea, have been ascertained, and noted painfully in decimals of appalling minuteness. The village writing-master, the very weather-maker of some mean almanack, is familiar with many things in the science of geography, which were hidden from the renowned Claudius Ptolemy: and so it is in astronomy. Thales and Hipparchus would be eclipsed by the teacher of an ordinary boarding-school, or even by the least retentive young lady of her class. The entire surface of the globe and the surrounding heavens having been surveyed with perfect accuracy, the whole sum of information derived from that survey has been applied very successfully to facilitate the communication between the inhabitants of different regions; so that, if a letter be put into the post in London, or in any other city, it will surely find its way, at a moment to be predicted with surprising correctness, to any spot of land where one would choose to have a correspondent. The present ease and rapidity of transit and intercourse are frequently made the subject of laudation and of self-congratulation; and of contrast and comparison with former difficulties and tardiness. It is not to be denied, that all these things are admirable, however we may sometimes perhaps be permitted to regret, that the necessity of admiration should ever, through reiteration and continuance, become irksome. With respect to the steam-engine, our wonder is still fresh; and inasmuch as this invention is, as yet, in its infancy — a wonderful infant — an infant Hercules — it is impossible to exaggerate, or to estimate, too highly its importance. It may well be deemed to form an era and an epoch in the history of mankind; for it is plainly one thing to have lived before steam, and another to live after it; and if the Romans might properly reckon from the foundation of their city, others may reasonably compute their dates from the erection of the engine. But mechanical contrivances, how exquisite soever, and the fruits of the ingenuity of Dædalian artists, however precious, relate not to, nor do they indicate, the greatness, intellectual and moral, which appears to have deserted the men of modern times. The triumphs of the Press are more analogous with the subject of these remarks, for having been achieved in the sacred cause of learning, although they were mainly effected by the power of machinery, and are therefore to be deemed strictly mechanical, we may rightly assign them to the department of

mental improvement. The art of printing has prevailed to a prodigious extent in diffusing and preserving the sources of knowledge; and thereby also a thin coat and comely external show of learning has been spread indiscriminately over every surface that lay within the reach of the brush, which so liberally bestows on all sides its paint and varnish. It is possible, that the faculty of distributing instruction cheaply and readily may have been somewhat abused of late; nevertheless it is certain, that the vast resources of typography must rank amongst the most enviable distinctions and prerogatives of modern literature. Yet, however highly we may consent to esteem these recent advantages, in deference to the wishes of the partisans of the present age, it is impossible to concede, that learning and letters have reaped quite as much benefit from them, as might have been expected and desired. A large abundance of books has brought with it an equal abundance of authors, of whose writings, many are good, some very good; but the best fall short, by how immense an interval! of the antique excellence. The superiority of the compositions of the ancients is freely acknowledged by all, it is understood to a certain extent by every one who has any tincture of learning, and it is felt more sensibly and fully in proportion to the progress and attainments of the reader. It may be fit on another occasion to attempt to point out and to illustrate the evidences and the nature of this superiority; it will be enough at present to direct the attention to another striking difference between the modern world and the ancient, and to invite inquisitive and ingenious persons to take a few steps towards the investigation of the cause.

By way of preface and apology, let it be suggested, that to make any guess, be it ever so vain and impotent, tends more directly towards the solution of an enigma, than vaguely and listlessly to wonder at its obscurity and intricacy. Notwithstanding the manifold advantages enjoyed by the moderns, the importance of which is not to be denied, or extenuated, and has not been enlarged upon, only because a tale told a thousand times is tedious, it is certain that the ancients had greater writers than we have. It is at least equally certain, that they had greater men. Those who taught, whether orally, or by their writings, possessed greater power, authority, weight, and influence; and enjoyed greater reverence, admiration, and favour; and were adorned with more numerous and more considerable personal distinctions, than have ever fallen to the lot of more recent instructors. If posterity has been less grateful to their benefactors than their forefathers were, the claims upon their gratitude have been less strong, for tradition has handed down unimpaired the ancient deference for the ancient worthies, who were able to win it in their own olden time; and could they shake off their long slumbers, and come forth to accept the homage of our degenerate days, if such they be, they would find, that the names of Numa, of Pythagoras, of Socrates, of Plato, and of Aristotle, are not less revered now than of yore. There is gold enough in the mine still, for such as know how to seek for it! It would be easy to furnish many remarkable examples of the superior authority and influence of the great men of the ancient world, but it is needless to accumulate evidence of facts universally known and undisputed, to heap up citations, or to enumerate illustrious names in a long order and catalogue.

Amongst the most famous, none assuredly is more famous than Pythagoras; his reputation arose early, and continued to shine with unabated, perhaps rather with increasing, lustre, until a late period. It was exalted by the concurring testimony of numerous Greek writers; Cicero, and a crowd of Latins, exalt this most excellent philosopher; and in modern languages and modern times, even unto the present day, the most erudite and accomplished

scholars repeat the praises, that have been re-echoed for more than two thousand years. Several disciples, at various intervals, have earned for themselves a renown inferior only to the still more splendid fame of their admired master. The life and acts of the great teacher, and of certain of his apostles, have been carefully and copiously written by members of their school in a fine legendary style, which reminds the reader of the tone of the favourite studies of the middle ages — the lives of the saints. A noble credulity gives warmth to every page; and, although it may not be welcome to a critical and perverse generation, or strictly in accordance with the fashionable canons of history, it clearly demonstrates, that the biographer was much moved by his subject, and that the strong emotions could not have been produced without an adequate cause.

Of the remarkable events described in these writings it may well be, that a considerable portion are true, or more nearly true, than sceptics imagine; but, if it be assumed that the whole are unfounded, we may safely infer, that they were no common men, who were able to inspire an enthusiasm sufficiently engrossing to mislead the wise. The supposition, that the most learned and eminent philosophers of the age were jugglers and mountebanks, who condescended to amuse and to deceive the multitude by the paltry and transparent tricks of conjurors, is eminently ridiculous and absurd. No impostor was ever successful by such arts for a long term and upon a large scale; and if an obscure deceiver has sometimes deluded a few miserable people, he has eventually been detected and exposed, and commonly punished. The most unfavourable hypothesis, that can be maintained, is, that the same enthusiasm equally confused the perceptions of the master and of his disciples; the suspicion of actual fraud is alike unphilosophical and unfounded. Thus, with respect to the miracles, with which the voluminous legends of the middle ages are distended, and to which allusion has already been made, it rarely happened, that the alleged wonder was a fraudulent device, or that the hagiographer wilfully stated what he knew to be false; but a just sense of religion had degenerated, through the peculiar circumstances of the times, into a superstitious zeal; and the minds of writers, readers, and witnesses were alike ready to mislead, and to be misled. The history of enthusiasm in matters of religion is curious and instructive — that of philosophical enthusiasm is not less so; moreover, although an undue zeal in religion be in many respects hurtful, it must always be harmless, and indeed salutary, to feel and to inspire for learning and philosophy the most ardent and glowing zeal.

Some critics have suggested, that it was the good fortune of Pythagoras and of other great men to be born in a rude age, when a moderate share of knowledge and ability would produce far greater effects, than in times of superior refinement; that they were considerable only from being contrasted with the darkness of surrounding ignorance. But experience shows, that the ignorant are never the most ready to recognise merit, and that moderate attainments are more likely to attract suitable attention in times of general civility, when talents of every description are sought for and encouraged. The full vigour of transcendent genius alone is powerful to burst through the thick mists and black night of barbarism, and to rouse the stupid, listless indifference of half-savage men. Whatever character may properly be assigned to the age, in which Pythagoras himself flourished; according to Justin, he was the son of a rich merchant, *locuplete negotiatore natus*; and to the populace of that, or of any subsequent æra; it is certain, that his renown was not confined to his own age, nor did it proceed from the body of the people alone. The erudite, the accomplished, the eloquent, the powerful,

nobles and princes were in all times numbered with his disciples and admirers. The merits of the sect and of its founder are not to be gainsaid or denied; on the contrary, it is heartily and fervently to be wished, and indeed, if temporal good is ever worthy to be thus sought, strenuously to be prayed for, that by some profound reach of thought, by some felicity of conjecture, or by some surpassing effort of research, it might be certainly ascertained by what methods these proud results were produced. For the sake of learning and of learned men primarily, and secondarily and principally for the sake of all mankind, of those already born, or hereafter to be born, it is earnestly to be desired, that the exquisite discipline and modes of institution and information, unhappily unknown to the present generation, but familiar to more happy antiquity, whereby an intense love and reverence for instructors and instruction were kindled and kept alive, might be again revived amongst us. Meanwhile, it seems to be the duty of the well-wishers of the best interests of society to seek, by patient study, careful analysis, and judicious experiment, to discern the traces of the lost art of teaching.

The glorious doctrine of the immortality of the soul was triumphantly placed by the philosophers of the school of Pythagoras on high and secure ground; and it was guarded by peculiar tenets concerning pre-existence and transmigration, which are well worthy to be noticed apart. The notion of eternal life, which is so congenial with the best feelings of our nature, unquestionably tended powerfully to secure a popular reception to the sects, by which it was inculcated; and the singularities, wherewith this fundamental dogma was enriched and adorned by the Pythagoreans, captivated the fancy, and shed a poetic light and interest over a metaphysical subject. But we cannot justly ascribe the prodigious success of the Sage of Samos to this source. The innocent, salubrious diet, which he prescribed, was well adapted to the calm, regulated appetites of the student in philosophy; and it was conspicuous and attractive through its entire coincidence with temperance and humanity, and peculiarly agreeable under southern suns, and amidst a profusion of fruits and vegetables; accordingly, it was extensively adopted and long practised. If, however, the most ample benefits, which its votaries claim for the Pythagorean diet, be freely conceded to their bloodless repasts, namely, length of days, exemption from much pain, and from every acute disease, serenity of mind, evenness of temper, perspicacity of understanding, purity of manners and of morals, and the like — in short, every good and holy gift, all the choice and quiet blessings of peace and contentment, with health and ease — if all these be yielded, as the undisputed portion of abstemious philosophy, every ingredient of solid and rational happiness will have been copiously supplied, but the causes of a mighty influence will not have been explained. To attain to this a firmer texture is required; there is need of mental attributes of a longer staple, and a stronger fibre. A simple, harmless, guileless race would live happy in themselves, and in their own innocence; but with reference to others, their weight would be small: in their foreign relations they would be rather contemned, than revered, through the spirit of pride, and through the hardness of heart engendered by a less spare diet and by less scrupulous habits. For the purpose of gaining authority over worldlings, the effects of the abstinent seraphic life would be altogether negative; some other instrument must be sought for, not only positively efficacious in itself, but strong enough also to counteract all opposite tendencies. Other sects insisted upon the immortality, and even the pre-existence, of the soul. The allegorical, fanciful, and fantastical adjuncts, with which the Italic sect ornamented or disfigured the great charter of man's spiritual constitution, would probably captivate the imaginations of

some hearers, but they might be distasteful to the understanding of others. We have no ground therefore to conclude, nor does history inform us, that especial strength for the conquest of the opinions, wills, and affections of their contemporaries was gathered from the promulgation and illustration of the assurance of a future state by Pythagoras, or any of his followers.

There is one very peculiar and remarkable point of discipline, which certainly merits more attention, than it has hitherto received from any modern writer, and which has been strangely slighted, at least for many centuries, by all who have discoursed of this most illustrious sect. A stupendous and unparalleled ordinance, which was unquestionably enforced for ages, has been treated of as lightly, as the precept to refrain from beans, or as any other regulation of obscure sense and trifling import; as the legend of the golden thigh; and as certain curious, instructive, and pleasing fables, illustrating the hypothetical metempsychosis. *Τὸ μὲν πρῶτον, ἡσυχία μακρὴ, καὶ ἀφωνία, καὶ πάντε ὅλων ἐτέων λαλέειν μὴδέν.* The first step in the Pythagorean course of instruction, or reminiscence, after the preparatory mental purifications, says the jesting Lucian, who, although he girds with gibes whatever will take a ludicrous turn, shows a superior consideration for this sect in the midst of derisory laughter and biting jests, and consequently with entire sincerity, and, as it were, in spite of himself and his satirical propensities. The first step is a long silence and an utter speechlessness; and to say nothing whatever for five whole years. A terrible commencement indeed of a severe course of study: nevertheless, it is as certain, as any fact supported by the evidence and truth of history, that this astonishing proof of devotion to learning and philosophy was frequently given by the zealous neophyte. If the chaste Pythagoras was coeval with the chaste Lucretia and the last Tarquin, he exacted from many disciples the sharp test of standing mute for five years, and probably complied with it himself also, full five centuries before the Christian æra. In the first century of the same æra the famous Apollonius, of Tyana, underwent the like preparation of quinquennial silence, which was particularly described by his devoted admirer, Philostratus, in the second, or third, century. There were Pythagoreans after Apollonius, and even subsequently to Philostratus; it is probable, therefore, that many students paid the strong and hard penalty and pain of strict taciturnity after the times of Apollonius; and it is quite impossible to doubt that, during the long term of 600 years, which elapsed from the institution of the Pythagorean family by its illustrious founder to the epoch of the scarcely less illustrious disciple, very many were dealt with after the utmost rigour of the law. So illustrious, indeed, was the founder, that, after his departure from life, his house was consecrated as a temple, and himself worshipped as a god: *cujus tanta admiratio fuit, ut ex domo ejus templum facerent, eumque pro deo colerent.* So illustrious the disciple, that Flavius Vopiscus, to refer to one authority only, styles Apollonius a sage of the most renowned reputation and authority, an ancient philosopher, a true friend of the gods, and himself worthy of divine honours; *celeberrima fama auctoritatisque sapientem, veterem philosophum, amicum verum Deorum, ipsum etiam pro numine frequentandum.* He asks, for what was there ever among men more holy, more venerable, more dear, more divine, than that person? *Quid enim illo viro sanctius, venerabilius, antiquius, diviniusque inter homines fuit?* and he describes the adoration and worship rendered by the Emperor Aurelian and by others. The full value was received from first to last; and, accordingly, it may be inferred, that the full price was always fairly paid. During six centuries at the least; during twenty generations—it may be even for some three hundred years longer, for nine centuries, and during

thirty generations — whilst the mute family subsisted, and the long tradition of the old philosophy was maintained from age to age in the venerable sect; during all this vast space and lapse of time, as there were continually in the prisons of the several states successive malefactors, reluctantly undergoing or awaiting the punishment of their misdeeds, so were there, in a perpetual succession about the colleges of the order, benefactors of their age and kind, always enduring with voluntary patience the dreadful sentence of the mild judge, meekly suffering under the silent system, and cheerfully anticipating a great reward. In every year, and at every season of the year, there might be found disciples, who, for a few weeks, or months, or days only, had borne the new restraint, and had just begun to perceive how irksome it was. There were others already in their third year, who had forsaken the practice of speech for more than two years, and whose youthful tongue, for more than two years longer, was yet doomed to wear its grievous gyves and fetters. There were others still further advanced, the objects of envy with those who had spoken lately; these, in a month, a week, a day, an hour, even in one little hour, would be free, and might give utterance to thoughts so long pent up. What did they say? What did they say? What course did the emancipated member run? What were the first words that broke at last the silence of five years? Why have history, and memory, and tradition, and all books, conspired together to hide from us what we most covet to know? At what moment was the thought conceived, that first found a passage in words — whether at the commencement of silence, or a minute only before it ceased, or at what point of the duration of the whole tedious interval? We have been too much accustomed to look upon the awful sacrifice of the noble gift of discourse, as if it were a light matter, like the denial of the use of flesh meat, of wine, or of beans; or jocularly perhaps, and incredulously, as on something promised and professed, but not performed; pretended only by an impostor to win pence from fools, or executed once, perhaps twice, in all, by some moonstruck madman, or sullen idiot. Our mind is weighed down by the magnitude of the subject; penetrated and awe-stricken when we contemplate the sober reality, the actual scientific praxis of men esteemed the wisest by the wise. But the labours of love are light; and this was a labour of love, self-imposed. Before the time of Pythagoras, philosophy was named wisdom; and philosophers, sophists, or wise men. He first introduced the word, philosophy, the love of wisdom; and the lover of wisdom was first called by him, the philosopher: it was not enough to be wise, it was necessary also to love to be wise, and to yield a protracted and painful proof of abiding love; besides, the proof of the love of wisdom was in itself the confirmation of wisdom. Begone, ye profane! with the bare proposal the pretender withdrew; the line of demarcation was laid down at once between business and trifling. Draw your sword, and come on! There was no room for parleying — simply to fight, or to run away; no time for dallying — immediate marriage, or instant parting. It was a practical method, and the practical men were at once selected and separated; the mystical fan blew the chaff aside. He was unquestionably in earnest; and, on that account, at least, deserved to attain to it, who entered upon the pursuit of knowledge under such hard conditions, and persevered to the end. But did any fail? How many fainted by the way? What a multitude of questions crowd upon our minds, when we view the first step in the course of reminiscence as one that was really taken! At what age, we inquire, did the silent noviciate commence? It was a yoke laid upon the young, we read; but many old in years are young in science. With children the process would be impracticable, or pernicious; with these boys useless: no length of time can ripen the contents of an empty cask.

If we would rightly understand the past, we ought to compare it with the present: let us assume therefore some stage of life, at which the Pythagorean rule might be conveniently adopted; let us suppose, that a young man of liberal education would commence his course of philosophy immediately on quitting the 'university. He would be silent then from the age of two-and-twenty to the end of his twenty-seventh year. If the masters and rulers of our public schools were as exact and sedulous in the performance of their momentous duties, as they are notoriously and grossly careless and indifferent, the advancement of the pupil being commonly in proportion to the diligence of the tutor, the youth of eighteen would bring with him to college at least as much learning, as is now usually taken away at twenty-two by the more attentive academics. If the like reformation were effected in our two great universities, the young man of twenty-two years would reach a point of erudition, which is seldom attained to in these days within the walls of a college; namely, to as much learning as is acquired by one, who has obtained all that is now bestowed during the usual period of residence at Oxford, and who has continued his studies without intermission after quitting the university, and with increasing ardour, for three, or four, or five years. In conceding therefore that a man may be wise enough to hold his tongue, when he is only twenty-two years old, a new and imaginary state of things, a thorough reform of our schools and colleges, is pre-supposed. In the present condition of public instruction it is impossible to believe, that a student in philosophy, who had received a public education, could derive any advantage from the Pythagorean discipline, if he began to observe a strict silence before the completion of his twenty-fifth year. He would be silent therefore from the age of twenty-five to the end of his thirtieth year; perhaps, rather from the age of twenty-seven to the termination of his thirty-second year. The aspirant would be young enough, even at the last-named age, still to feel that youthful enthusiasm, if his nature were generous, which could alone induce him to make the attempt, and would carry him through it. If indeed the regimen be as salutary as the eminent physician, who prescribed it, affirms, a small residue of life, of life ameliorated, or enlightened, might compensate for the sacrifice that is required: ten years only of health and strength might be purchased cheaply by the patient, who had long been tormented by a chronic disease, if the price were only some additional discomfort for the term of five years. The mouth may well be closed from forty-five to fifty, or from fifty-five to sixty, if the tardy obmutescence procure twenty years of wise philosophy, or even ten years of sage and happy old age.

Not every one was permitted, or advised, to enter upon the solemn estate of silence. The art of Lavater was not unknown to the contemporaries of the proud Tarquin and of the prouder Junius Brutus. Pythagoras practised it, he physiognomized, *ἐρυστογνώμονει*, those who offered themselves to learn of him; seeking to discover the habits and dispositions of the applicants, *mores naturasque hominum*, not only, like the modern professors of the art, by observation of the face and countenance, *conjectatione quidam de oris et vultus ingenio*, but also from the proportion and carriage of the body, *deque totius corporis filo atque habitu*. Whoever was approved of, on inspection and examination, was admitted, as a disciple, and was enjoined to keep silence for a prescribed period. The same time was not appointed for every one, but a different term was assigned to each disciple, according to the quickness and extent of his wit, which was never shorter than two years: *Et tempus certum tacere; non omnes idem, sed aliud aliis tempus pro æstimato captu sollicitiæ. Sed non minus quisquam tacuit quam*

biennium. Aulus Gellius, in describing the order and reason of Pythagoras himself, and afterwards of his family and successors, and of receiving and instituting his disciples, asserts that the period of silence was not uniform, but was never shorter than two years; and it is possible, that the founder, whilst his institutions were yet recent, and he was uncertain how far the submission and devotedness of his pupils might extend, occasionally suffered the full term of five years to be abridged; but it is very improbable that, after his decease, any person, inferior in authority to the philosopher, himself, presumed to shorten the accustomed quinquennial limit.

He, upon whom silence was enjoined, heard what was said by others; he attended the lectures, and listened to the discourses, orations, and arguments of the school, and even mixed in general society; but of course he was not allowed to ask any questions, if he did not fully understand what he had heard, nor to make any remarks whatever: *Neque percunctari si parum intellexerat, neque commentari quæ audierat fas erat*. Nor might he commit to writing any portion of what he had heard, or his own observations upon it. But when the new disciples had learnt thoroughly the most difficult of all things, that is to say, to preserve a strict silence, and to listen with attention; and had begun to be instructed, and even learned, through the philosophical silence, of which the technical name was, *ἔχεμυθία*, they were then empowered to speak and to ask questions, to commit to writing what they had heard, and to make public their own opinions. *At ubi res didicerant rerum omnium difficillimas, tacere audireque, atque esse jam ceperant silentio eruditi, cui erat nomen, ἔχεμυθία, tum verba facere et querere, quæque audissent scribere, et quæ ipsi opinarentur expromere potestas erat*. The seriously disposed, devoutly inclined, devoted students, who thus imposed upon themselves observances and obligations, apparently of so much difficulty, unlike the modern novices, who suddenly come, with unwashed feet, to take up their abode among philosophers, were first prepared for the grand preparation of silence, by previous purifications and other preludes. It is manifest, that the long estrangement from men, the laying aside articulate speech, the absent presence, and present absence, could not be undertaken without various instructions given and received, and sundry preliminaries and manifold arrangements; for it is not easy to live in the world, as being not of the world. Many inconveniences, however, were provided against at the first formation of the sect by the foundation of a college, community, or body corporate, called *κοινόνιον*, *cœnobium*, living in communion. The first cœnobites, in their inseparable society and ancient fellowship, would enjoy, during their mute probation, the aid of free and accepted brethren, who would carefully watch over their safety, and would supply their simple wants; and the time of taciturnity being accomplished, they would requite the kindness of their seniors by protecting and ministering to their juniors. Thus each generation in turn repays to its children, by a like attention, the assistance which it received, during helpless and speechless infancy, from the foregoing age. The five years silence of a most illustrious Pythagorean have been minutely described by an admirer and worshipper. How interesting a full journal would be of the daily experience, and hourly joys, or sorrows, of a disciple during his entire *echemythia*! or if no dispensation could be granted to permit and legalise so wide a departure from the laws of silence, as a journal would demand, how grateful to the curious reader the fresh reminiscences, hastily committed to paper with copious particularity, as soon as the moral impediments of speech ceased!

“The god-like man, for thus was Apollonius of Tyana commonly styled,

spent the times of his silence in travelling, sometimes in Pamphylia, and one while in Cilicia; consequently he did not lead a monastic, or eremitical life, but went forth amongst men, and upon distant journeys. Nor was he ungracious in society, his biographer writes, or unpleasant, during the period of his silence; but in answer to what was addressed to him his eyes replied significantly and sensibly, or his hand, or an inclination of the head: nor did he ever seem otherwise than cheerful, or of a sour aspect, being moreover by nature very sociable, and of a most companionable disposition. On this account, it is said, he found that kind of life exceedingly painful and difficult when he practised an ascetic and philosophical silence during five whole years; for, having very many things to say, he could say nothing; and hearing many things to provoke him to anger, he was constrained, as it were, not to hear them; and being often moved by things worthy of reproof, he said to himself, like Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, τέτλαθι ἐν καρδίῃ —

“ ‘ Poor suffering heart, he cried, support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.’ ”

And although many observations and attacks roused him, he wholly refrained, for the time, from refutation and reprehension.”

The noble and masculine eloquence of the Pythagoreans was long famous; and if action be indeed the soul of oratory, they certainly had unequalled opportunities of acquiring it in perfection, since, for a long period, and often perhaps on very trying and urgent occasions, they might use no other words, than speaking, moving, asking looks, and persuasive, expressive gestures. Their action would be the more admirable, because it would not pass the limits of modesty and sobriety; it being impossible to doubt, that pantomimic movements, imitative gesticulation, and an excess of signs would be accounted a breach of the ascetic initiatory silence. Still less doubtless would any palpable evasion of the law be tolerated, as by conversing with the fingers, or by concerted signals. The use of writing was interdicted, as has been stated; nevertheless, upon an extreme and extraordinary emergency, a very short note was once deemed to be no infraction of silence. The inhabitants of the olive-bearing Aspendus, a populous city of Pamphylia, being sorely pressed by famine, earnestly besought, with prayers and tears, “the divine” Apollonius to speak a few words on their behalf to the corn merchants, whose monopoly was the cause of the public distress. This was impossible, so profoundly did the philosopher reverence silence; but he consented at last to write a line, or two, to the engrossers, and so potent were the five and twenty words which he deigned to address to them, that the rogues in grain forthwith filled the market with corn, and the city revived. The letter was in these words: — “The earth is the mother of all, for she is just; but you are unjust, and would make her to be the mother of yourselves alone; if you will not forbear, I will not permit you to remain any longer upon the face of the earth.” No papal bull was ever so drastic; the most superstitious of the subjects of the most Catholic prince never yielded more implicit obedience to God’s vicar on earth. O rare silence! Yet the spirit of commerce was ever obstinate; and corn-dealers doubtless were hard, even before the trade fell altogether into the hands of Quakers and Scotchmen.

A more striking instance could hardly be selected of the prodigious authority, to which the great men of the olden time attained through their reputation for learning and philosophy. Many examples are afforded of the influence of Apollonius by Philostratus, who informs us, that he calmed popular commotions and tumult by his countenance, gestures, and aspect,

maintaining the same strict, solemn silence, that is observed during sacrifices and other religious rites, and at the celebration of the mysteries; and other instances are not wanting. How irreverent and credulous soever the present age may be; however little disposed to confide in any pretensions, save those of political impostors, it is hard to believe, that a lively interest, and a powerful sensation, would not rapidly arise in favour of a silent philosopher; by the appearance of a young man of a dignified aspect and an intelligent countenance, of respectable station, acknowledged ability, and, after the scanty measure of the times, of considerable attainments, who was resolved to become wise, and quite determined to keep silence. He had made his last, but not his dying, speech, on the last day of November, 1837, and his voice would not be heard again until the first of December, 1842; when, if his life be spared, his mouth will again be opened. Some would be incredulous; — it is not to be believed; it is nonsense; he has not been silent a whole year; he talks in secret; he will never hold out four years longer. Some would be jocose; — Pythagoras has come again; he has the golden thigh; and the like. Many would be angry; — he is mad; a fool; a cheat; it is quite wicked; it is tempting Providence; he ought to have a locked jaw; to be struck dead; beaten; sent to Newgate; to Botany Bay; out of the country. Nothing can vanquish an obstinate silence: on the contrary, it must overcome every thing; incredulity, jesting, anger, threats, scandal, experiments, conjectures, falsehoods, all must yield at last. Even the ladies themselves, who would oscillate for a long time between anger and regard — alternately exclaiming he is very provoking, but very interesting — would acquiesce in the end: —

“*Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces*” —

But such topics are set apart by the most reserved sect for mute meditation; notwithstanding, it must not be forgotten that there were female Pythagoreans of considerable celebrity. It is not recorded, whether these learned ladies covered themselves with glory after the customary preparation of silence, or without that painful ordeal; in either case the fact of their renown is remarkable. It is a surprising thing that the female tongue should have been coerced within the strait bounds of five years silence; nor is it less surprising that they should have gained such eminence in philosophy, without the aid of a course of discipline, which was accounted indispensable for the other sex. The voluntary renunciation of the sweet uses of speech, the long renunciation of one moiety of all converse, the painful inhibition of the breath, — this waking sleep, this living death, would doubtless attract notice, if an example were to occur in our days, in a cold climate, and a colder, calculating, sceptical age; for even the dark fogs of November, the thick mists of doubt, the impenetrable smoke of money-making machinery, and all the ceaseless chattering cheivance of commerce cannot quite quench, suppress, and stifle the eager enthusiasm of the human soul. Under brighter skies and warmer suns, and in far different times, we learn from history, and our imagination can in some degree conceive, how powerful were the influences of sufferings voluntarily undergone by the mute martyrs of philosophy.

It would be long, and perhaps tedious, to speculate upon all the benefits, which the student might perchance obtain by a steady perseverance in silence. The dumb rhetorician would surely learn the genuine, stirring eloquence of looks and gesture; the orator's tongue, long inured to restraint, would be thoroughly purged of all perilous rashness; and from his

heart, habituated to endure, the black drop of anger would have been wholly extracted by continued pressure. What rare, and pure, and clarified discretion of a most mature and ripened judgment ! what sound and solid sense, condensed, inspissated, and concentrated by uninterrupted meditation ! How agreeable the society of the emancipated Pythagorean ! how amiable and engaging would he be as a companion ! The masters of the art of conversation all inculcate the paramount duty of listening : to hear what is said, is, say they, the first principle and source of excellence ; but in spite of exhortations and demonstrations, corroborated by hourly experience, it is hard to listen well ; so hard, indeed, that few arrive at even a moderate proficiency. The person addressed, instead of attending to what is said, thinks wholly of what he shall say himself ; instead of hearing all, he hears so much only as will just admit his answer ; instead of coveting the real meaning of the speaker, he desires such a sense as will best serve what he would superimpose ; instead of patiently waiting for the end of the discourse, that he may know whether it requires, or deserves, any notice, he lays hold of the first brief pause, as an occasion for interruption, and in like manner is interrupted himself at the earliest opportunity. Thus is conversation marred, perverted, and distorted, and men choose rather to heap up misinterpretation on misinterpretation, and misconception on misconception, than to listen well. But it is otherwise, where the unruly tongue cannot usurp the province of the honest ear, and is not permitted by ringing a bell, or springing a rattle, or by other unmeaning sounds, to intercept truth in its quiet passage to the understanding. The Pythagorean alone of all mankind was constrained to receive the full sense of whatever was said to him for five whole years ; an infliction, be it painful or profitable, which few besides are content to suffer for five minutes ; and he was commonly thus constrained at a season, when the restless and volatile temper of youth would gladly stave off the trouble of attention, even by whistling. Thus, a valuable habit is formed, whilst the pliant mind can take an useful and lasting bent. Assent or dissent, hearty or slight, with or without pain or pleasure, doubt, indifference, or lack of comprehension, may be readily conveyed by the looks and gestures of the tacit listener. If the habit of close attention be estimable in ordinary conversation, it is of far greater worth with reference to those communications, of which the sole object is to impart instruction. The young student, who attends a course of lectures upon some abstruse science, is too much disposed to pick up some small scrap, a glittering fragment, a scarlet rag of doctrine — a few phrases, enough to talk about — to enable him to make just so much noise as will distract his thoughts, and will dispense with the necessity of constant heedfulness. He is apt to believe, and publicly to make profession of belief, before he knows the grounds of believing, or what is credible. He is ready to doubt still more rashly, and to proclaim his scepticism, whilst utterly uninformed touching the doubtful and the indubitable. Prone to criticise, although he has not yet acquired the critical faculty, being unskilled in the laws and canons of criticism, and imperfectly acquainted with the matter upon which he would confidently pronounce judgment ; and eager to dispute and to argue illogically, ignorantly, and inconclusively, upon all subjects, before he has mastered any one ; nothing loath to commit and pledge himself irrevocably to uphold, or to resist opinions, however scantily informed as to their grounds and consequences.

To the root of how many and what great evils does the discipline of Pythagoras lay the axe ; how many noxious weeds does it not utterly extirpate and eradicate ! It is, perhaps, vain to enumerate the advantages to

be derived from this rigorous system of education, partly because they are manifest and self-evident to every one, who contemplates it seriously, as a real institution, now obsolete, but formerly of very extensive operation; and partly and principally because, from its extreme rigour, it is utterly unsuited to the indolent and indulgent temper of modern times, and on all accounts quite impracticable; because the benefits, whatever they may be, or how precious soever, are not worth the price that is set upon them. Yet it is pleasant, and not always unprofitable, to speculate upon the remarkable usages of antiquity, although they may not be adapted for our use, and it be highly improbable that they should ever be recalled. It would certainly argue a nimble fancy, and a strange insensibility to ridicule, seriously and earnestly to exhort men to wear no other clothing than linen — to suffer the hair and beard to descend to the middle — to adhere exactly to a diet composed wholly of fruits and vegetable substances, or to adopt other antique rites and customs. But, on the other hand, it would be the part of an undue confidence to affirm, that no men will ever again resume any of these bygone practices. If it would be absurd to seek to persuade a student, ambitious of distinction, to set upon his neck the yoke of quinquennial silence, it would possibly be superfluous to endeavour to dissuade the projector from the attempt, who, in an age of experiments, should seek to try again long-forgotten experiences. Besides, it would be difficult for any one, who is not wholly ignorant of the grand results which ancient writers have ascribed to a full course of silence, to be wholly indifferent to the success of the project, if it were undertaken with good auspices, and not to feel a certain curiosity, that faint interest, at least, which waits upon philosophical inquiries, whereof the consequences are doubtful and unknown.

However these things may be, it cannot be doubted, that the men, who are accounted great in the present times, are not now esteemed so great, as were the great men of antiquity. It is not to be expected, or desired, that any one, learned, ingenious, and admirable although he might be, should receive divine honours, and should be worshipped as a god,—the notion is altogether detestable and absurd, and as contrary to modern usages and to common sense, as to religion. But, if the ancient tokens of reverence are to be fairly interpreted, according to their true signification and the understanding of our own days, they will denote that as much honour and respect were then paid to the most eminent men, as could possibly be rendered to them by their fellows, without impropriety or impiety. So much, it appears, was yielded of old, but so much has not been given of late: How does this happen?

NOTES OF A LOVER OF BOOKS.

NO. IV.—LOVE AND WILL.

Particulars of Steele's "Lover."—Tragical Termination of an Intrigue in Germany.—Reverse of the Feeling that caused it in one of Shakspeare's Sonnets.—Good Writing proportionate to the Writer's Faith.—Passages from Burns, Ariosto, and Marot.—Cases of Suicide and Love-Stories in the Newspapers.—Love modified by the prevailing Quality of the Mind.—Charity needed by all.

FINDING, upon inquiry, that Steele's little periodical paper, called "The Lover," is still less known than we supposed, we shall here give some account of it, and then proceed to some other reflections to which it has given rise. We have already intimated, that it was one of the numerous publications of the kind to which Steele's necessities and lively impulses united gave birth, and which, for similar reasons, were speedily brought to a close. Tonson collected the forty papers of which it consisted into a duodecimo volume, in which he included a political paper, intitled "The Reader," which reached only its ninth number; and this is the book now before us. The dedication to Garth is surmounted by one of those rude little woodcuts, or copper-plates, half flower and half figures, formerly, we believe, called head-pieces (perhaps still so, otherwise we know not the technical word). It presents us with Sir Samuel's coat of arms (two lions passant gardant between three cross crozlets) supported, or rather attended, by two Cupids; one with a lyre for the doctor's poetry, and the other holding his professional emblem, the staff of *Æsculapius*. The first number is, in like manner, graced with a head of Queen Anne, and so is that of "The Reader." We reckon upon our own reader's not being averse to the mention of these amenities, partly from his love of any thing connected with books, and partly because they help to show the manners and feelings of the times; and we confess we have another regard for them ourselves, owing to school recollections, and to the minutes of bliss we snatched, during the hardness of our tasks, from those figures of Venuses and Amphytrites, which sail along the tops of Ovid and other classics in the edition of Mattaire.

Steele, whether as an attraction, or a blind (if the latter, it was the most transparent of all blinds), put forth his "Lover," as "written in imitation of the Tatler." He supposes himself to be one "Marmaduke Myrtle," a tender-hearted and speculative gentleman "about town," crossed in love, assisted in his lucubrations by four others, who have met with various good or ill success in their honourable passion for some lady, particularly one Mr. Severn, a young gentleman who is his "hero," and whom he describes in the most exquisite manner of "The Tatler," as one that treats every woman of a "certain age" so respectfully, "that in his company she can never give herself the compunction of having lost any thing which made her agreeable." Of this hero, however, we hear nothing further but in one paper, and the author makes but the like mention of one of his other assistants. In short, beautiful as some of the papers are, and touched with equal knowledge of the world and delicacy of feeling, it did not "take," and Steele soon got tired. It went upon too exclusive a subject, and professed too open an intention of discountenancing the town ideas of love, to be acceptable to those who could have brought a man of wit his greatest number of readers; while, on the other hand, Steele had such a healthy and unhypocritical sense of the corporeal as well as spiritual part of the

passion, that he offended such of his readers as had chosen to take him for a kind of sermonizer on love. In one of his papers is an account of an accident which happened to a young lady on horseback in the cross-country road, between Hampstead and Highgate, and which, with an exquisite mixture of playfulness and delicacy, he represented as furnishing a sort of compulsory, but charming, reason, why the young gentleman who happened to be with her was to be accepted as her husband. With this anecdote, some "heavy rogue," as he truly calls him, in a contemporary publication, chose to pick one of those quarrels which, by the degrading turn of their thoughts, and the stupidity of their ostentation, create the indecency of which they complain; and this, no doubt, did him a disservice with the dull and commonplace, and added to the perplexity arising from his own mixed pretensions. To complete his causes of failure, he was a zealous politician, and before he had written a dozen papers, could not help falling foul of the Tories; which, in a gentleman so absorbed in the *belle passion* as Mr. Myrtle, was certainly not so well, and must have frightened such of his fair readers as patched their cheeks on the Tory side, and could only fall in love on high church principles.

In our last number, we extracted from this book two charmingly pathetic letters, which brought the reader acquainted with a pair of real lovers. It shall now furnish us with a tragedy of a very different sort, though pretending to be equally founded on love, and (as the paragraph advertisement says) of "startling interest." Steele says he had it from a gentleman, who was "an eye-witness of several parts of it." The relief which the feelings experienced amidst the terrors of the former story arose from the sweetness of its affections. In the present, the love is of as bitter a sort as the catastrophe, but consoles us by driving matters to a pitch of the ludicrous in the very excess of its will. The heroine is a great spoiled child, who insists upon tearing her lover's breast open, and taking him with her into the other world, just as a smaller one might its drum.

"About ten years ago," says Steele, "there lived at Vienna a German count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of a considerable family. After a correspondence of gallantries, which had lasted two or three years, the father of the young count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him; and made his son sensible, that he ought, in common prudence, to close with it. The count, upon the first opportunity, acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him that they might have one meeting more, before they parted for ever. The place appointed for this their meeting was a grove, which stands at a little distance from the town. They conversed together in this place some time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pocket-pistol, and shot her lover into the heart, so that he immediately fell dead at her feet. She then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met what she had done. Her friends, upon hearing her story, would have found out means for her to make her escape; but she told them she had killed her dear count, because she could not live without him; and that, for the same reason, she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was soon seized, but she avowed her guilt; rejected all excuses that were made in her favour, and only begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends would obtain a pardon for her. When the confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought was the soul of the dead count? He replied that his case was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died. Upon this so desperate was her frenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes for the deceased, from considerations that he was upon the point of breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life, before he could bring her mind into a temper fit for one who was so near her end. Upon the day of her execution she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold more like an expecting bride than a condemned criminal. My friend tells me that he saw her placed in the chair, according to the custom of that place, where, after having stretched

out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the count, which was the appointed signal for the executioner, who, with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body."

What a woman! and what a love, to stick to the poor devil of a count to all eternity! Very lucky for him was it, that she could not settle matters in the next world with the same tragical nonchalance as in this! though, in the excess of her vanity, she seems to have taken for granted that she could; and that the *angels* were all to tremble before her, as the poor foolish people had been accustomed to do in her father's house. For, observe, she reckons confidently upon going to heaven, instead of "the other way." The very mention of the latter puts her into a frenzy, to which the priest himself is obliged to accommodate his last offices, before he can bring her mind to a temper fit to die in. It is impossible her "dear count" can go to the devil, precisely because she has made up her mind to go elsewhere; — such an erroneous proceeding is not to be thought of: she has taken him from his new mistress (upon the contrast of whose mild manners he had just been hugging himself) — has given him his directions with a pocket-pistol which way to go, as much as to say, "There — get you along first," — and then sets out for heaven after him by the execution-stage, shaking her loving fist towards the stars, and resolved to have him all to herself, till time and termagancy shall be no more!

This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary sample on record of the modesty and tenderness of self-will — of the having the "reciprocity" (as the Irishman said) "all on one side." I love you, says the lady, therefore you must love me; or it is no matter whether you do or not, compared with my treating you as if you did, and tormenting you if you don't. You are very amiable, therefore be so to me above every body else, whether I am amiable or not. You have a will and wishes of your own, perhaps, as well as other people; but yours and all other people's must of course give way to mine; for that is but reasonable: all are fools and scoundrels who "offer to believe otherwise," and I could knock them all on the head, if I cared for them enough to do so; but that is a favour which I reserve for yourself. So there (*shoots him through the body*) — and now, with this new wound in your heart, come you along with me, and be delighted with me and my company, world without end!

To go to the other extreme of lovely generosity, how different is the wish expressed by Shakspeare, in the contemplation of his own death: of Shakspeare *himself*; observe — not of the dramatist speaking in the person of another, but of the great poet and human being speaking in his own person — of the creator of the characters of Imogen and Desdemona — and of the man who *could* create those characters, because he felt as he spoke in uttering these sentiments. How else, indeed, could he *so* have spoken them? Observe the simple words — the pure and daring trust in the belief of his reader — the great and good mind, that in spite of its having run the whole round of experience, or rather because it had done so, could retain feelings so enthusiastic and generous, as pearls above all worldly price.

"No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:
*Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it: FOR I LOVE YOU SO,
 THAT I IN YOUR SWEET THOUGHTS WOULD BE FORGOT,
 IF THINKING ON ME THEN SHOULD MAKE YOU WOE.*

Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse,
 When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me, after I am gone.

What beautiful writing ! What common, every-day words made divine by love ! But it may be said that the poet may have written all this, without exactly feeling what he said ; that other poets have done as much who were notoriously no very admirable lovers ; that it is imagination — an art — fiction.

Do not believe it. Put no faith in the envy, or the *want* of faith, that thus attempts to level performance with pretension. You might as well proclaim truth to be a lie. No poets have *so* written who have not thoroughly felt what they professed to feel. If they had, if incompleteness could thus be completeness, we should have had a thousand Shakespeares instead of one — a thousand Chaucers, a thousand Homers, a thousand *Burnses* — for we do not mean to say that in every instance the very greatest genius must accompany the truest feeling. It is sufficient that there is entire truth in the feeling to be expressed, and genius enough to express that truth.

“ Here’s a health to ane I lo’e dear,
 Here’s a health to ane I lo’e dear ;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear — Jessie. ”

“ Although thou maun never be mine,
 Although even hope is denied,
’Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than nought in the world beside.”

And so he goes on through the whole of that exquisite song, the last but one that he wrote (so unwitherable is the heart of a true poet). Hear a verse of another : —

“ Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha’,
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw ;
 Though this was fair and that was braw,
 And you the best of a’ the town,
I sigh’d, and said among them a’
Ye are na Mary Morison.”

And again, in a lighter strain, —

“ The deil himself he could na scaith
 Whatever wad belang thee ;
He’d look into thy bonnie face,
And say, ‘ I canna wrang thee.’ ”

Burns and Ariosto had here hit upon the same thought, because they had received the same truthful impression of the power of a beautiful face to turn away injury.

Stese la mano in quella chioma d’oro,
 E strasimollo a se con violenza ;
 Ma come gli occhi a quel bel volto mise,
 Gli ne venne pietade, e non l’uccise. — *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 19.

“ The warrior thrust his hand into those locks of gold, and fiercely dragged back the youth ; but when he set eyes on that sweet face, pity came into his heart, and he did not kill him.” Which Mr. Hoole (the most pre-

sumptuous of translators, but the most pardonable in his presumption, because the dullest), thus *defaces*, as if no such feeling had existed. (It should be mentioned that the youth had been begging a respite from death, in order to bury his prince's body; otherwise the reader would see *no reason at all* for his being spared !)

" Zerbino soon, *his wrath decreasing*, felt
His manly soul *with love and pity melt* ! "

Not a word of the face ! not a word of the dragging back, nor the locks of gold, nor the whole beautiful picture ! (When will the booksellers cease to give us editions of this absurd versifier ?) We have not at hand the old translation of Sir John Harrington (better, at all events, than Hoole's), nor the new one of Mr. Stewart Rose, who is a man full of sympathy with his species, and therefore has doubtless loved this passage as it deserves.

What has made Marot almost the only French poet till the days of Beranger, that an Englishman or Italian can read with thorough faith in *his* faith, but such passages as the following, simple and straightforward as those of Shakspeare —

Où sont ces yeux, *lesquels me regardoyent*
Souvent en ris, souvent avecques larmes ?
Où sont les mots, qui tant m'ont fait d'alarmes ;
Où est la bouche aussi qui m'appaisoit,
Quand tant de fois et si bien me baisoit ? "

" Where are those eyes which used to look at me, often in smiles, often with tears ? Where are the words which made my heart beat so ? Where the mouth which gave me peace, when it kissed me so often and so well ? "

Compared with such writing as this, and some passages in their very greatest dramatic poets and Madame des Houlières, the whole French Parnassus up to the present day, in their most serious moments, seem never to have had a thorough belief in what they were saying, apart from that curse of all half-performance, the wish to produce an effect ! They could not love a woman, without beseeching some by-standers to admire them ! nor go into solitude itself, unaccompanied by a pocket mirror to adjust their wigs in !

It is thus, whether in word or deed, that the something true is spoiled by the something impertinent — something that does not belong to it. The writer, who is only half in earnest, wishes to produce a whole true effect, and of course cannot do it, any more than half a motive is sufficient for what is wholly to be moved. The love that is not wholly love pieces itself out with vanity, with will, with fury, perhaps is more than half made up of it, and yet expects wholly to be loved. Nay, the more expects it in proportion as it is violent instead of strong, and demands instead of deserves. It is for this reason we ought always to be cautious how we bestow our sympathy on the profession of one passion, while the demand is evidently made upon us by another. Even in those unhappy cases of suicide, for instance, which so frequently appear in the newspapers, how manifest is it that, in nine cases out of ten, the claim is of very equivocal worth indeed ! The hasty pity of society (we are the last to quarrel with it, we would only have it not misbestowed) is too apt to take for granted that so violent an end proves whatsoever is charged against the party living ; whereas all which it unanswerably proves, is the violence (one way or other) of the suicide's feelings ; and it would be generally found, we suspect, on due inquiry, that this was the very feature in the character, which produced the alienation on the part of the supposed offender. Often do these poor wretches, whether

male or female, threaten the catastrophe long beforehand, in order to substitute their will for that of the person threatened. Often do they declare, in loud or sullen tones, their determination to repeat the attempt when it is prevented. Sometimes they abuse the people that help them out of it, and not seldom are suicides committed out of avowed spite and revenge, and for the most trivial contradiction. We have read of a girl who threw herself into the water, because her sister had refused her some more bread and butter! All this has nothing to do with so gentle, and generous, and enduring, and sweet-seeing a passion as love; which, like charity, makes the best of what it cannot help, tends to repose on all loving aids and patiences, and desires above every thing the happiness of its object — not indeed as its every-day wish (that would be too much to expect of human nature), but certainly as its preference in the last resort, if it is to bequeath miserable or consolatory thoughts to its object.

“ For I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.”

Not that he desired to be forgot; oh no, — he desired infinitely to be remembered, but not

“ If thinking on me then should make you woe.”

In that case, he desired that the object of his love, whom he would fain think of in his grave to his last dust, should clean forget that ever there was such a being as one William Shakspeare, whose love had brought tears into her eyes, and with whose memory she might associate perhaps something to blame in her own treatment of him.

The newspapers now and then give an account, sometimes touching, sometimes provoking, sometimes as ludicrous as a scene in a farce, of some enamoured youth or female who follows the beloved object about with an inveteracy of passion that leaves it no repose, — some romantic potboy or milkmaid that besets the other's door or person, and at length brings the neighbours about it, to the destruction of business on both sides, and sometimes of the windows. In proportion to the violence or gentleness of the suffering in these cases, you may know whether there is any real love or otherwise. If there is, the object is pursued in so much the better taste accordingly, and the pursuer is content with eternal gazing and a reasonable quantum of the self-pity of tears: in short, the love may be altogether true in that case, however fantastically set; for love is in the heart and imagination of the lover, and not of necessity founded on real merit in the object. But if there is no real love, but simply a childish or fierce desire of having “one's way,” then the tears, the noise, the visitations, are violent accordingly, and the happiness of the object is clearly of no importance whatever in the persecutor's eyes, compared with the ridiculous assumption that it must, and shall, arise from nothing but the happiness of the persecutor! — of that sole and modest individual, who is taking such pains to show an utter unfitness for the task of making happy.

Love, in every mind, is coloured by the prevailing passion or quality of that mind; and in proportion as the latter is more or less loving, so is the love. Thus pride will fall in love (as far as it can) on account of something to be proud of in the object; mere animal passion for mere animal beauty; sentiment with sentiment; and a violent will shall ardently desire to become master or mistress of a character totally the reverse of itself, out of the

same will and pleasure with which it shall please it to desire any thing else that is the best of its kind, and the attainment of which is a confirmation of power. "How dearly I love *my own sweet Will!*" said the lady in the epigram; and the husband doubted her not. "I would rather see my husband *dead*, than guilty of the crime of infidelity," said a lady of what has been happily termed "outrageous virtue." It was the selfish Abelard who made Eloisa shut herself up in a convent, when she could no longer be his property. The stupid monster Caligula delighted to handle the little throat of his favourite wife Cæsonia, and to think of the power which his throne gave him to order it to be cut off, wishing that all Rome had but one such throat, that he might enjoy the greater idea in the less. Henry VIII., the beast of prosperity, did cut off *his* wife's, — nay, two of them; and was within an ace of doing as much for a third; — in the last instance, for the lady's differing with him in theology! Yet all these people, when it suited them, thought themselves in love; and they were so after their respective fashions; that is to say, with their "own sweet wills." It is impossible for such natures to love any body but themselves. When the question comes, which is to get the better, the sense of their own self-importance, or the happiness of the supposed beloved object, down goes the happiness, like a thing kicked and despised. Its very worth becomes an aggravation of the offence. The despot's charming little beauty is sent to the scaffold. The heart that would have endeared thousands is thrust into the nunnery, —

"Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

God forbid, for our own sakes as well as theirs, that any of one's fellow-creatures should be denied such merits or excuses as they may have, let their natures otherwise be as provoking, or even revolting, as they may — much less that all impulses to suicide should be confounded, and the fascinated terror of a gentle mind like Cowper's be dealt with like vulgar rage and resentment, or the desperation of a Nero. The Neros and Henrys themselves were the growth of circumstances. Many a disturber of the peace of private life — nay, all — *must* have had causes for being what they are, apart from their own full-grown wills and mistakes; otherwise there would be no such things in the world as parents and ancestors, and educations, and breedings, and nurses, and imperfect laws, and all that makes society what it is — a commonplace so obvious, that it would be ridiculous to repeat it, did not intelligent people sometimes startle you with arguing as if the case were otherwise, only showing, all the while, one of the consequences of their own breeding, and thus confirming every word they think they are refuting. Our heroine who murdered her "dear count," had an energy which might have been turned to better purpose; she evinced a taste for a companionship better than her own (for we may suppose the count to have had no mean attractions that way); and, at all events, she did not mind going through pain and death, to secure, as she thought, the society of another fellow-creature. There was probably no little need of our charity on the count's own part, if we knew all the story. Where indeed is the fellow-creature who shall say he has none? And how ill would it become those whose need is the least, to be finally bitter against such as have had the misfortune to want more. The editor of the new "Pictorial Edition" of Shakspeare (by the way, we adopt with him that new spelling of the name, happy to do the least and most trivial thing as Shakspeare himself appears to have done it) has well defended the great poet from the strange charge brought against him of being too charitable. The sky might as well be accused of bending

too equally "over all." If the very representative of nature must not be as charitable as he is inclined to be, then would it be no inclination of nature herself; and what an awful consideration for us, in the last resort, would that be! But the great mother is "justified of her children;" and no depth of the human heart was ever sounded to its extreme point, in which the rod did not pierce through sweet waters, as well as through stubborn clay.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ANNUALS UPON ART.

THE plague of "Annuals" is stayed: for nine months to come we are freed from the pestilent visitation of gilded flies, that at this season swarm over the stream of literature, glittering in the sunshine of their brief day of fashion. So long as they were limited in size and numbers the tiny creatures were tolerable: the little toy-books, such as "The Forget-Me-Not" (ominous name!) once was, made a pretty addition to the elegant litter of the drawing-room; but since they have cast their chrysalis case and expanded into great gaudy butterflies — only with less variety and without the attraction of colour — they have become a nuisance that calls for abatement. We have been at the pains to rake together the produce of the present season only, and the sight of such a heap of tawdry rubbish is absolutely nauseating. As they came out singly, shining with the gloss of novelty, in strange and fantastic covers, embossed with dainty devices, and sparkling with picturesque blottings of black and white, lined and stippled in the most minikin manner of engraving, disclosing here and there a glimpse of nature amidst the bevy of insipid inanities (looking no better than they should be) tricked out in alluring costumes and all the meretricious finery of the easel, good taste was not so utterly offended by them; they provoked a fleeting curiosity, and left behind a transient impression, such as might be produced by a breath of perfume, or the display of a new hand-screen, an old fan, or any other trifle that is looked at with vague interest for a moment, and thrown aside. But take up one of them afterwards — regard it critically, in cold blood — it is as *effete* as flat champagne, a faded flower, or a newspaper of last year; and viewing them in the aggregate, as we do now — the library-table seems degraded to the condition of a laystall of literary and pictorial trash — the groups have the deadly-lively look of faded waxwork figures decked in tarnished tinsel and soiled satin — all is stale, flat, and unprofitable.

This, it may be said, is not the light in which to regard productions that are designed only to attract the eye of the purchaser — made to be bought and given away: but such worthless gift-books, be it remembered, not only keep better ones out of the market, but corrupt and debase the taste of those who try to be pleased with them out of courtesy to the givers. If, indeed, the beneficial effect that these gauds of art are alleged to have produced on the popular taste be one ground of defence for their publication — it is urged that they have created a popularity for books and pictures in preference to Tunbridge toys, trinkets, and frippery — let us endeavour

to answer the oft-repeated question, "What have the Annuals done for art?" Passing by their literature with the remark that the brains are often too good for the painted masks to which they give sense and vitality, we will view them as books of pictures only, and as dispassionately as we can.

"The Literary Souvenir" was the first attempt to raise the "Annual" above a mere plaything, and to give to its embellishments a high character as works of art. "The Forget-Me-Not" and "Friendship's Offering," though somewhat deteriorated, have preserved pretty nearly their former level of mediocrity: they never made pretensions to surpassing excellence, and aimed only at pleasing by variety and prettiness. "The Literary Souvenir" in the hands of its editor, Mr. Alaric Watts, assumed pre-eminence in its pictorial features; and for a while the best pictures of the previous year's exhibitions were engraved in miniature with exquisite skill; but soon the selection of paintings grew less choice, the engravings less perfect, and in the end the work became extinct. "The Amulet," which, under Mr. Hall's management, ran a race of competition with "The Souvenir," shared the same fate. In short, those annuals that depended upon their intrinsic excellence for public encouragement failed, except "The Landscape Annuals," whose interest is renewed every year by the change of scenery and painters.

The expense of getting up highly-finished engravings from first-rate pictures can be repaid only by an enormous circulation; and extensive as was the circulation of such volumes, it yet fell short of the point of profit. Diminution of outlay produced its inevitable concomitant, inferiority: purchasers decreased, and the decline of the sale was in the usual increasing ratio of falling bodies. We will not disturb the ashes of "The Bijou" and other pretty abortions; but "The Anniversary" — which never lived to realise its title — is too remarkable an instance of signal failure to be omitted. It was got up by that ingenious and tasteful purveyor of embellished books John Sharpe, formerly of Piccadilly; and was distinguished above all its compeers by the judicious selection of designs, the beauty of the engravings, and the excellence of its literary contributions, as well as by its superior size: such a splendid book, indeed, has rarely been seen — but it did not sell. Turner's "Annual Tour" struggled through an existence of two years; but though its landscapes were prodigal in variety and beauty of effect — which the English appreciate too highly — it was not bought. Turner's painting, *outré* as it is in colours, translates into black and white inimitably. As a set of pictures these miniature views rank among the choicest products of modern art. Turner's name was then more popular than now; yet the project was abandoned for want of success. How is this to be accounted for? Not by the fallacious reason pertinaciously thrust forward by interested dealers in trashy things made to sell — that they were too good for the public: no, they were too good for the *entrepreneurs* — that is, they cost too much and returned too little. It is an axiom in publishing, that the best works require the greatest efforts to disseminate them; and, unfortunately, it is a fact that they have the benefit of the feeblest exertions: in proportion to the intrinsic worthlessness of the thing is the energy and activity of the speculator to get rid of it. He not only feels the necessity of doing his utmost, but is secretly pleased to see a good thing fail, even if it be a venture of his own; because it serves as a perpetual, though solitary, instance of his disinterested love of art, and the perverse preference of the public for the ephemeral productions which are to be had plenty and cheap, and can be got up to order "at the shortest notice."

In proof of this we have only to look at the present state of the "Annual" publications. The two great engravers — or rather print-manufacturers — Charles Heath and the Findens, have nearly all the trade in their hands. Mr. Heath especially is quite a monopolist in his way: from him emanate "The Keepsake" — once pre-excellent as well as pre-eminent of its kind — "The Book of Beauty," "The Picturesque Annual," and occasional ventures of more fleeting popularity. Moreover, other experimentalists get up some showy volumes, with costly binding and a trinket title, such as "Pearls of the East," "Gems of Beauty," "The Diadem," — or with a millinery appellation, "Beauty's Costume," "National Costume," — "The Book of the Boudoir," — or a sentimental one, as "The Book of the Passions," "The Book of Royalty." That people should be found to buy them is to us a marvel: a large vent, to be sure, is found for them in the foreign markets, where any thing European, from Blacking and Porter to Fashions and Pictures, finds ready sale. "The Book of Royalty," and "The Children of the Nobility" are no doubt the rage in republican title-worshipping America; while the "Gems" and "Costumes" find equal favour in pomp-loving India. Publishers, it is to be remembered, can always find means to force a gorgeous book, or print, through the myriad branches of their connections by high pressure at the fountain head; and the wholesale engravers employ so many hands, that what would be a losing game to any one else, is profitable to them.

Such is the machinery of circulation: let us lift the curtain a little more and reveal some of the secrets of the manufacturing process. It will have struck any one, who has taken the trouble to bestow a thought on the matter, that the works of the greatest living artists are never seen in these Annuals: the name of Chalon, or Landseer, is an essential point of attraction to an annual of any pretensions; and an occasional design of M^r. Clise, Herbert, Cattermole, or Dyce, is interspersed; but now we rarely see a picture by Leslie, Hilton, Eastlake, Briggs, Etty, or Mulready, or artists of this stamp. They are in the habit of bestowing thought and labour on their designs, and require to be paid for their works; whereas thought is a process that would be fatal to the production of an "Annual" plate; when a stray picture, manifesting that superfluous quality, finds its way into one, it seems out of its element. The favourite "designer" of the day is a Mr. Perring, who arranges groups with about as much exercise of fancy as a little artificial flowermaker displays in twining a wreath for the Burlington Arcade mart, or a "draper's assistant," of lively invention, in dressing his master's shop-window. He has supplanted Mr. Parris in the "Beauty" manufacture; and outstrips all competitors in speed and quantity, by superseding altogether the tedious process of thinking. Edward Corbould has also come out as a designer in the academic style, and with a more warlike and melodramatic character than Mr. Perring, who deals chiefly in the domestic picturesque, and dispenses with correct drawing. Judging from their productions, the terms of the commission to such artists should be, in trading phrase, "a dozen designs, sorted, various:" indeed, so generally recognised is this mercantile principle, that we think "drawings" ought to find a place in the price current and the state of the market. For instance — "costume sketches — coloured — very lively:" "sentimental designs — rather heavy:" "historical scenes — no demand:" "dramatic ditto — no quotations:" "character heads — looking up."

The question, "What have the Annuals done for Art?" is soon answered so far as painting is concerned. They encourage only the most vulgar, superficial talent, and employ only those artists who labour cheapest and quickest — that

is, with the least expenditure of mind, and at the smallest risk of reputation. Such nothings soon satiate; and the favourite of one year gives way to the next comer, who parades before the public eye all his flaunting lay-figure finery for his hour, and then is heard of and seen no more.

The system is equally injurious to the progress of engraving. The little time and low prices allowed for producing a plate are a serious injury to the improvement of engraving, the beauty of which depends on well-considered precision and elaboration, as much as on finish and brilliancy. Effect is the one thing aimed at by a superficial delicacy and smoothness, cleverly alternated with blackness, so as to give the appearance of a vigorous and dashing style — a factitious attraction is produced that the eye glances over, pleased with the vague impression, but deriving no permanent satisfaction. The custom of instructing pupils to work particular parts of plates — one being practised in “darks,” another in “lights;” some in “foregrounds,” others in “back-grounds” — has a very pernicious influence. Instead of artists, thoroughly well-versed in all the several stages of the art, a race of mechanics is springing up, who are to the accomplished engraver, what the Russian horn-player, perfect in producing a single note by dint of sounding no other, is to the complete musician: what hope can we entertain of having future Sharps and Woolletts, or of seeing worthy successors of such men as Doo, Burnet, Watt, Robinson, Goodall, Miller, Rolls, and others, from the operation of such a system? Yet this is the means whereby the tribe of Annuals increase and multiply.

Competition commonly stimulates the production of variety as well as excellence; but the Annuals, in which, as being decorative books, we naturally expect to find every novelty of art in perfection, have a sameness commensurate with their dullness, and are equally monotonous and insipid in their general features. Their pictures — the scenic views always excepted, for in them we recognise the likeness of nature, though often too much disguised by art — are made up of suits of clothes (forms they are not) surmounted by faces devoid of character and meaning, features, deemed the perfection of beauty, caricatured into deformity, and wreathed into a sickly affectation of sentimentality, to which a healthy ugliness were far preferable: these are wrought up to a polished neatness, so that they glide past the sense like empty well-rounded periods, leaving no impression, for no ideas are awakened; and thus eluding the detection of their frivolity and falsehood.

Neureuther, and other German authors of the Dusseldorf school, have introduced a new modification of the old arabesque in some fanciful illustrations of their national ballads; in which the foliage, instead of taking the architectural form of an ornamental scroll, runs wild with the prodigality of nature, its vagrant growth giving birth to pretty home scenes, or visionary imaginings, and each blossom bearing human fruit, and the tangled stems and tendrils supporting birds and insects, or chimera, as the subject requires, the whole teeming with lavish invention, as if the artist in his delight knew not where to stop. Then the French have brought to perfection a style of emblazoned printing in lithography, by which the gorgeous hues and quaint devices of “illuminated missals” are imitated to perfection; but neither of these elegant improvements have been hitherto made available to vary and enrich the “Annuals;” nor even those more common adornments, the little woodcuts, that inlay the pages of the cheap reprints of classics with illustrative embellishments. The reason is, that the producers belong mostly to one craft, and the publishers are content to follow in each other's track,

like a flock of sheep. The risk to an enterprising speculator, not having the facilities and resources of a "manufactory" of art, and the command of all the channels of distribution which an extensive machinery of publication influences, is so great, that (the recommendations of talent and ingenuity being insufficient), publications based on their own intrinsic merits are few, and rarely successful. The very name of "Annual," too, implies a fleeting interest, and a brief existence: the volume of last year is a thing out of date; and this limited career is fatal to permanent value. Its very nature includes the seeds of speedy dissolution. The only legitimate purpose of utility that an "Annual" can have, is that of a register of events, a biographical obituary, a picturesque illustrator of the occurrences of the year, an embellished calendar, or some other kind of year-book. But even these useful objects are disregarded: almanacks are improved in matter, but owe less than ever to ornament; "Annual Registers" are as lifeless and unsightly as of yore; the "Annual Obituary" has chronicled its own decease; and we have no such thing as a Picturesque Chronology.

We wish these suggestions should have the effect of diverting the stream of capital into more useful currents. Annual visitations of this kind would be as welcome as the return of fruits or flowers in their seasons. We war not with yearly publications, but with the vapid trash that is substituted for solid information and real elegance. An Annual that should truly reflect the state of the fine arts for the past year in a series of designs by artists of established fame, or of rising reputation, so that each successive volume would mark the progress of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, would be a noble undertaking, and possess perennial value; but it must consist of spontaneous and careful productions, not forced contributions, the spawn of mercenary labour, at once a libel on the taste of the public and the talent of the British school. As they are, the Annuals are not even fair sample-books of the existing state of any of the arts but the one of binding: the exercise of ingenuity extends no further than the outside.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

IN the present state of affairs in Canada every contribution, however slight, to our stock of information, every new opinion that is set afloat by individuals who have actually visited the country, and judged for themselves, no matter how partial might have been their opportunities of observation, or how inadequate their capabilities for a task so difficult and perplexing, must be received with interest and curiosity. We want facts, not speculations. The subject is no longer fair game for theorists and political economists. It has been resolved into an appeal to arms, and the time for experiments is over. We may remodel the whole machinery of Canadian government, and confer a constitution upon the two provinces more perfect than that under which we live ourselves, yet leave the discontent of the people exactly as we found it. The solution of this curious and vital problem is to be referred to two striking but very different truths: —

First, That there is one party in Canada which complains of grievances that are, for the most part, purely fictitious, and that cannot, therefore, be appeased by any changes whatever.

Second, That there is another party in Canada, which complains of real grievances, that enter into the daily business of life, involving personal feelings and interests rather than general principles of liberty or legal justice, that can hardly be reduced to specific shapes, although they deeply affect the prosperity and shake the allegiance of thousands, and that cannot be met by any other means than a close, careful, and vigilant attention to the details, and, above all, to the *tone* of the administration.

The French party — which is most numerous in Lower Canada — detest the British authority, and are fertile in expedients for embarrassing it. The actual grounds of their dissatisfaction are narrowed to the smallest conceivable point, but their *animus* supplies them with abundant pretexts for disaffection. They apply the torch to the foundations with their own hands, and then complain that their houses are set on fire. Enjoying under the government of England more substantial freedom, and a more liberal charter than ever they enjoyed before, they agitate for privileges inconsistent with the responsibilities of citizenship, and utterly incompatible with the very existence of the British rule. Failing in these unreasonable and mischievous demands, they make out a case of oppression, and look for the sympathies of their raffish neighbours on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence as a last resource. It is a pity that the corporation of Jesuits is not revived at Montreal in all its original rigour, that they might taste a little of the grinding tyranny from which the cession of the country to England released their fathers.

The English party, on the other hand, have strong reason to complain of neglect and want of protection. In the constant desire that has been shown by governor after governor to conciliate the *nation Canadienne*, the British settlers have suffered much injustice. Their claims have been set aside or negatived — their attachment to the mother country has obtained them no other advantage than the honour of martyrdom on her behalf; — and while a *clique*, a sort of *imperium in imperio*, has been allowed to usurp the functions of the executive, the great bulk of the English population has been exposed to a constant struggle for self-preservation, and suffered to expend their loyalty in vain remonstrances against the compromising policy of successive administrations.

Such are the prominent features that present themselves upon the surface of the Canada question. They cannot be softened down by general enactments, declarations of principles, or legislative reforms. They must be dealt with in the localities where they arise, earnestly, patiently, and with sincerity. And to do this, facts and an intimate knowledge of the scene of action are not only important, but indispensable.

The only work bearing upon this subject that has appeared of late is Mrs. Jameson's "*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada.*" It is not to be expected that this graceful writer, whose tastes run into very different channels, should communicate much information of a strictly political nature, or that she should have possessed the means of investigating the domestic evils, real or imaginary, out of which the agitation has arisen. But, while she judiciously disclaims all pretensions to the character of a commentator on passing events or their causes, contenting herself with simply describing the impressions made upon her mind by her own personal experience, she gives us some incidental views of the state of society—especially in the Upper Province—which develop clearly enough the general condition of the people. Mrs. Jameson's work is essentially pictorial, descriptive alike of scenery and indoor life. She had no previous theory to substantiate, was perfectly free from prejudices, and visited the country entirely as a spectator, and not as a partisan. Hence her testimony, as far as it goes, has the great advantage of being thoroughly dispassionate. She made her passage in the midst of the winter from New York to Toronto, and when she was safely housed there, had plenty of leisure to contemplate the miserable scene around her, being literally confined to the town, and such intercourse as it afforded, by the extraordinary severity of the season. In this way, and by mixing with the best society in the place—the military and official people—she obtained a gradual insight into the classes and characteristics of the population. The account she gives of the settlers and of the men in authority is as disheartening as her account of the climate. Without going out of her way to look for them, many facts illustrative of the disorganised state of the colony were pressed upon her attention; and, although she does not follow up the considerations they suggest, and, indeed, seems to avoid such matters with a natural womanly instinct, we are enabled to collect from her pages a few points that are well worth the consideration of the reader.

It might have been hoped that whatever insurrectionary course the *habitans* of Lower Canada might have taken, the loyalty of the British settlers of the Upper Province would have been fostered as a counterpoise. Throughout all past periods of agitation the emigrants from the mother-country have exhibited their anxiety to preserve the connection with England. It was obviously their interest to preserve it, but they were actuated by loftier and nobler motives—love of country, ties of blood, and old associations, that rendered the bond sacred. To cultivate this attachment would have been the best security for our possessions in that remote and unfriendly region. Yet former governments, with inexplicable impolicy, betrayed the most culpable indifference to the wishes and feelings of the English population, permitting a deep sense of wrong to take root in that generous soil of devotion and ardent allegiance. Notwithstanding, however, the coldness with which their representations were received, the repulses they met from the local authorities, and that discouraging neglect which by small degrees wears out the strongest zeal, they still maintained their principles with integrity and firmness; and at great cost and hazard to themselves were, at all moments of emergency, prompt to

show that the injustice of the government had not obliterated their affection. Mrs. Jameson gives some very touching instances of their devotion to the old country, a sentiment which pervades not only the recent settlers, but the descendants of former generations of emigrants. With the latter it is like a tradition that exercises a superstitious influence over the imagination, and with the former it frequently assumes the nature of a melancholy yearning for home. * She observes that she *heard* of only one lady who was contented with her residence in Canada, and that all those she met invariably expressed a longing desire to return to England. These slight indications of the state of feeling exhibit the true character of that attachment upon which the government might at all times, and may still, calculate with confidence. The love of England is a passion in the heart of the emigrant which cannot be very easily extinguished; if it could, there were not wanting provocations to convert it into bitter jealousy.

"Upper Canada," observes Mrs. Jameson, "appeared to me loyal in spirit, but resentful and repining under the sense of injury, and suffering from the total absence of all sympathy on the part of the English government with the condition, the wants, the feelings, the capabilities of the people and country. I do not mean to say that this want of sympathy *now* exists to the same extent as formerly; it has been abruptly and painfully awakened, but it has too long existed. In climate, in soil, in natural productions of every kind, the Upper Province appeared to me superior to the Lower Province, and well calculated to become the inexhaustible timber-yard and granary of the mother country. The want of a seaport, the want of security of property, the general mismanagement of the government lands—these seemed to me the most prominent causes of the physical depression of this splendid country, while the poverty and deficient education of the people, and a plentiful lack of public spirit in those who were not of the people, seemed sufficiently to account for the moral depression every where visible. Add a system of mistakes and mal-administration, not chargeable to any one individual, or any one measure, but to the whole tendency of our colonial government; the perpetual change of officials and change of measures; the fluctuation of principles destroying all public confidence, and a degree of ignorance relative to the country itself, not credible except to those who may have visited it: add these three things together, the want of knowledge, the want of judgment, the want of sympathy on the part of the government, how can we be surprised at the strangely anomalous condition of the governed? that of a land absolutely teeming with the richest capabilities, yet poor in population, in wealth, and in energy!"

In this passage the general grounds of English discontent are very fairly stated: and it is to these points, rather than to the extravagant demands of the French Canadians, that the attention of the government ought mainly to be directed, with a view to the restoration of tranquillity and security in both provinces. The English population alone yield the materials out of which a prosperous and happy community can be formed—intelligence, activity, commercial habits, and sympathy with the modern progress of nations. The French population, on the other hand, retain all the characteristics of the old feudal system; they belong to the times that preceded the revolution; they cling to their seigniorial privileges, their agricultural usages, their badges of slavery; they are incapable of appreciating rational liberty, and do not know how to avail themselves, except for evil, of the rights conferred upon them by free institutions. Between these opposite social elements there is no middle course of action. We have too long paltered with justice in the vain hope of conciliating an intractable race. That abuses existed in the administration of the government, especially in the legislative council, is admitted; but the statement of such abuses always received attention, and always led to the adoption of the requisite reforms. When the insurgents, however, demanded the annihilation of the legislative council itself, they required a concession which was incompatible with the security of the British residents, and which was, in fact, equivalent to the surrender of the colony altogether. Upon this final question, the government is justified in making its stand, whatever the results may be. Treat the disaffected

with lenity, but crush the rebellion firmly and completely. Let there be no more negotiations. The good faith of the home government is pledged to our countrymen who have invested their property in Canada, and who are entitled to protection. This is the British view of the subject, fortified by justice, by national honour, and the principles of constitutional liberty. We get at the real state of things only by direct intelligence from settlers who have lived for some years in the country, who have been mixed up in the actual labour of colonisation, and who have suffered in a multitude of ways from the erroneous system of conciliation that has hitherto been so unwisely acted upon. We are enabled to illustrate the feelings of the English population by the following extract from a private letter, written without any view to publication, and throwing out in the freedom of confidential correspondence a few careless indications of the sentiments universally entertained by the British party. The writer of the letter is a gentleman who purchased a tract of land in Upper Canada a few years ago, who has incurred a considerable expenditure in clearing and improving the district in which he resides, and who, notwithstanding the claims that might be supposed to attach to his position, and the further advantages of carrying out letters of introduction from some of the highest functionaries in this country, has never been able to overcome the withering influence of that party incubus which paralyses the movements of the local administration. The letter from which we take the following passage was written towards the end of last February, before the arrival of Sir G. Arthur. Perhaps, as Mrs. Jameson observes, the want of sympathy does not exist *now* to the same extent: but it is useful to put facts of this kind before the public.

"The abortive attempt at rebellion in this province," says our correspondent, "is at an end. In fact, any thing so absurd as the movement turned out to be I have never read or heard of. The rebels were so few in number, and their leaders so ignorant, that no resistance was offered by them except for a short period at Navy Island. *Although I was a zealous reformer at home, yet here I am a strong conservative.** The truth is, there are no grievances to complain of but such as might be easily removed without an appeal to physical force. *There is certainly a dominant faction in this province who overrule the government, and are decidedly hostile to all settlers from the old country.* A similar party at one period oppressed Ireland, and ultimately drove it into rebellion. The power of the government is solely at their disposal, and the governor is a mere puppet in their hands; yet they are contemptible in point of numbers, and utterly deficient in moral energy. The rebellion was suppressed by the emigrants from the old country; and the "sons of the soil," as they are called, would have made a miserable affair of it if they were left to their own exertions. Our settlers here — all English and Irish — turned out to a man in favour of British connection, and by their voluntary efforts and sacrifices preserved the colony." [The writer here details his personal experience of the want of sympathy on the part of the local administration, and then proceeds.] "Probably our new governor, Sir G. Arthur, may act more independently and impartially. Should he do so, he will bind to himself and his government the only party (the British) that can maintain securely the connection with the parent country."

The true policy of the government is clearly indicated in this hint which comes with the weight of practical experience of the old system, and mature reflection upon its consequences. The error we have committed in Canada is evidently that of overlooking and treating with indifference the interests of the British party. Take, as an example, the miserable state of the roads,

* In this emphatic sentence we have the epitome of a thousand newspaper discussions and parliamentary speeches. There is a party in England that obstinately applies to Canada the same doctrines of reform which they apply to England — taking the measure of a rising colony, with its conflicting interests, its mixed population, its jumble of property laws, and all its other anomalies, by the same rule with which they measure the old country, with all its usages of antiquity, corruptions of time, settled classes, and solid prosperity. The cases are exactly opposite. The reformer in England becomes a conservative in Canada: he finds himself placed in new circumstances, and discovers that the way to work out the welfare of the multitude is to sustain the authority of the mother country. In both cases he is pursuing precisely the same end, but he sees clearly that in each he must take a different route.

notwithstanding the sums of money that have been voted for their construction and repair. Both parties, it is true, would have benefited by improvements of this description, upon which so much of the vital welfare of an industrious community depends, and both parties were entitled to the advantages of such facilities; but the French Canadians could better dispense with these agencies of advancing civilisation than the British settlers, to whom, with their active English habits, and their superior knowledge of trade, of manufactures, and the arts, the means of transit and intercourse were absolutely essential to the success of the enterprises in which they were embarked. The French population — who had never been accustomed to good roads, and who probably regarded such inventions as checks upon their manœuvres, intrigues, and conspiracies — clamoured for the abolition of the council, and a new form of government, and thus effectually diverted the attention of the administration from those measures of practical utility, which would have strengthened the power of the British population, and, in the end, indirectly subdued the revolutionary spirit. We instance the want of roads merely as a single proof of the misdirection of the time and sympathies of the local authorities, which, instead of being addressed to matters of real importance, were wasted upon theoretical and fictitious grievances. We might cite a variety of similar facts, were it necessary further to develop the nature of the struggle going forward in Canada; but recent events have rendered the case sufficiently evident to every body, and established this truth beyond all controversy, that the only mode of preserving the British rule in these provinces, is to cultivate the allegiance of the settlers from the old country by acts of justice — to render the French strictly amenable to the laws — to encourage the progress of industry by all available means — and to inspire a general confidence in the impartiality of the administration, by dealing out protection alike to all, and dismissing from its councils the clique that has so long secretly controlled them. Temporise no longer — make the law paramount — and, however sanguinary the conflict may be, it must terminate in the triumph of order.

The reader must not suppose, because we have digressed into this slight passing notice of the state of Canada, that Mrs. Jameson's volumes do not offer much pleasanter topics for criticism. The seasonable appearance of the work rendered some reference of this kind unavoidable; but the staple of its matter is of a more miscellaneous character. It consists of a variety of detached sketches, reflections, and notes, and is literally a diary kept by the writer to while away the tedium of her residence in a rigorous climate, or, in the sunny intervals, to describe the scenes and persons she visited. Some of the most picturesque passages occur in the description of an excursion upon the waters of Lake Huron, to visit the Sault St. Marie, which is the boundary of civilised man in that direction. The Sault St. Marie *, or Falls of St. Mary, are remarkable, not only for their extreme beauty, but for the intense solitude by which they are surrounded. A few fur traders and Chippewa Indians form the whole population of that remote and insulated spot, of which Mrs. Jameson gives a very striking picture. Niagara disappointed her: she went to see it in the depth of the winter, and was, perhaps, not in the mood to enjoy it; but the desolation of the whole country, sunk under a vast sheet of snow, must have deprived it of much of its scenic grandeur. Amongst other very interesting and curious experiences she relates, is her visit to the Talbot country, an immense dis-

* The word *sault*, observes Mrs. Jameson, comes from the French word *saut* (*leap*, equivocal to our *fall*); but this is an oversight. The word *sault* is the old French word, from which *saut* has descended.

tract, so called because it belongs to Colonel Talbot, who purchased it from the government at the beginning of the present century, on condition of placing a settler in every 200 acres. It lies close to Lake Erie, and is one of the most fertile places in the province. When Colonel Talbot went over to take possession of his territory in 1802, he found it a complete wilderness, without a solitary human being, except some wandering Indians, who occasionally traversed its luxuriant woods. Setting himself laboriously to work upon the reclamation of the land, he succeeded at last in forming a thriving district about him, but it cost him many years of seclusion from society, and of almost incredible hardship. All this time the fatigue and loneliness, however, appears to have been suited to his taste. He gloried in being the forest lord of 100,000 acres, of being the law-maker, magistrate, and, upon some occasions, the priest of his subject settlers; he built a house on the summit of a cliff overlooking the lake, where he has continued to reside ever since; and, rejecting all companionship, it was not surprising that he should have acquired the reputation of a woman-hater. This dark imputation upon his fame, however, was a mere ignorant rumour. He lived alone, it is true, but he received Mrs. Jameson with a marked politeness that showed he had not foresworn the sex, although he did not deem their society essential to his happiness. The entire episode about the Talbot country forms one of the most attractive features of the work.

Interspersed throughout the narrative, are numerous criticisms and ruminations upon German literature, which interrupt the interest without yielding a sufficient equivalent in pleasure of another kind. They are, for the most part, written with taste and feeling, but they are sadly out of place, and have an air of pretence and display in them that offends and disappoints the reader. Upon the slightest excuse — the coldness of the day, or the solitariness of the scene — Mrs. Jameson takes up a German book, and indulges in a dissertation on its merits, which generally ends in a discursive essay upon a multitude of German topics. However excellent such things may be in themselves, they lose much of their charm and freshness by being thus irrelevantly drawn into the body of a work with the prevailing subjects of which they have no affinity whatever. These passages, and others of a still more objectionable kind, occupy a larger space than ought to have been taken from the engrossing topics that presented themselves to the author; but, notwithstanding all deductions on the score of superfluity and caprice, the work is full of entertaining qualities, and bears the visible stamp of that graceful genius to which the public are already indebted for some very delightful productions.

From the frozen shores of Canada, we are invited to the sunny fields of Italy by a recent traveller, in a little book, entitled "Notes on Naples and its Environs." In this age of steam the reading world is impatient of European tours. The locomotive facilities we have acquired within the last few years render the public *exigent* in their demands upon travellers. Something more remote is looked for than descriptions of well-known places, and a work of this class can hardly hope to obtain favour unless it contain a history of a race, or a country, that was never heard of before. The least that is expected by your devouring reader is a discovery of some kind, and even a discovery will not do much for the author, unless it be a very extraordinary one — such as a tribe living upon air, or a submarine population. This rather unreasonable species of requisition may fairly be traced to the periodical critics, who, becoming wearied day after day by repeated books of travels, languish for novelty, and do not hesitate to say so, thus communi-

cating to the masses at large their own sensations of fatigue and *ennui*. But it ought to be remembered that, although the critics read all the books, or affect to read them, the public do not, and that, therefore, the last account of scenes previously delineated must be new to the majority of persons who, in the ordinary way, take up a volume *pour passer le temps*. Besides this, it is absurdly unphilosophical to assert that, because a country has been described over and over again, it may not furnish fresh materials for observation from day to day. No two men see the same objects in the same light. Previous studies, particular views of life, habits, and predilections, tinge with a different hue the various speculations of individuals, so that, while the materials with which they deal are precisely the same, the use they make of them is wholly dissimilar. For example, take Burckhardt and Welsted, Belzoni and Lamartine, treading the same soil (as far as they go together) and describing the same scenes, yet presenting pictures with atmospheres of thought and feeling as distinct as the climes of frigid Sweden and voluptuous Persia. Why therefore may not the traveller of to-day in Italy produce a book full of agreeable novelties, notwithstanding that Eustace, Forsyth, Viesseux, and twenty others, have already traversed the entire region from the Alps to Cape Spartivento? The author of "Notes on Naples" enters into a preliminary vindication of his appearance as a tourist in so beaten a track, but he might have spared himself the trouble of making ingenious excuses for a performance, which really stands in need of none.

The speck of Italy taken into this volume is the road lying between Rome and Naples, and the places adjacent to the latter city. The journey through the Campagna, Velletri, Terracina, Gaeta, and Capua, is carried on in a sort of soliloquy, the author indulging in such references to the glories of former times, or the decadence of the present, the ruins, costume, skies, and foliage, as happen to be suggested to his mind as he proceeds. This mingling of commentary and rhapsody opens freely enough the thoughts of a stranger who, conscious that an exact inventory of sights would be a work of supererogation, develops nothing more than the immediate impressions and effects they produce upon himself. When he gets to Naples he becomes a little more communicative; visits Castellamare and Amalfi; wanders through the excavations at Pompeii; makes an excursion, as a matter of course, to Pastum; and what, with a few glances here and there at history, some scraps of local stories and monkish traditions, miniature narratives of posting and road-side houses, and descriptions of architecture, reliques, and picturesque nooks, caves, and rocks, supplies a fund of very readable and amusing details. The book is strongly marked by a certain individuality in the treatment that takes it out of the catalogue of common travels. The author throws his own nature into it, and describes what he thought and felt rather than what he saw or learned. It is not so much an account of Naples, as of the author's impressions in Naples; and for this reason, and because, in the midst of all this recurrence to personal feelings, the work is perfectly free from egotism, we like it better than if it were more elaborately designed, and more comprehensive in its reach. The writer is evidently a man of a poetical temperament, although he takes some pains to subdue its expression. His diction is carefully chosen, and his style is musical even to excess, sometimes losing the very beauty at which he aims by the employment of elliptical forms for the sake of an imaginary charm of rhythm. He frames his sentences with too much labour, grows formal where he intends to be pungent and striking, and sacrifices freedom and simplicity to ornate turns and epigrammatic terseness. The fault is not that of over-refinement, but of a want of ease and boldness — perhaps of practice. The writer possesses

an ear for measure that misleads him in writing prose, which is most melodious when it is most fluent and unfettered. Take the following passage at random as an instance :—

A houseless, shrubless, treeless, lifeless waste, a lava wilderness, where the broad streams of what were cataracts of fire once are stricken now, as water into ice, to hardened cinder and to blackened rock, but broken all and furrowed, &c.

By the simple process of breaking up the lines, this passage becomes converted, wanting a single foot, into blank verse. Thus :

A houseless, shrubless, treeless, lifeless waste,
A lava wilderness, where the broad streams
Of what were cataracts of fire [] once
Are stricken now, as water into ice,
To hardened cinder and to blackened rock,
But broken all and furrowed —

and very good blank verse it makes. But notwithstanding the prevalence of this regular rise and fall in the composition, the work is a very elegant production, informed throughout with a spirit of pure literature.

The author of “Random Recollections” has not yet exhausted the rich mine of the metropolis, and, after having already committed sundry volumes of sketches and reminiscences of London, comes out afresh with another series upon the same eternal subject. He seems to have been put to the last expedients of his invention for a new name for the same sort of ware ; and, in want of a better, he gives his last production the post-chaise title of “Travels in Town.” This resident traveller is really an indefatigable “snapper up of unconsidered trifles.” The things he describes are to himself as *fade* as an old pair of gloves, or a weather-beaten umbrella, or any thing else that he has been in the habit of handling into disuse ; it is not very surprising, therefore, that his descriptions should be wholly destitute of freshness, vivacity, of the slightest colouring of curiosity or novelty, of vigour, or even picturesqueness. He deals in London sights with the feelings of a mechanic. He regards them merely as an affair of manufacture, and gets them up in books for the market, without a solitary gleam of artistical sentiment. The fact is that he has no more imagination than a tortoise. He has not even the lawless freedom of a sign-painter, which takes off something by its very ludicrousness from the coarse vulgarity of the expression. “Travels in Town” consist of insipid details about the streets, about the parks, Tattersall’s, and other places within the bounds of the capital, related in a crawling, flat, and monotonous tone, with a sort of empty pomp in the display of trifles that only exposes the more effectually the worthlessness of the writing. The mission of this author is undoubtedly of the humblest kind in his generation, and appears to be limited to the diffusion of such facts as — that London may be entered from the west, east, north, or south ; that some of the houses are built of brick, and others of stone ; that there is a post-office and a custom-house ; that there was a grasshopper on the top of the Exchange ; and that a man, standing in the centre of Westminster bridge, may have a view of the Thames up and down as far as his sight will carry him. For revelations of this nature the work is unrivalled : and if we add, that it exhibits in perfection the art of blowing the largest bubbles out of the smallest possible quantity of soap, we believe we shall have fairly and fully described its peculiar merits.

Many attempts have been made from time to time to rescue from the oblivion of library collections, and a language sealed to the multitude,

those treasures of song and legend that are known to exist in the ancient literature of Wales. The difficulties in the way of success were found to be almost insurmountable. The few persons who were sufficiently acquainted with the characters of the old MSS., and with the genius of the language, to enter upon the task, were otherwise more profitably engaged, or were indifferent to the object, or deterred from embarking in so laborious an undertaking by want of encouragement. In order to produce translations of that description, two conditions were indispensable: erudition and patronage. The requisite erudition, perhaps, might easily enough have been commanded, but where was the patronage to be found? The sale of such publications could never repay the expenditure of time and capital, the toil and research incurred in their production. Happily for the interests of our old literature, the unusual combination of taste, knowledge, and power, in one individual, has been brought to bear upon this grateful labour by a lady who has recently executed a work, which is honourable alike to her talents, and her munificence. The design which all Welsh scholars have so long ardently desired to see accomplished has been commenced by Lady Charlotte Guest, in a spirit of exquisite beauty and commensurate liberality. Her ladyship, who has but recently become acquainted with the principality of Wales and its traditionary lore, has given to the world a brilliant earnest of her determination to carry out a project which her predecessors in this track of poetical reliques contented their nationality with planning, sketching, and abandoning. The book in which this translation from the ancient Welsh MSS. appears, is entitled "The Mabinogion." It contains a charming legend, called "The Lady of the Fountain," taken from the "Llyfr Coch o Hergest," or "Red Book of Hergest," an antique MS., forming a folio volume of 721 pages, written in double columns upon vellum, and preserved in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. "The Mabinogion" may be described as chivalric romances, full of the spirit of the old ballads expanded into more lengthy narratives. Some of them celebrate the heroes of the Arthurian Cyclus (the congenial soil of the elder chivalry), and others bear the impress of a higher antiquity, both in the manners they depict, and the style in which they are written, and refer to personages and events of a period antecedent to that of the Round Table. It has been supposed that the "Llyfr Coch" was written by the bard Lewis Glyn Cothi, who flourished towards the close of the fifteenth century. This supposition rests upon the fact that, at the end of the book, there are some poems inserted with his name, but Lady Charlotte Guest thinks it more probable that the handwriting is that of professed scribes, an opinion which is borne out by the evidence it bears of having been written at different times by different persons.

"The Mabinogion," which form only a part of the "Llyfr Coch," was copied about twenty years ago for Mr. Justice Bosanquet, by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, of Christ Church, Oxford; and it is, from a transcript of that copy, carefully compared with the original, that the translation now given to the public was made. An accurate and singularly beautiful fac-simile of the old MS. is attached to the work, in which not merely the stained initial, the colour of the ink, and the formation of the characters are very exactly imitated, but also the tint of the vellum on which it was written. But the labours of the translator did not terminate here. In the archives of the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris there is deposited a MS. of the date of the twelfth century, attributed to Chrestien de Troyes, called the "*Chevalier au Lion*," which has never appeared in print, which relates the same story as "The Lady of the Fountain," and upon which is founded the metrical version of "Ywayne and Gawin,"

published by Ritson in the first volume of his metrical romances. Lady Charlotte reprints the whole of the "*Chevalier au Lion*," transcribed from the original, and gives also very curious fac-similes of that MS. and the MS. of "Ywaine and Gawin" from the British Museum. Her notes are full of matter, historical and critical, and considerably enhance the value of this very interesting and curious publication.

Such readers as may happen to be familiar with Ritson's metrical romances are already in possession of the main thread of the story of "*The Lady of the Fountain*;" for, although there are, here and there, some slight variations in the incidents, the principal sources of the legend are the same. It opens with a description of King Arthur, at his palace at Caerlleon upon Usk, surrounded by three of his knights, and his Queen Gwenhwyar (better known to the English lover of the old traditions under the name of Guenever) and her handmaidens at work. Arthur is seated upon a "seat of green rushes, over which is spread a covering of flame-coloured satin, and a cushion of red satin is under his elbow,"—all of which accessories are strictly in keeping with the habits of the period. The king, being desirous of a little repose while he is "waiting for his repast," desires his knights in the meanwhile to entertain themselves with tales, and then he goes to sleep; accordingly one of them relates a terrible adventure he had at a certain castle, where, going in search of a knight (as was the wont of Arthur's followers) who should be able to vanquish him, he encounters a black knight in a wood, near a certain fountain, after the strangest storm of hail that ever assailed a valiant man, accompanied by other strange phenomena, and is fairly unhorsed and disabled by his unknown antagonist. Fired by this narrative, Owain, one of the listeners, resolves to try his fortune with this mighty champion, and sets off for the castle the next morning. He passes through precisely the same adventures as his predecessor, and is entertained in a sumptuous style at the castle before he goes forth to meet the black knight. The reiteration of the same circumstances, and the increasing wonder that grows upon their repetition, possess a singular charm of antique simplicity. As a brief specimen of the manner of the work, and the gracefulness and closeness in words and spirit of the translation, here is Owain's arrival at the fountain, and encounter with his stalwart opponent.

"The next morning Owain found his horse made ready for him by the damsels, and he set forward, and came to the glade where the black man was; and the stature of the black man seemed more wonderful to Owain than it had done to Kynon; and Owain asked of him his road, and he showed it to him, and Owain followed the road as Kynon had done, till he came to the green tree; and he beheld the fountain, and the slab beside the fountain, with the bowl upon it; and Owain took the bowl, and threw a bowlful of water on the slab; and, lo! the thunder was heard, and after the thunder came the shower, much more violent than Kynon had described, and after the shower the sky became bright. And when Owain looked at the tree there was not one leaf upon it; and immediately the birds came, and settled upon the tree, and sang: and when their song was most pleasing to Owain, he beheld a knight coming towards him through the valley, and he prepared to receive him, and encountered him violently. Having broken both their lances, they drew their swords, and fought blade to blade: then Owain struck the knight a blow through his helmet, head-piece, and visor, and through the skin, and the flesh, and the bone, until it wounded the very brain. Then the Black Knight felt that he had received a mortal wound, upon which he turned his horse's head and fled; and Owain pursued him, and followed close upon him, although he was not near enough to strike him with his sword; thereupon Owain descried a vast and resplendent castle; and they came to the castle gates, and the Black Knight was allowed to enter, and the portcullis was let fall upon Owain, and it struck his horse behind the saddle, and cut him in two, and carried away the rowels of the spurs that were upon Owain's heels; and the portcullis descended to the floor; and the rowels of the spurs and part of the horse were without, and Owain with the other part of the horse remained between the two gates, and the inner gate was closed, so that Owain could not go thence; and Owain was in a perplexing situation."

One might almost suspect that Baron Munchausen had got a sight of the old MS., and pilfered this scene, for he describes, as having happened to himself, the very same dilemma, which the ancient bard relates as having occurred to the gallant Sir Owain, with some marvellous additions, however, which the purer taste of the elder poet never could have entertained. Owain is not long kept in this perplexity. A maiden with "yellow curling hair, [how fond those imaginative poets were of yellow hair !] and a frontlet of gold upon her head, and clad in a dress of yellow satin, and with shoes of variegated leather," approaches the gate, and contrives to give him a ring with a stone in it, by pressing which, he can render himself invisible. Through the aid of this sympathising maiden, he is at last conveyed safely into the castle. She waits upon him with a tenderness that gives her at once, to the reader's thinking, a title to his love; but he is destined for a higher pledge. The Black Knight, who is the lord of this vast castle, dies of his wounds, and his widowed countess — the Countess of the Fountain — who holds her possessions only by the force of arms, is plunged into grief for the loss of so valiant a warrior, and in despair of finding some one capable of supplying his place. This is a fortunate chance for Owain. The conqueror of the Black Knight must be a braver and stronger man than the Black Knight himself, and so, after some coquetting with her sorrows, the Countess of the Fountain is married to Owain. Three years now pass over, during which King Arthur is sore troubled for the loss of Owain, and taking Kynon as a guide, he sets forth with three thousand attendants in search of him. They arrive at the fountain in the green glade, and pass through the same adventures as befell those who went before them, Owain now defending his possessions as they were formerly defended by the Black Knight, to whose rights and responsibilities he has duly succeeded. Day after day he vanquishes knight after knight, until they are all overcome except one and the king himself. With the last knight the combat is long and equal. They fight from sunrise to sunset, and renew the struggle on the second and the third day, when Owain, chancing to discompose the visor of his antagonist, discovers who he is, and immediately offers to surrender his sword; but Arthur interposes, and declares that neither has vanquished the other, and the meeting ends in an adjournment to the castle, where Arthur and his followers are magnificently entertained for three months. Owain now obtains permission to visit the island of Britain for a term of three months; but forgetting his vows, he remains for three years. At the end of that time a damsel comes to him on a bay horse, and reproaching him for his falsehood and treachery, deprives him of his magical ring — the same she had, in truth, given to him in the hour of his distress. Smitten with remorse, he forsakes his pleasant haunts, and wanders away into remote regions, until his apparel is worn out, and his body wasted, and his hair grown long and wild. During this interval his knighthood is invoked by a lady who is persecuted by a certain earl, and after freeing her by his valour, he hides himself again in solitary woods and mountains. A lion becomes his familiar companion, and follows him everywhere he goes, and ultimately acts a very prominent part in his subsequent fortunes. At length he comes to a place where the handmaiden of the Countess of the Fountain is imprisoned on his account in a stone vault, with an impending sentence of death to be executed on a certain day, unless he should come to rescue her. The sequel of the tale may be anticipated. He releases the maiden, is restored to the beautiful Countess, and finally takes up his abode in the court of King Arthur, where for the rest of his days he is covered with honour and prosperity.

In this tale we have a perfect image of the ancient chivalric romance —

the true knight-errantry — the wonderful prowess of the dauntless heart, and the victorious arm — the feastings and supernatural terrors — the love-rescues, and the deeds of virtue — the broken vow casting its shadow over the purity of the brave champion — the grief and repentance, and voluntary mortification that follow — the ample reparation — and the burst of sunshine at the close that exhibits all the characters in the enjoyment of that happiness to which their lives, throughout a multitude of vicissitudes, were naturally and inevitably tending. The fine morality, the touching pathos, the simple grandeur, and the noble nature of the original, are felicitously preserved, and faithfully rendered by Lady Charlotte Guest, whose poetical enthusiasm could scarcely have been devoted to a worthier subject. We ought to observe that the volume is printed with extraordinary care and splendour, and, coming from Llandoverly, may be said to be the most finished specimen of typography that was ever issued from the provincial press of England. In addition to the facsimiles, the volume is enriched with several tasteful and highly-finished wood engravings.

Mr. Plumer Ward, after a long interval of silence, has appeared recently in that department of didactic fiction (if we may be allowed such an expression), in which he formerly distinguished himself. The new work, "Pictures of Human Life," contains three separate tales, essentially different from each other in plan, aim, and treatment. The first of these, "Sterling," is the most likely to obtain favour with the majority of readers, because it enters more familiarly than the others into the actual business of society, presents a more active development of Character and Passion, and is less interrupted in its progress by philosophical and political digressions. It is the story of a life not very uncommon, and full of practical suggestions and useful homilies. Sterling, the son of a city knight, is a person of extreme sensibility, acted upon by a morbid ambition to ascend to a sphere superior to that in which he was born. His university education, by throwing him into immediate collision with some of the younger branches of the aristocracy, helps to nurture this wasting desire in his heart, and exposes him to a thousand humiliations and vexatious disappointments — the natural fruit of a foolish and contemptible struggle with his real position. His subsequent experiences, his perpetual conflict with circumstances, his secret misgivings and brooding humours, the repulses he encounters, and his fretful vacillations between his own class and the class to which he aspires, are truly and forcibly delineated. The bitterness of the situations into which Sterling is thrown are of his own making, and are not heightened by any needless satire on the part of the author, who, whatever may be his predilections for artificial distinctions, and the maintenance of the fortuitous advantages of birth, does not betray them in this clever tale. Sterling is not a vulgar *parvenu* : he is a man of refined tastes, and of an extremely delicate mental organisation ; one who, lacking strong working sense and knowledge of the rough ways of the world, might be supposed to repine at having been cast in a lot beneath his genius and his sympathies. Had he, however, been a man of resolution and fixed principles, he might have carved out of such a lot the noblest triumphs — and here, we must observe, the final moral of Mr. Ward's story fails. But even such a man must not hope to elevate himself to a level with the aristocracy in this country. The city knight purchases a mansion in vain in a square at the west end. Wherever he goes he carries with him the atmosphere of the Stock Exchange and the Common Council. He cannot get rid of it : his mind, manners, and habits are moulded in the fashion of the trading community with which he has always mixed ; he cannot shuffle off

the coil of the city by removing to Cavendish Square, or the Regent's Park : like the oak of the forest, as was said of Grattan when, on the breaking-up of the Irish Parliament, he took his seat in the Imperial Legislature, he is too old to be transplanted at fifty ; and this odour which attaches to him, and which no wealth can neutralise, descends to his sons and daughters with inevitable certainty. The son may frequent Tattersall's, and purchase the countenance of the young nobility by allowing himself to be made their dupe — the daughters, if they have large fortunes, may marry needy peers or baronets — but both in the end become the victims of their false position, and the impassable barriers of society upon which they are ultimately impaled. Sterling, the son of a city knight, after a hundred proofs of the vanity of his wishes, sinks at last quietly into a lay-fellowship at Oxford college — a post which ought to satisfy the longings of any man of good sense similarly circumstanced, but which fails to content the stricken heart of him who made a shadowy, insubstantial, and unattainable object the idol of his life ! The second story, "Penruddock," is of a different complexion. It is English also, and thoroughly English in some parts, but having political disquisitions upon the state of parties for its basis. Mr. Ward's conservatism is abundantly displayed in this narrative ; and we are bound to say that, notwithstanding some, in our estimation, very glaring fallacies as to democracy and aristocracy, the tone and temper of the whole must be described as being distinguished by candour, earnestness, and love of country. We will not here, for it would be misplaced, enter into an examination of the right of the people to resent misgovernment, and demand such changes as they may consider to be consistent with the alterations that are silently and continually going forward in the condition of the population ; but we may observe that others, who maintain the sacredness of that right, may be quite as sincerely impressed with the advantages of order, and the necessity of preserving it, as Mr. Ward — the only difference being that the doctrines inculcated by our author have a clear tendency to preserve order by keeping things as they are, while the doctrines espoused by the opposite party have a tendency to preserve order by removing the causes that are likely to disturb it. So long as abuses of any kind exist, discontent and popular protests must take place ; and unless Mr. Ward's prescription of quietness and tacit endurance can really still these elements of turbulence, we submit that it is idle to enunciate its virtues. He may be right, or he may be wrong, in reference to what are called abstract principles, but he is practically in error. There is a dash of dramatic mystery in the tale of "Penruddock" which comes in to relieve the weight of these political arguments, and which is managed with more adroitness than might be expected from a writer who has so rarely trespassed on the domains of romance. The third story, "The Enthusiasts," is the most gloomy of all literally. It consists, to employ the prefatory language of the author, of a long discussion of political ethics founded upon a tale of fiction. The slight vein of narrative that threads the pages of this elaborate essay on the French revolution — for such it is — will hardly sustain the interest of the mere novel reader ; and readers of another order will probably consider it rather a hindrance to their enjoyment. However that may be, the entire piece is composed of fragmentary arguments upon the state of France during the terrible period of the first revolution, and the principles evolved in the progress of the dethronement of the Bourbons. Its value as a treatise is not much. Such events are not likely to occur again ; and whatever was erroneous or dangerous in the doctrines of the revolutionists, has long since been exposed and admitted. The spirit of the nations has undergone

a vast change since that time; and that tremendous explosion has bequeathed to mankind a lesson of wisdom, which requires no illumination of this description to make it more lucid or impressive.

"The Huguenot," by Mr. James, is a new accession to the list of historical romances. Mr. James's recent researches in the annals, memoirs, and biographies of France for the materials of his life of Louis XIV., appear to have suggested to him the subject of this story, which relates to the persecution of the Protestants at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantz. The immediate hint of the plot is derived from the *Mémoires Historique sur la Bastille*; and it may therefore, in a limited sense, be said to be founded upon fact, although the names of the personages are fictitious, and the scenes are changed at the convenience of the author. Throughout all Mr. James's former novels and romances, the ascendancy of mere description over the portraiture and development of character was a prevailing fault. He surrendered up too much to costume and the embellishments of scenery. His personages wanted vitality, motive, energy, consistency: they moved through the events like figures without pith or life. Of course we speak generally: here and there exceptions might be found, and passages of great truth and vigour, full of natural pathos and reality; but on the main such was the predominant characteristic. In "The Huguenot" we perceive a visible emancipation from this surface colouring—the picture is animated by considerable boldness in the grouping, remarkable breadth and freedom in the *ensemble*, richness of design, and powerful individuality in detail. The attainment of these desiderated requisites in a tale of considerable interest, leaves nothing to be desired. The character of Count de Morseuil, the Huguenot, is forcibly drawn, and ably sustained under a variety of vicissitudes and trials; and, through this machinery of action a crowd of persons is introduced, each of whom contributes something to its onward progress, and becomes immediately or remotely blended with its close. Perhaps in the management of the story there are too many expedients employed for effect, some of which are not very probable, and others rather commonplace: but this is a sort of necessity in a modern romance, and a reasonable allowance must be made for the sacrifices an author makes to an established fashion in fiction, where it does not affect the current of nature that flows through the whole. There are a few melodramatic situations in "The Huguenot," and a few adventures, and artifices—especially wherever the count's ingenious valet has a hand in the business—that might have been spared; but of these, as of all things which, however striking in themselves, are not reconcilable with likelihood, it may be said that they give a zest to the better parts of the narrative for readers who look merely for amusement, and have no notion of the deeper purposes that lie concealed from the multitude in tales of this kind. So far as historical allusion is concerned, Mr. James has acquitted himself with judgment. He passes cautiously through a period of unusual excitement, presenting temptations to excess, and strewn with prejudices, which few writers could have altogether escaped. He sees humanity in its mask of convention on both sides, and deals with Catholics and Protestants in their true natures of flesh and blood, without misrepresenting either out of a spirit of theological revenge. In every point of view, we consider "The Huguenot" to be the most successful of Mr. James's novels. It has more actual life in it than any of its predecessors; the interest of the story never flags; and it skilfully illustrates one of those passages in the history of France, about which the world will always be curious, and, perhaps, unsatisfied.

In addition to this novel, another work by Mr. James has appeared within the last month—a richly embellished volume, called “The Book of the Passions.” The design of this production is neither very original nor very meritorious. It contains a series of tales, each of which is intended to exemplify a particular passion, such as love, revenge, &c., but none of which can be said to carry the exemplification beyond the ordinary intensity of that mob of stories which at this season of the year come so thick upon us in the *Annuals*. Several costly plates accompany the narratives; but whether the narratives were written for the plates, or the plates executed for the narratives, does not appear, nor is it indeed of much consequence. So far as the external splendour of the production goes, the book will be found a befitting ornament for the boudoir table; and the author does not seem to have contemplated for it any higher destiny.

“Eve Effingham,” by Mr. Cooper, is an American novel (published at the other side of the Atlantic, we believe, under the title of “Home as found”) and contains, although it does not complete, the story of “Homeward Bound,” to which it is the sequel. The literary progress of Mr. Cooper would afford a curious topic for investigation, upon which we may be induced at some future period to enter; but, without touching it here, we may observe that, after having assailed the institutions of France and England in former works, he appears in these volumes anxious to balance the account by exposing the inherent littleness, vulgarity, and empty pretensions of American society. Any one who takes the trouble to compare his previous publications with “Eve Effingham” will detect a series of contradictions of opinion, of irreconcilable assertions, and singularly cool inconsistencies, worthy of Sergeant Eitherside, or the Vicar of Bray. It is not worth while to inquire, how this comes to pass, or what are Mr. Cooper’s motives for so extraordinary a turning inside out of his own professions: but, since it is evident that both sides of his judgment cannot be correct, we may be excused for not venturing to believe in either. Formerly he attacked the hereditary principle, the ancient titles, the ceremonious intercourse of private life, and the pomp of the old countries; now he turns round, and satirises the impertinent curiosity, the noisy routs, the glare, tattle, and coarseness of republican America. Formerly monarchies and aristocracies were too refined and exclusive for him—now the meddling democracy is too familiar and obtrusive. Yet, throughout all this, he preserves a certain air of individual ostentation, that makes him ridiculous amongst the republicans, who cannot see why he should lord it over them, and contemptible amongst the aristocrats, who will not permit him to claim an equality with them. He has the tone of one who was born to rank, and he affects to make himself even superior to it by affecting to despise rank as an accident. This is worse than the worst despotism of nobility: it is the pitiful arrogance of a mean pride that mocks the honours it cannot clutch. A man who is born to a title may be in some measure excused for the foolish vainglory that is more or less attached to his position: but a man who is not thus educated into ascendancy, and who starts with abstract notions of equality inimical to all conventional distinctions, and who yet asserts the same sort of superiority over the rest of the world, wants only the power to carry out to its utmost limits that extravagant social tyranny which he pretends to condemn. He is neither a republican nor an aristocrat, but just so much of each as would lead him, if he could, to destroy both, the one for the sake of the other, and both for the sake of acquiring a solitary elevation for himself. The Americans

are scandalised by "Eve Effingham," and treat it and its author with bitter and contemptuous feelings. They charge him in their journals with having intended for himself the character of Mr. Effingham, who is represented as a clear-headed, mild, philosophical, handsome gentleman, who, moreover, lays claim to great antiquity of descent, upon which they twit Mr. Cooper by reminding him that his father was a wheelwright, a "respectable hard-working Jersey mechanic," who had no false pride, and who never dreamt that his son would affect to be descended from a noble English family. As a novel, "Eve Effingham" is shallow, dull, and pointless; and as a description of manners it is not trustworthy. We do not believe that American society on the great scale is either cultivated or intellectual; but we are tolerably confident that it is not so ridiculously vulgar, so meretricious, or so ignorant, as it is represented by Mr. Cooper. Had the book been written by an Englishman, it would be called a libel — but how ought it to be described, written as it is by an American?

An interesting tale, in a single volume, called "The Roman Lovers," carries us from the new world to the old, from New York to the Imperial Mistress of Empires — and the transition is a relief. This story is written, like "Aurelius," which we recently noticed, in the form of letters, and develops the melancholy history of two Roman youths who loved the same lady, and in the pursuit of the prize lost their lives. One of them, the first suitor, employs the other to plead his cause with the lady; but the advocate subsides into the lover, attempts to carry off the lady with her own consent, is intercepted by the friend he has betrayed, and in the rencontre both are slain. There is some delicacy and poetical beauty in the letters, and if they are not remarkable for that severe tone of classical antiquity becoming such compositions, they are touched with a natural truth that compensates for the deficiency. The actual incidents are few, but the delineation of the growing passion, of the jealousies, struggles, and staggering faith of friendship giving way before a stronger sentiment, is conducted with some art and knowledge of human nature.

A volume of essays and other papers, collected from the scattered productions of Hazlitt, has lately been published by his son, and will be welcome to all lovers of English literature. These essays are not amongst the most careful or thoughtful of Hazlitt's works, and have not much of his fine critical and exploring spirit in them; but they are stamped on every page with marks of his genius that cannot be mistaken. It would seem that a taste for such writings is beginning to revive, and that whatever might have been the injustice with which Hazlitt living was treated, Hazlitt dead is likely to receive a full measure of sympathy. These are ungrateful subjects to dwell upon, and we gladly pass away from them to topics of a pleasanter cast. When Hazlitt shall come to be more generally read — when his exquisite criticisms on Shakspeare, his lectures on English poetry, his notes on Art and the Drama, and his characters of his own times, shall come to be appreciated by the entire public, freed from all mean and unworthy prejudices — there is little danger that ample honours will be done to his memory in atonement for the neglect and hostility of his contemporaries.

We have two volumes of poetry — the one by Mr. Standish, containing three narrative pieces, and the other by John Player, called "Home, or the Months." The chief merit of Mr. Standish's verse is its distinctness; it owes nothing to affectation of any kind, and pursues in level, plain, and

simple lines the threads of story it illustrates. If it be deficient in fancy and invention, the want is balanced by its perfect freedom from pretence and false taste. Of Mr. Player we cannot say so much: his poem is addressed to domestic and loveable country topics, traced throughout the year in a particular locality from month to month. An amiable disposition is every where evident in his verse; but, unfortunately, his power to render it into fitting poetry is not equal to his will. He has chosen, too, the most difficult form in our language,—that of blank verse—and breaks down under its weight.

A very sly specimen of dry humour has appeared in the height of the “run” of the lions at Drury Lane, called the “Life of Van Amburgh, the Brute Tamer.” The narrative is replete with lurking pleasantry upon the exploits of that magician of the forests; and exhibits him in a succession of circumstances through which his peculiar genius might be supposed to have grown up to its present wonderful stature. The best of it is, that the author never betrays his own jest, and carries it on in a tone of incomparable gravity, as if it were all downright matter of fact, while the reader is all the while, according to the profundity of his penetration, either wondering “that such things are,” or, like Falstaff, tickled into roars. It is a capital model for imaginative biographies of “great men.”

“The Comic Almanack” has, since last month, been added to the list of year-books. With the usual ephemeris “in earnest,” it provides a fund of drolleries, from the pencil of Cruikshank (inimitable in his art of catching the broad features of the time), and of jokes from a congenial pen that abundantly justify its title.

THE THEATRES.

THE theatres have of late furnished little material for record or criticism. Several new farces and melodramas have been produced, chiefly at the minors, but none of them so very good or so very bad as to be worth remembering. Van Amburgh has continued in the ascendant at Drury Lane, and Shakspeare at Covent Garden. The interval of repose from fresh dramatic excitement happily prepares us for a most uncritical enjoyment of the Christmas Pantomimes. It also affords opportunity for a glance at the present state of the theatrical world.

The season at Covent Garden has hitherto been remarkably successful. We believe there has been no precedent for very many years of so profitable a time between the re-opening and Christmas. This fact augurs well for the national drama. The attraction has consisted almost exclusively of the revived plays of Shakspeare; the scenic arrangements of those which were brought out last season having, in many instances, been rendered yet more complete; and for popular and striking effects, *The Tempest* having surpassed them all.

The plea, not long ago put forth, of the unattractiveness of Shakspeare, and the need of melodrama and spectacle, to ensure a return for the outlay of theatrical capital, is, therefore, triumphantly quashed. So far as the circumstances allow, the public has redeemed itself from the implied imputation. Whenever urged in future, it will be taken for what it is,—a confession of grovelling intelligence, corrupt taste, and unscrupulous cupidity.

If, indeed, Shakspeare be represented by a *corps dramatique* altogether inadequate to the personation of his characters, and with none of the concert and pervading unity that are requisite to realise a scene, whatever may be

the merits of one or two principal performers — if unskilled and awkward supernumeraries render ridiculous the combinations in which their numbers, grouping, and action, should be subservient to the grandest effects — if the costume, appointments, and pictorial accessories be disgustingly paltry or obtrusively incongruous, while lavish outlays on glittering armour, glaring scenery, and long processions, furnish an unmeaning gratification for vulgar eyes, with no demand on intelligence or feeling, either in actors or audience — then it may happen that Shakspeare will not shine in the treasurer's books, but a larger profit be exhibited, as derived from the depraved taste, which has become yet more depraved, by mercenary pandering and cherishing. Such we take to be the secret, in part at least, of the avowed discrepancy between the experience of the two large houses, as to the profitableness of enacting Shakspeare.

One circumstance connected with the success at Covent Garden deserves to be particularly noted — we mean the extent of its action upon the public as a mode of artistical and poetical training. There had formerly been considerable approximations towards correctness of costume, occasional splendour of theatrical adornment, and striking displays of individual talent; but the systematic illustration of the drama, represented through all its phases, from the philosophical truth of its grandest personation to the pictorial arrangement of form, colour, and grouping, was a novelty; and novelty of such a nature uniformly requires time to insure its proper appreciation.

All great poetry, all high art, while implying a certain previous advance in civilisation, has yet rather created than found the taste for its own enjoyment. Only by degrees have people come to understand what was done, and how much was done, in the recent revivals. The restoration of the Fool in *King Lear*, and the exclusion of Hippolyto and Dorinda from *The Tempest*, were courageous experiments. Now, it would imply some hardihood to revert to the stage corruptions that for so long a period were regarded as a needful concession to the bad taste of audiences. The standard of the acting drama has been elevated. The audience has evidently become more discriminating — more appreciating. An effect has been produced analogous to that which is wrought on the young painter when he is sent to Rome, to live only in the familiar contemplation of the production of the great masters of art. A purer and loftier tone is imparted to theatrical enjoyment. This influence may be seen in many ways; in the mode in which a performance is taken, the fineness of the points which are marked for approbation, the degree of earnest attention, and a thousand indications of growing perception and refinement. The dramatic art thus inweaves itself with the progress of civilisation, and vindicates its claim to rank amongst the agencies of improvement.

Wise would it be in a popular government, in an enlightened aristocracy, and in royalty, to strengthen such an agency, to assist its resources, and to extend its influences. It certainly cannot be the duty of a court and aristocracy to enjoy the grandest dramatic poetry and the most exquisite dramatic art which has been produced in the country to which they belong. No blame, on the score of personal taste, can be attached to a preference for excitements at once less intellectual and less national. But so long as a refined populace is safer than a brutal one, as the base of the column by which the Corinthian capital of Society is supported, it must be a question of prudence, if not of benevolence, whether patronage is wisely confined, or nearly so, to opera, ballet, and the menagerie. There is nothing factitious in the recent successes of the national drama. Even the intellectual aristocracy of the country, long driven from the theatre by the

degradation into which it had fallen, only begins to feel the charm that recalls its presence. But the very fact of the hold obtained, without aid, countenance, or patronage, upon the public mind, indicates the course to which those whose privileges are only sustained by opinion should be directed by an enlightened sense of the nation's interests and their own. "I don't read Shakspeare myself," said a Stratford farmer at a recent jubilee, "but I say he ought to be *kept up* for the good of the town." There is, doubtless, reason for gratulation to all lovers of the drama in the independent character of the success that has been attained; but it is not the less disgraceful that a great national project should have been left to sink or swim like the most commonplace individual speculation.

The only patronage accorded to Covent Garden Theatre is the very questionable one, also enjoyed by Drury Lane, of the exclusive patent. To a competent manager this is no privilege at all. His best patent is in his own judgment and genius. It would be an advantage to such an one that the representation of Shakspeare's dramas should be attempted elsewhere. The attempted rivalry would facilitate the comprehension of what he effects, and cultivate the taste for its appreciation. Why this monopoly should be continued to Drury, is not very obvious. Its action is now simply prohibitive. It is a law against the performance of the national drama—a penalty upon acting Shakspeare. We are reminded of the prohibition of tobacco cultivation, enacted for the benefit of Virginia when Virginia was British, and perpetuated after Virginia became rebellious and independent. A menagerie inherits the privilege that was bestowed as the endowment of a national theatre. We question not Mr. Van Amburgh's merits as a tamer of tigers; we can have no objection to the lessee's speculating in lions rampant, or any other rampant animals; but not for such exhibitions, nor for such better ones as it yet can boast, does Drury Lane Theatre hold its legal superiority over the minor theatres. Not for such purposes was it vested with the power to prevent their producing the legitimate drama. Opera, horsemanship, and beast-taming are amply provided for elsewhere. There is no propriety in the exclusiveness remaining, when from Drury Lane itself the legitimate drama is practically excluded. We do not advert to this point merely on the score of justice; though never was privilege more foully forfeited;—nor on account of the other theatres; though they are most unfairly treated;—but because the present effect of the patent is to degrade the art and its professors, and so eventually to injure the public. To the two great theatres those who have devoted their lives to the dramatic art in its highest forms look for employment. On the competition of those two establishments they mainly depend for that enhancement of the worth of their exertions which in any ordinary mechanical occupation is ensured by the free rivalry of unlimited numbers. The caprice or sordidness of one man, armed with the power of the patent, may turn the half of them adrift in the world, and leave the other half with no remedy but to take whatever is offered them. He may convert the stage into a circus. He may fit it up as a caravan. He may people it with horses and wild beasts. Enthroned on his showman's cage, he may say, "here is my company; you and Shakspeare go to the ——— together." There is no remedy. The actors cannot do what journeymen carpenters treated in a like summary manner might do. They cannot combine and open an opposition shop of their own. The law forbids. To exercise their art, however skilfully, however unexceptionably, however acceptably to the public, would infringe the patent rights of the zoological lessee. They must cringe, or starve; perhaps both. Insolent conditions may be enforced upon them. They may be degraded; and in them, their art; and in that,

the public taste. What other class of persons is there, throughout the whole British Empire, whether educated or uneducated, employed in works of the highest intelligence, or of the simplest mechanism, that is placed in so unjust, so cruel, so intolerable a position? It would be difficult to devise (had that been the object) a more atrocious expedient for degrading, if not totally crushing, a liberal art.

And it should not be forgotten that acting is a liberal art. Something at least of mental cultivation, of refinement, of the capacity for perceiving and expressing the purposes of genius, is implied in all who are qualified for its exercise. Its successful votaries must be marked out by nature, and matured by long study and training for their vocation. And yet this misnamed and preposterous privilege robs them of rights that are held sacred in the rudest artizan. The hewer of wood and drawer of water has a free market for his labour; but to replenish the golden urn of art from the Castalian fount, and mould in the living frame the forms of Shakspearean creation, is work inhibited, save on condition of entire dependence upon individual interest or caprice. The restriction and dependence are capable of being pushed to an extreme without parallel even in the annals of monopoly. The two patent theatres may be, as they have been, in the same hands; or they may both be held by lessees alike ignorant, insolent, and sordid. In such a state of things, it is not at all an impossible, it is not even an improbable supposition, that the most accomplished professors of the art may find no managerial demand for their exertions, and have only the choice of a provincial life, retirement, or expatriation. The popularity of an actor, the desire of the public, are no protection against the sinister interests of a patent monopoly.

An honourable effort has been recently made by the profession to enhance its respectability, in the formation of the "General Theatrical Fund Association," which will not only come well in aid of the older institutions, but is advantageously distinguished by its comprehensive and independent spirit. The absence of all invidious distinctions or jealous feelings, the mutual sympathy and respect, the unassuming self-reliance, the business-like care and yet generous thoughtfulness, manifested in its preliminary proceedings, are highly creditable to the members. But however valuable as a palliative, it can be no more than a palliative of the one great evil, the patent monopoly. There is the millstone on the neck of the profession, of its respectability, its character, its comforts, and its social rights. A free trade in the art is the one thing needful. Without it, the actor can never take the position to which, as a man, he is entitled; nor the public have the certain and continuous prospect of an acted drama not unworthy of the unfading glory of our dramatic literature.

We have been led to these suggestions, somewhat out of our usual path of criticism, by its happening just now that the nascent prosperity of Covent Garden Theatre is the only remarkable, particular in the dramatic department, distinguished from the musical productions of the stage, which we notice apart from its literature. Heartily glad are we to contemplate any degree of prosperity, in any and every theatre, pursuing its proper object, by honourable means. Every form of drama has its worth and its charm, and while theatres are what they profess to be, we rejoice in them all, large and small, majors and minors, and in all their managers, and companies, and orchestras, and scene-shifters. Bless them all; —

Send them victorious,
Happy and glorious : —

and now, hey! for the Christmas pantomimes.

"GUILLAUME TELL," AT DRURY LANE.

DRAMATIC music, as far as it regards the getting up of extensive and complicated pieces by the theatres, and the reception of them by audiences, is making great progress among us. The representation of "Guillaume Tell" at Drury Lane is conclusive as to that fact. We have attended the performance of Rossini's masterpiece with the greatest delight; we have heard so many beautiful effects resulting from one pervading and accurate conception of the whole, and have witnessed with so much pleasure principal singers avoiding clap-trap, and merging their individual pretensions to favour in behalf of the general success of the piece, that we are in no disposition to detect small faults, or suggest improvements: this may be done at leisure; at present we will merely record our conviction, that an advance beyond the most sanguine hope has been made, not only in general skill and power by the whole vocal *corps* of the English theatre, but also in the taste and judgment of the direction. A musician must indeed be fastidious who refuses to be pleased at such a performance as that of "Guillaume Tell." Even the uninstructed and most miscellaneous audience (partly, we fear, attracted by Van Amburgh's lions) have the instinct of something above them — they listen, and are silent. Fine music requires no other homage.

Our readers are probably aware that a considerable section of the present opera was produced some years ago in the manufactured drama of Hofer, the joint work of Mr. Planché and Mr. T. Cooke. The selected movements, consisting chiefly of choruses and concerted pieces, were, indeed, some of the best compositions in the original; — they were, at all events, the most German in style; and these pieces wanting the connecting links of the principal songs, and the illustrative points of style which they furnish, raised the idea that Rossini had effectually *Germanised* himself in "Guillaume Tell," even more so than he had done in composing "Zelmira" for the Viennese. This error is dissipated in hearing the whole four acts, which, with a few slight exceptions, and no interpolations (the bitterest ill-usage of all), are now given at Drury Lane. The style is still Rossini's, but it is Rossini elevated in fancy and feeling, retaining nothing of his former self but a certain sportive and tender grace; — and, what a musician this leaves us! When this composer of sensation lays aside all the means he has hitherto chosen to employ for mere animal gratification — all that singular art of captivation by which, for a series of years, his caprice has triumphed in defiance of common sense — when, sacrificing this, the *popular* Rossini enters upon the same dramatic ground as Mozart, Beethoven, and Cherubini, seeking severest truth in the expression of sentiment and situation, the completeness of his success not less raises wonder, than the fact that that success has been followed by a long period of oblivion to his profession. The history of music has no parallel instance of a man with a great and imperishable name at his command — with a public eagerly expectant of any promised novelty from his hand — thus obstinately maintaining his condition of silence and inactivity.

In the other serious operas of Rossini, even in *Semiramide* and *Otello*, we may observe much that is in a great and commanding style, chequered with those incomprehensible trivialities that have become almost as proverbial as

the mannerisms of the master. Who can forget the prelude he has given us to the murder of an innocent and faithful wife in the subject of the Allegro of the Overture to Otello? To such a writer one would think that strangulation appeared the prettiest bagatelle conceivable. None of the like discrepancies of style disturb the impression of "Guillaume Tell." The mad Italian of whom M. Beyle relates, in exemplification of Rossini's extravagant inclination to buffoonery, that he once made a whole orchestra of violin players mark the commencement of every bar by a rap on their tin candlesticks, no longer appears — we have here the "sage and serious" musician.

Circumstances which not only modified the genius of the author, but were peculiarly favourable to all the details of 'Tell, may be well remarked. If our memory be correct, "Guillaume Tell" succeeded at a tolerably long interval "Il Conte Ory." At all events it was produced when the composer, domiciled in Paris, and surrounded by the flattering offerings of its choicest wits, had enjoyed just repose enough to invigorate him; had mingled with men of genius sufficiently to be ambitious of a better claim to their distinctions; and when familiarity with the powers of the brilliant orchestra and chorus of the *Academie Royale* had assured him what might be done in concentrating the powers of both on some popular subject. Guillaume Tell was influenced by each of these causes, and the last rendered it the most brilliant, and certainly the most difficult score of modern times.

An orchestra, of which every individual violinist was a solo player of strong and brilliant execution, would alone be able to do full justice to the exaggerated rapidity of some parts of the accompaniments. The Drury Lane band contains able players; but in the execution of these traits of the original there wants much of the distinctness of a perfect *ensemble*. For the full effect of these passages, as Habeneck, the able Parisian director, would insist upon them, we need a greater correspondence in the *coups d'archet*. Our English orchestra is lamentably deficient, in this nicety of musical execution, without which the highest clearness and the most decided expression are quite unattainable. It has an almost comic effect to see the two first violins, Blagrove and Eliason, take the passages in a way the most dissimilar that can be imagined — one bow going up, the other down — the one playing short notes with the tip, the other with the contrary extremity of the bow; in short, the most striking opposition in the conception of the passage, often in the comparison, to the disadvantage of the English player. This want of unity, rendered absurdly conspicuous by the position of the two principal violins, should be remedied in every orchestra in which it prevails — if perfection be aimed at. Poets and musicians have been praised for having a *devil*; we wish we saw any so desirable possession in Mr. Blagrove; but, in truth, his coldness and phlegm as much unfit him for the orchestra, as his perfect facility and beautiful tone render him delightful in chamber music.

The wind instruments in "Guillaume Tell" are put upon hard duty, the execution of which, as we have begun to speak of the performance of the opera at Drury Lane, we may applaud. It was an easy time for the more exhausting class of instruments, horns, &c., when the players enjoyed a systematic repose during the accompanied recitatives at least. But in "Guillaume Tell," throughout the four entire acts, the most strenuous attention is required; for though the wind instruments have, of course, a fitting intermission to produce their effect, yet they are used so frequently here and there, wherever the composer felt disposed to introduce a breathing chord, and in so capricious though tasteful a manner, that nothing short of the most inveterate application on the part of the players would make the

whole go correctly. Even the drums and the ophicleide have many features of importance, which require to be rendered with great expression and care. If such be a representation of the orchestral duty required by Rossini in this colossal work, we shall certainly not find a less studious and artful disposition of the choral force collected on the stage. Every thing in the way of new combination that the experience of the practised composer, rich in means for the carrying out of his designs, can suggest, is there put in practice. Single, double, and triple choruses, choruses of men alone, choruses of women alone, choruses of both in combination, choruses accompanying solos, dances, &c.; in short, a constant variety in the forms of vocal harmony, which preserves the ear from fatigue, is kept up. The choral part is not elaborated; on the contrary, it is broad, simple, and massive, abounding in striking effects of the unison, and sometimes, as in the meeting of the cantons in the second act, approaching the sublime; and this simplicity, in contrast with the luxuriance and fiery energy of the orchestra, is the source of enchanting effects.

Let the choral music of the drama be, however, simple as it may, still, when accompanied by an orchestra in which new and perplexing accents and extravagant passages are constantly heard, it will always remain a matter of great difficulty to ensure, amidst a hundred choristers either engaged in action or in forming picturesque groups, that perfect recollection of the entrance of their parts, and precision in taking them up, which are essential to complete effect. This effort of memory ought really to engage us in a higher appreciation of the art of that humble and much undervalued class of musicians — the operatic choristers. Exquisite combinations and effects, such as they produce in the present opera, can only be obtained by the whole knowing as one man, not merely the notes, but the expression and character of their parts. If there were any prevailing defect of memory — any timidity, or reliance of one upon the other for the cue, disorder would soon prevail, and the pleasure of the audience would suffer in proportion.

We have heard from the Drury Lane chorus, both in Benedict's Opera, and in "Guillaume Tell," more beautiful specimens of singing than a few years ago we could have believed possible from such a class of musicians; and it is but the commonest justice to confess that their general performance far exceeds in its intonation, light and shade, expression and correctness, any thing we have yet heard in the theatres of London — the Italian Opera included.

In estimating "Guillaume Tell" it would be wrong to suppose the harmony carried to an excess at the expense of the melody. On the contrary, there is no modern work which captivates the ear by a richer succession of new melodious phrases in a variety of styles. A more delicious pastoral movement than the introduction to the opera cannot be heard; and the dance music which accompanies the ballet in the first act is of exquisite piquancy, novelty, and grace. In the former the ear reposes on the most beautiful chords, in the latter we perceive unusual accents imparting to the lowest department of composition a perfect charm. The national music employed just gives the necessary colouring to the whole, without suffering it to degenerate into monotony or feebleness.

Several admirable solos occur in the parts of Guillaume Tell (Braham) and Matilda (Miss Romer); but the observation of these singers on the choral character of the whole work, and the intimate dependence of both chorus and solo on each other for general effect, restrained in both a disposition to display. The consequence was that both most ably supported the piece. Braham's voice, it is known, has fallen much lower in its scale; but

as he now husband his resources, he sings better in tune, and is actually a more agreeable performer than he was ten years ago. If Miss Romer possessed as much art in the management of her full and powerful voice as the organ itself for its magnificent quality deserves, she would leave nothing to be desired. In her grand duet, in the second act, with Mr. Allen she completely outsings that meritorious gentleman, especially when he mounts into his falsetto, and feels his physical strength overmatched by the spacious area and the formidable orchestra with which he has to contend. The ear of Mr. Allen is quite irreproachable, which is saying much for a tenor, and in a less extended *locale* he may be tolerably sure of the good opinion of musicians. Here, however, an uneasy effort is perceptible. The fine duet between Braham and Allen, best known in concert rooms as *Dove vai*, wanted a character in the lower part, sustained by Braham, which such a singer as Phillips would have given to it. Slight defects of this kind, with the want occasionally of a more subdued accompaniment in the orchestra, were the only points of objection that occurred to us; and these were so overpowered by the success of the whole, that we who have spoken freely of Mr. Bunn's management in regard to the operas of Balfe and Barnett, and of the *ad captandum* system adopted in the music of Drury Lane, are most anxious to render the director full justice when his efforts tend to the improvement of taste and the advancement of the art. Even Miss Betts, whose sole recommendation as a dramatic singer lies in her general ability as a musician, and little Miss Poole, whose music comes in aid of an intelligent face and the most promising histrionic talent, appeared in the softening light of the whole to be unusually deserving and effective.

The principal strength of the composition certainly lies in the two first acts of "Guillaume Tell"—though there is no palpable deficiency of interest or falling off in the two others. But in the oath chorus in the finale to the second act, Rossini reached a climax of unwonted grandeur far beyond himself, and the excitement which the excellence of this movement creates may throw a coldness on the subsequent parts of the composition. Still there remain admirable things. The rebellion against Gessler affords a highly spirited incident for the finale of the third act, when engrafted upon the original situation, a festival, in which the stage is crowded by its entire force. In the fourth act a delightful trio, sung by Miss Romer, Miss Betts, and Miss Poole, with a female chorus, principally sustains the interest, and rivals that sung in the second act by Messrs. Braham, Allen, and Stretton. The impression at the conclusion of all is, that Rossini might sacrifice all his former works for a dozen operas of equal power and earnestness. In "Guillaume Tell" we may observe in what school Bellini had studied the breadth and grandeur which distinguish the choruses of *I Puritani*. Here undoubtedly is the model of that pealing, long-noted, church-like magnificence.

We found in "Guillaume Tell" some apology for Van Amburgh's lions. If a manager, single-handed, is to support the expense of getting up such an opera as this, he may be excused for extracting from the gaping curiosity of the public that aid which in France results from the enlightened patronage of the arts by government. Music, the most costly of all, and probably the most influential on pleasure, is left to struggle on by itself and achieve its own victories. If it ever reach perfection in England, the greater the triumph.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE IMP OF THE PALACE.—The excellent fiction of the “Devil upon two Sticks” seems to have taken the shape of a ludicrous fact during the past month. In these days, we are made so hard-headed by the onslaught which science has made upon romance, and so wise by the subjugation of poetry before the iron rod of political economy, that we would almost as soon die ourselves, as give the slightest credit to the biographer of a ghost; while the historian of a haunted palace would be likely to originate no better conviction in our minds, than that he was a dealer in contraband *spirits*, who was anxious to keep a clear coast for the “walking” of his merchandise. But mankind need continual excitement—our imaginations and our energies *must* have excitement from outward circumstances, or they react upon the inward man, and produce morbid, and perhaps disastrous, results. Therefore it is good to have excitement, and have it we will. When lo!—the fiction of ghosts, and imps, and hopping elves, being snatched away from the delighted credence of imagination,—swift to the need, and bowing to the Genius of the age, like a carpenter’s rule at an angle of forty-five degrees, forth issues a Matter-of-fact, as quaint, ominous, and grotesque as any fiction that ever pranked from the seething brain of Le Sage, or the vision-breeding Germans. We take the following from the newspapers. “*Eduard Cotton*, a boy about thirteen years of age, whose appearance was that of a sweep, was placed at the bar of the Queen-square Office, by Inspector Steer of the A division, charged with being found concealed in the New Palace, and with stealing a sword and other articles, the property of her Majesty. — William Cox, porter at the Equery’s entrance, stated, that a few minutes *before five o’clock* in the morning, he was sitting in his room, which adjoins the hall, when he saw his door opened half-way, and a boy, having the appearance of a chimney-sweep, thrust his head and part of his body in, and looked round the apartment. Their eyes met. Witness asked what chimney he had come to sweep? Whereupon the figure disappeared—the door slapped too,—and witness distinctly heard the sound of feet scampering away.” It is worthy of observation, that the early hour of five in the morning, at which time the porter happened to be sitting in his room, rendered the idea of chimney-sweeping perfectly natural to one who suddenly encountered the sweep-apparent to the crown; and it was also an hour at which the said dislodger of soot-royal might well expect to enjoy his ramble unmolested and unseen. At sight of the porter, however, off he brushed. “This alarmed the witness, who immediately gave information to the police. As he was returning along the passage, he saw a sword and other articles made up in a bundle, and placed there as if for the purpose of speedy removal. On the prisoner’s person being searched, *two letters* were found, one directed to Her Majesty, and the other to Sir Charles Murray. There were also two books belonging to Mr. Broom, the valet to Sir Charles Murray, and other articles, of trifling value. It appeared that most of the articles were the property of Sir Charles and his servant; and the apartments occupied by the honourable gentleman were inspected, to see if any thing more valuable had been taken away. The bed was found to be in confusion, the sheets being covered with soot, *as if a person had lain in it in sooty clothes*, the curtains were also sooty, as also some of the furniture. Sir Charles Murray was at present in attendance upon the Queen.”—The imagination of the urchin being fired by the idea of what wonders might be contained in letters addressed to Her Majesty, and one of Her Majesty’s suite, sinks into a mere vision, when compared with the practical trial of how the bed *felt*, and how delicious it was to have a good dream there. It reminds us of one of the stories in the Arabian Nights. But mark how much more follows:—“James Stone, 81 B, stated, that having arrested the prisoner, he found *hid in the bed* in Sir Charles Murray’s apartment, *a pot of bear’s grease*, to which, from the appearance of the prisoner’s hair, it would seem he had *copiously helped himself*.—Mr. White then asked the prisoner who and what he was, and how he could account for the situation in which he had been found.—The prisoner, who is an intelligent, and appears to be a tolerably well educated boy, said: I came from Hertfordshire, in the month of December last, and was let into the palace by a man dressed in fustian.—Mr. White: Why did this man let you in?—Prisoner (with naïveté): Oh, I can’t account for that.—Mr. White: Do you mean to say you have been in the palace previously to this?—Prisoner: Yes, *and a very comfortable place I’ve found it*. I used to hide behind the furniture and up the chimneys in the daytime; when night came, I walked about, went into the kitchen, and got my food. *I have seen the Queen and her ministers in council, and have heard all they have said*.”—What sudden feelings of astonishment at the imp’s unparalleled temerity; what dismay at the profound state secrets he might have overheard, and perhaps already have divulged; what anxiety to ascertain the nature of those secrets, in order to apprise his royal mistress

and her ministers of a darkly-concealed, though sweeping branch of *lèse-majesté*, must have agitated the bosom of the faithful magistrate! With the rapidity of instinct he put a searching question, which could not have been surpassed by the profoundest calculation. "Mr. White: Do you mean to say you have worn but one shirt all the time?—Prisoner: Yes; when it was dirty I washed it out one night in the kitchen." It is hardly necessary to state, that the court was convulsed with laughter. Re-examination thus proceeds:—"The apartment I like best is the drawing room. (Loud laughter.)—Mr. White: You have not told me from what town you came (!) or if you had any relation.—I came from the city of Hertford, and I lived with Mr. H. Cotton, shoemaker, and a householder there.—Mr. White: Is he any relation?—Prisoner: Only my father (Renewed laughter.)—Mr. White: You are not a sweep, are you?—Prisoner: Oh no, it's only my face and hands are dirty: that's from sleeping in the chimneys. I do not know the names of any of the servants, but I know my way all over the palace, and have been all over it, the Queen's apartments and all. *The Queen is very fond of politics.*—Mr. White said he should remand the prisoner until Wednesday." The questions of the magistrate have almost as much *gusto* (in their way) as the answers of the boy. As to the petty thefts which it seems he had contemplated, we find it difficult to regard the thing in the serious light of vice and depravity; but rather as a part of the extraordinary circumstances of fairy-like temptation in which he found himself placed. And supposing all his statements to be unfounded—a fact since ascertained—what does the whole affair prove? Why, that in the midst of all our science and matter-of-fact, we are still disposed to give credence to the romantic, because it excites our imaginations, and gives a filip of novelty to our daily rounds. We say nothing of the juvenile fabricator of the tale. A clever young imp must he be, and naturally incorrigible—however corrected.

GRACE DARLING'S LEVEE.—The presentation of 50*l.* to the Darlings from Her Majesty, was a kind and sensible gift; so was the present from the Duke of Northumberland; and the gold medallions from the Royal Humane Society were well bestowed, as tokens of honour, and testimonials of the noble and heroic humanity of Grace Darling and her father. But while we demur to the beneficial effect, or consequences, of the gift of a splendid shawl, from her Grace of Northumberland to Grace Darling (as tending to occasion a ruinous change in the rest of her attire), we have no doubt of the pain and annoyance suffered by these meritorious and single-minded individuals, from the gross curiosity and absurdity with which they are constantly beset. A Newcastle paper informs us, that—"as soon as it was known that they were residing with their relative, Mr. McFarlane, of Narrowgate-street, people began to assemble, and many ladies and gentlemen of the town were gratified with an audience of them." And the "audience" was readily vouchsafed by her Grace of Darling. We are also informed that "the manner in which they bore the searching curiosity of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and their numerous visitors, as well as that of the people at large, was truly worthy of the gentle heroine and her heroic sire." What must the worthy old man and his interesting daughter think of all this searching curiosity, which it required so much fortitude to bear? Moreover, must they not resent—or should not we resent it for them—the attempt to reduce their natural nobility down to something "genteel?" One Newcastle paper, in speaking of Grace's "sire," tells us that "Mr. Darling is a very fine military-looking old man." We expect soon to hear it added, that he has very much the appearance of a general officer. Grace is also beginning to "rise" into *Miss* Grace Darling, and a swindler has actually been going round the suburbs of London collecting money for a piece of plate to be presented, as he affirmed, to this "young lady." Something might be said of the prints that have been published at the top of songs, wherein Grace is depicted in an elegant *negligée*, "waving her lily hand" as a signal, and gently touching an oar with a finger and thumb of the other hand, while the boat beneath her operatic toe, is equally poised on the tip of an infuriate sugar-loaf billow;—but really this is too absurd.

CLERICAL DUSTMEN.—The triumph of the widow Woolfrey over the sanctified curate of Carisbrook, who first "flew at" the pious and feeling inscription she chose to have upon her deceased husband's tombstone, was followed up by another disgraceful affair of a more substantial kind, in which the widow of a village blacksmith protested against the rising tide of fees demanded by the Rev. J. Tomkyns, for the grave-ground, surplice honours, bricking, arching, &c., consequent on her husband's interment. The *Morning Chronicle* gave the full statement, and the *Examiner* acted as expounder and commentator in its best style. "It is much to be desired," said the writer, "that the Rev. J. Tomkyns would edify the world by the publication of his *Meditations among the Tombs*. The subject has already been handled by the moralist" (and florist?); "but we should like to see it also treated by the Churchman; and from the sample before us, of the literary skill and clerical spirit of Mr. Tomkyns, *Meditations among the Tombs* from his pen would be a curiosity indeed. In meditating on the tombs, the thoughts that must occur to the Tomkyns' mind, must be, how much each had brought, or should bring, into his pocket. He would look at the brick

grave as worth 6*l.* 2*s.*; at the head and foot stones, as worth 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; at arches turned over the same, as worth 1*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; and at a poor man's grave, as complete as the affection of a mourning widow could make it, in the churchyard of the Poor Man's Church, as bringing him in, surplice fees included, the handsome sum of 10*l.* 2*s.*" This reminds us of a custom said to have been practised by newspapers of the olden time, with respect to the fees then demanded for insertions in their obituaries. The scale was something like the following:—For the announcement of a simple death, 1*s.*;—for the death of a gentleman or lady much lamented, 1*s.* 6*d.*; for having the painful duty to announce the same, 2*s.*; for the death of a lady who was a pattern of all Christian virtues, 2*s.* 6*d.*;—for taking up the pen with the deepest regret, in order to fulfil the painful duty of announcing the same, 3*s.*;—for the death of a gentleman who was a kind father, a devoted husband, and a blessing to the surrounding neighbourhood, whose funeral was conducted upon the most expensive scale, and who was followed by the lamentations of thousands, 10*s.* 6*d.* Preposterous as this may appear, the letter of the Rev. J. Tomkyns quite equals it. But after all, the main error lies in the legal right which the state-clergy possess of compelling people to "down with their dust" in this way. The Rev. Tomkyns argued quite justly, according to the terms of his monopoly, when he demanded an extra fee for turning a brick arch over the grave. The reason is plain; for the brick arch would render the grave as good as a tomb; and whereas in the case of an ordinary poor man's burial, the ground can generally be used over again in less than seven years, the brick arch would not be likely to fall in for fifty years; nay, might probably last a century, during the whole of which time the ground-capital would be lying dead, instead of the interest producing a fresh crop of fees every seven years!

PRAYING IN CHURCHYARDS, AND STAYING FROM CHURCH.—The friends of the Establishment agree, by this time, with its opponents, in thinking that it was injudicious to raise the question as to the legality of quoting a verse of Scripture upon a tombstone. Otherwise, we should have heard something of a subscription to reimburse the Rev. Mr. Brecks for the heavy costs to which the Court of Arches has put him, in baffling his attempt to inflict some unknown pains and penalties on a poor widow, for inviting all wanderers in Carisbrook churchyard to pray for the soul of her deceased husband. Undoubtedly, the Church, which is supposed to charge highly for its prayers within doors on behalf of the living, is consistent in opposing these cheap and involuntary prayers in churchyards on behalf of the dead. It must be very convenient to discountenance the doctrine of supplicating mercy for the departed, lest sinners should postpone their penitence, and hesitate to seek the church's intercession while they may. As clergymen are appointed for the "cure of souls," it is natural they should regard souls that are gone as "past cure," and decide upon having nothing to do with them. Still it would be as well if they would lay down some clear and distinct line by which the survivors of those who have stood in need of prayers may walk in safety through the winding paths of the burial-ground, and not stumble against the odd corners of the church—to the equal injury of their own bones and the sacred edifice. It is unquestionably good to protest against popery; but is it a less excellent thing to protest against protestantism, when it comes in so questionable a shape that we cannot distinguish its venerable form from that of persecution? It cannot be wrong to protest against that which speaks with two voices, the one contradicting the other. The protestant establishment thus speaks, when it contains within its doctrines much of what it most abhors—when it denounces us for simply obeying precepts of scripture, or for acting upon the sacred lessons taught in its own book of prayers. For example, what is more decidedly repudiated amongst us than the Romish doctrine of absolution—of priest-pardon—of periodical forgiveness to be had on paying for it? And yet, in the "Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland," do we not find that the minister visiting the sick shall move them to make a special confession of their sins, if their consciences be troubled with any weighty matter; and shall, after such confession, absolve them—the form of prayer being, "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences: And by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of," &c. &c. Little practical harm can ensue from appealing for a prayer for the dead; but much may result from picturing to the minds of the living the luxury of entire absolution. Yet what are we to think when we see this doctrine so solemnly sanctioned as the adopted of the Church of England—and when we find one of the religious societies exulting in having sent forth during the past year more than a million of these prayer books, each containing this awful misrepresentation? We want a "reform" in this respect—something explicit, definite, distinct, like the alteration proposed in the denounced inscription—"Don't pray for the soul of Joseph Woolfrey—it is *not* a wholesome thought to pray for the dead;"—definite, distinct, and explicit, as is the other suggestion for a tombstone to be hereafter raised—"Pray for the feelings of the Rev. Mr. Brecks—it is a wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

From the churchyard, we pass into the church, where we do not find the churchwarden

of the parish of Llanelly, nor his dissenting brother, of the parish of Llanon. These two unfortunate Welshmen are to be found in Carmarthen gaol; thither sent, as having been guilty of the crime of absenting themselves from church! Why; because they preferred spending the hours of divine service in the beer shop? No. Or because they chose to devote the sabbath to field-sports or mercenary trading? No. Or because they in any way lent themselves to a desecration of the holy day? No.—But simply because they conscientiously differed from the tenets of the church to which they were summoned; because, in short, their consciences told them that they ought to worship God in their own way. For this they are prosecuted at the suit of the Rev. Ebenezer Morris; and for this they are admonished, and adjudged to pay the costs of the action, in default of which they are committed to the common gaol. The existing statute which authorises this extraordinary proceeding, had its origin among those that were passed in the reign of Elizabeth, for the coercion of dissenters, who were driven to church on pain of imprisonment or transportation. About twenty years have elapsed since it was last forced into operation. If there be many Morrises alive, it is plain that the first thing we must do, is to erect new prisons for the non-church-goers, or lunatic asylums for the clergy. Yes, chapels must be changed into gaols; and rectories converted, not into gin-palaces (a transformation that has actually occurred within the walls of the city), but into retreats for the incurably insane. By the way, if this old law can be put into execution against churchwardens, why not against clergymen? How many are there in England, to say nothing of Ireland, who never even saw the pulpits from which they are supposed to deliver homilies on the observance of religious duties! If non-attendance at church be an offence punishable with the felon's fate, we ought to see a few parsons in fetters!

NOTES ON THE MONTH. — To the Deity who maketh fruitful are the firstlings offered, and therefore the first day of each month, and the first month of the year are dedicated to Juno. This is the janua or gate, or portal month, and is dedicated also to the two-faced god, or the power of prospect and retrospect. Although Romulus, in his year of ten months, may have paid little respect to the haganana, the holy month, yet Numa Pompilius assigned to it the place it has maintained for 2511 returns. It began the consular and the Julian year during the 1st 1884 revolutions of the sun, and only claimed to be more established in power in the year 1752, when England, the last of all the countries of Europe, save Sweden, to adopt the New Style, conformed to the general custom. It was on Thursday, the 1st day of January, 1801, that the imperial parliament first assembled, in honour of the union with Ireland, which it was then prophesied (no doubt by some repealer in prospect,) would not endure for forty years. Then it was that the quarterings of France were expunged from the arms of England, which, according to certain matrimonial, but not very popular rumours, are not unlikely to be restored. On this day in 1349, Edward III. rewarded with a *string of pearls*, the gallantry of Eustace de Ribeaumont, his antagonist; and the no less chivalrous Edmund Burke, was born on the 1st of January 1730. On the second, in the year 1492, Ferdinand V. expelled the Moors from Spain, and restored internal peace to that long harassed nation; what a pity that the Isabella of our day is not supported by such a Ferdinand! It was on this day, in the year 1727, that General Wolfe was born, to yield his brave spirit on the plains of Quebec, before he reached his 33d year, — not, we fear, the last sacrifice that Canada will demand of England. Ovid and Livy both died on this day, in the same year (A. D. 18). Cicero was born on the 3rd (B. C. 107). Josiah Wedgewood, a patriot as pure, and more practical, died on this day in 1795; in the spirit of Hamlet's reasoning, Wedgewood might have made a teapot out of the clay of Tully. On the 4th, in 1291, Edward I. wrote an account of the death of Eleanor, on whose tomb, at Westminster, tapers burned for 200 years afterwards, and to whose memory were reared the splendid crosses of Waltham, Northampton, &c., still existing, and that of Charing, which has long ceased to exist, except as the golden sign of a great coach-office, or, as we must soon write, a great railway depôt. On the 5th of January died Edward the Confessor (1066), Charles the Bold (1477), and Frederick, Duke of York (1827). The 6th, old Christmas-day, the Epiphany, twelfth night, the anniversary of the avatar of the Egyptian Isis, the new year's day of the Druids, and the Christmas-day of the Greeks and Russians, is so full of its own honour, that we need not record any accessory incident to make it more remarkable. The 7th is St. Distaff's day; on the 7th January, more than half a century ago (1785), Blanchard and Jefferies passed from Shakspeare's cliff to Guinnes in a balloon, from which period to the last trip of the Great Nassau, little progress appears to have been made in the navigation of the air. Galileo, on this day (1610), discovered his Medicean stars, the satellites of Jupiter. On this day, in 1549, Cranmer's prayer-book was established by law. Galileo died on the 8th of January, 1642, the day of St. Gudule, to whom is dedicated the superb cathedral of Brussels. On the 9th, the funeral of Nelson was celebrated in 1806, and on the same day, Sir David Baird took possession of the Cape of Good Hope by capitulation, on the defeat of General Janssens; in the Roman calendar, this was the *agonalia*, a day dedicated to the god of business. The 10th was the first day of the ancient Swedish year; on this

day, in 1628, Oliver Cromwell took his seat in the House of Commons as a member of the third parliament of Charles I. The 11th of January was dedicated at Athens to jollification, and at Rome to connubial felicity; in England, the first lottery was drawn on this day, (1569), at the great west entrance to St. Paul's church. Linnæus (1778), Sir H. Sloane (1752), Roubilliac (1762), and Schlegel (1829), died on the 11th January. On the 12th, Benedict Biscop, the great Northumbrian instructor died; he *glazed* the windows of his church of Jarrow on the Tyne, before the year 680; Andrew Alciati, whose ingenious *Emblemata* are still admired, died also on this day. It was in London, and, indeed, all over England, a midnight at noon in 1678. The 13th is the Greek and Russian new year's day. In Rome, on this the ides of January, the soldiers who rallied under Romulus, were honoured up to the year 27 B. C., when Octavius Cæsar received the name of Augustus on this day. It was in 1749, the birthday of Charles James Fox; it is the morrow of St. Hilary; Sir Philip Sydney was knighted on it in 1583. John Evelyn was born on the 14th of January, 1654; the 14th is, on an average, the coldest day of the year; this is the mallard-night at All Souls' College, Oxford; it was the star-day of the Greeks, and was held propitious to the fair sex. On the 15th, in 342, died the first Christian hermit; the day was remarkable, in 1362, for a tremendous storm; in 1559, for the coronation of Elizabeth; and, in 1764, for the foundation, by Sir W. Jones, of the Asiatic Society. Edmund Spencer died on the 16th of January, 1599; it is a day dedicated in the ancient calendars, to concord; the battle of St. Vincent (1780), and that of Corunna (1809), were fought on this day. On the 17th, Benjamin Franklin (1706), and Victor Alfieri (1749), were born; on the night of this day, 1806, a part of Yorkshire was illumined by a splendid lunar rainbow. Henry VII.'s chapel was consecrated on the 18th of January, 1502; on the same day in 1486, he had married Elizabeth of York, and "joined the roses, red and white, together;" this is in Rome the festival of St. Peter's chair. The 19th (1736), was the birthday of James Watt, and the death of Congreve (1729). David Garrick in 1779, and John Howard in 1790, died on the 20th of January, the day on which, in 1783, Great Britain acknowledged the independence of her (then) American colonies; this was, in 1793, considered the first day of the fifth month of the French Republic. The Plague broke out in Edinburgh on the 21st of January 1647, which destroyed thirty-nine fortieths of the people. On the 22d, in 1561, Lord Bacon, and in 1788, Lord Byron, were born. This is St. Vincent's day, and on it the island so called was discovered. On the 23d, in 1806, died William Pitt; and on the same day, in 1820, Edward Duke of Kent, the father of her Majesty the Queen, the Royal Exchange was dedicated by Elizabeth in 1571, and in 1794 the Agricultural Society commenced its sittings. On the 24th, B. C. 335, Philip of Macedon was assassinated; and A. D. 41, the career of Caius Caligula was similarly closed. Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1795: it is the anniversary of St. Paul's conversion. On the 26th, in 1823, died Dr. E. Jenner; had every individual who has profited by his discovery, offered in gratitude a single halfpenny towards his monument, it would have outsoared the memorials of the mighty: the great fire in the Temple occurred this day, in 1679, by which the Ashmolean Library, and its numerous and valuable coins, seals, &c., were destroyed. The 27th is the day of St. John of the Golden Mouth (Chrysostom): Lady Catherine Grey died at the Tower on this day, in 1567; in 1719 the South Sea Company proposed to parliament their scheme for paying off the national debt of 30,000,000, sterling. Among the obits of the Latin church for the 28th of January, occurs (804), the name of Charlemagne; Henry VIII. was born (1491), and died (1547) on this day; on which day died also Sir Thomas Bodley (1612), to whom Oxford owes so much; and (1596) Sir Francis Drake, a glorious name for England: on this day in 1410, Thomas Chaucer, chief butler to the king, and son to the immortal Geoffrey, was "elected speaker of the Commons," as we should now say of his presentation. Mr. Angerstein, who founded the national collection of pictures, and George III., who collected the national library at the Museum, died on the 29th of January, the former in 1823, the latter in 1820: Westminster Bridge was founded on this day in 1783, and was afterwards raised by lottery. The death of Charles I. (1648), distinguishes the 30th; on this day in 1790, was the Life-boat first used. On the 31st, in 1606, Guy Faux (Guido Fawkes) was executed at Westminster; it is also the ominous anniversary of another act of political vengeance (in 1692), the massacre of Glencoe. Until the horrors of the Spanish civil war, and certain recent incidents in Canada, had painfully dispelled the sweet illusion, we had hoped that the progress of intellect had purged that gentle weal of the great curse of the dark ages—murder in the name of political vengeance.

